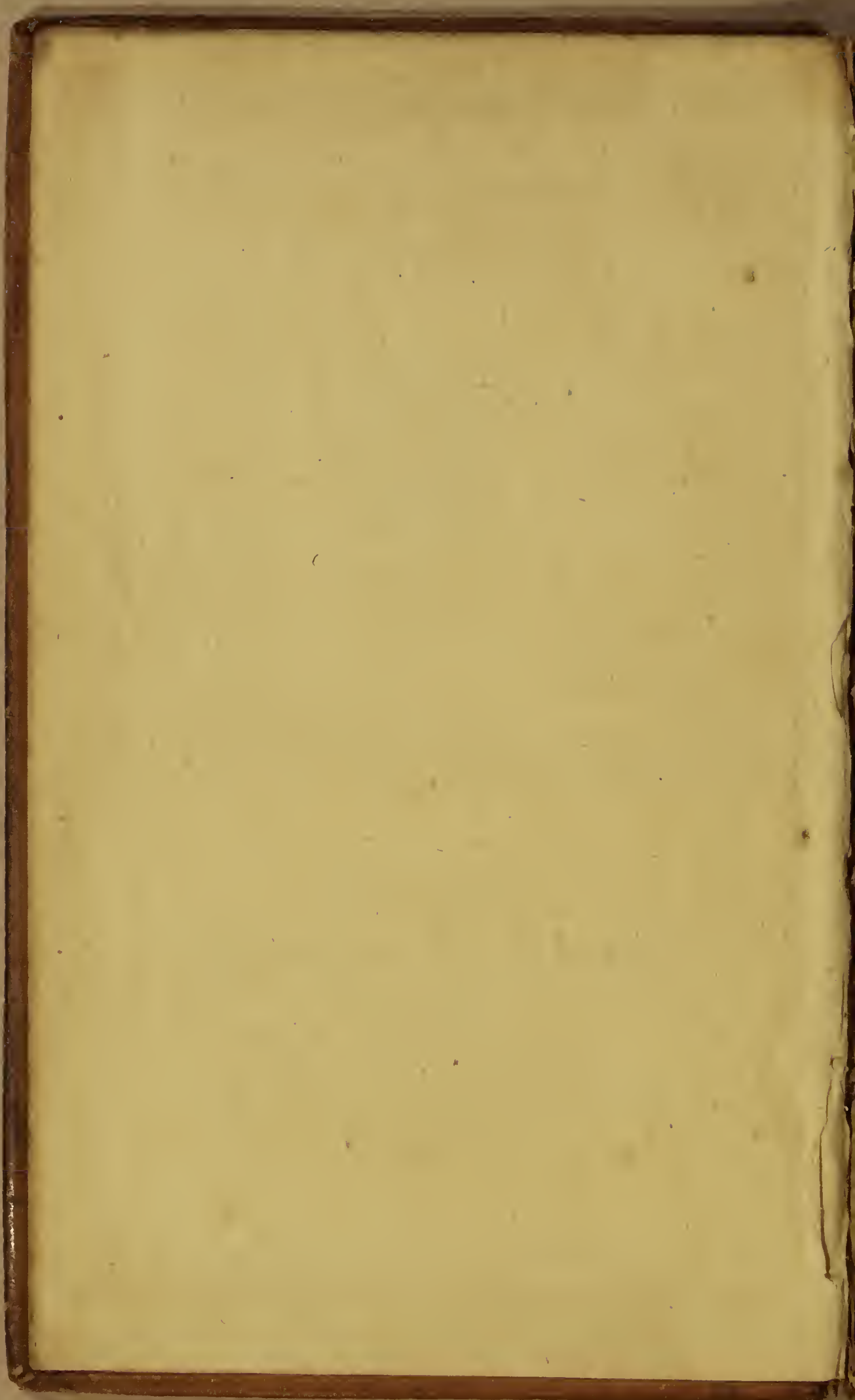


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T H E
HAPPY ORPHANS:
AN AUTHENTIC
HISTORY
O F
PERSONS in HIGH LIFE.

W I T H

A Variety of uncommon EVENTS and
surprizing TURNS of FORTUNE.

Translated and improved from the *French* ORIGINAL.

V O L. II.

——— *If there is a Power above us,
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her Works, he must delight in Virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy!*

· ADDISON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKS; at the
Golden Ball, in Pater-Noster-Row.

M.DCC.LIX.

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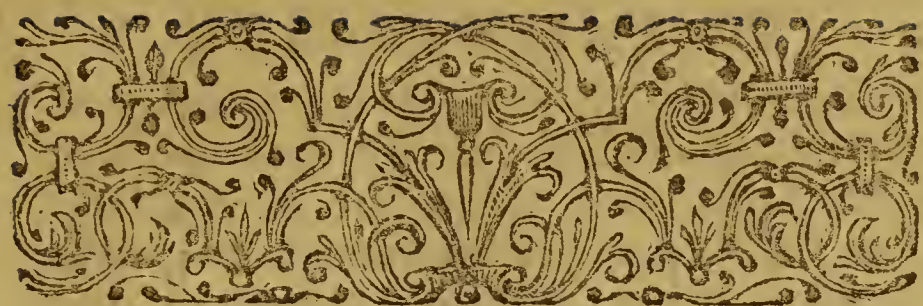
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T H E

Happy ORPHANS.



THAT inconsistent, unaccountable Beings are the human Race! They flatter themselves with a Certainty of Success, in the most arduous Undertakings: And if their Purposes are crossed, they are driven even to Desperation, tho' the Nature of those Undertakings were such, as, a little coolly considered, would make them appear impracticable. I had been too sanguine in persuading myself that *L'Anglai* would be converted by my Device, and now it had met with the Fate I ought to have expected, I began clearly to see all the Wildness and Im-

VOL. II. B practica-

practicableness of my Scheme. Again, I had harboured such an Aversion to him, as I thought must secure me from all future Pain upon his Account: Yet, you perceive, my *Lucy*, that I began to pity him, nay, to feel that he was not entirely chased from my Bosom. In short, I would fain look upon myself as the Destroyer of him and his Wife, rather than their Friend; and, in this sudden Fit of Compassion for him, quite lost Sight of his Villainy and Deceit, which were sufficient to make him detested by all Persons of Virtue and even of common Sense. However the Reasoning of Sir *James* and my other Friends, brought me, in a little while, to a proper Train of thinking: I again beheld this obstinately wicked Man in the proper Light, was convinced of the Rectitude of my Intentions, and pleased that my Friend had sav'd her Honour by this Marriage, which, indeed, was one of the principal Ends, if not the most essential my Plot aimed at. We were all very curious to see the Letter he had left behind him; which, considering the Haste he made, we were surpriz'd he could find Time to write. He had hastily pack'd up all his Clothes and other Matters, and given Directions to have them sent to *Montauban*,

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with all convenient Speed, tho' it appeared, by examining several Persons who met him, that he had taken the Road to *Nevers*. He generously discharged all that was due at his Lodging, adding thereto considerable Presents to the Mistress, and to her Servants. She said he appeared so disturbed that he scarce knew what he did, and that the Tears stood in his Eyes, as he left the House and cast an earnest Look towards my Apartment. This Account made me hope, that Time and Reflection would yet recall him to himself, and to do Justice, if he was not entirely depraved and had not obliterated from his Breast every valuable Principle. The Letter, alas! my *Lucy*, you will find, in the same Draw, from which you took my Cousin, the Viscount's. *Lucy* brought it to the Countess, who, after wiping a Tear that stole down her Cheek, read what follows.

To the Countess of Suffolk.

Dear, cruel Charmer,

YOU have made the unfortunate *L'Anglai* truly miserable!—You have now confirm'd him, that he is an Outcast from Heaven, and from every earthly Happiness!

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pinefs!—He has loft you, too lovely Fair, and loft you, alas! irrecoverably!—and yet, he cannot curse the Hând that has thus pushed him down fo dreadful a Precipice into the Gulph of Defpair—into Hell and Horror! Oh! Forgive my Exprefſions;—but nothing but Gloom and Madnefs dwells with me!—I muſt acknowledge the Juſtice of your Proceeding—I deſerved it all: But tho’ Reason would whiſper this—it will not miniſter to recall me to Sobriety,—to Virtue—no, like the firſt Arch-Rebel, I am too guilty and too hardened to be reformed—I look up to the Heaven I have loft, with Defpair and Upbraidings, and tho’ I cannot hate thee, I am ready to join thee in Curſes on myſelf, and all Mankind!—Ah! muſt the Foible of a youthful, a wandering Fancy, an idle Gratification, which was only occaſioned by the Heat of Blood—muſt it for ever exclude me from the Hopes of obtaining that Heart, in which alone, Maturity of Judgment, Love and Reason had convinced me I ſhould be bleſſed?—But, ’tis over, I go from you, Madam, from all the World, for ever. I renounce Relations, Friends and Fortune, ſince I cannot enjoy them with you: I had a Soul ſuſceptible of all the tender and ſoft Impreſſions; but that
was

The Happy ORPHANS. 5

was too much rivetted to you—to think of returning to a former Passion: May the Memory of the wretched *L'Anglai*, however, never interrupt your Repose!—I would—nay intended, to make every Satisfaction in my Power to my Wife—Curse the Name!—except that of quitting you. Farewell, thou most cruel, most obdurate, yet dearest of thy Sex; in bidding adieu to thee—I bid adieu to all the World.

The unfortunate L'ANGLAI.

THE Situation of this unhappy Man, was but too apparent from this mad, confused and wild Epistle, and it drew Tears from every Eye. But could I—and yet I did—bestow my Pity on a Wretch that owned his Baseness, and made his Passion for me its excuse? Oh! my *Lucy*, I must confess, that tho' Reason and Equity condemned him, Love still pleaded strongly with me in his Behalf, and I found, too surely, that his Fate would cost me many a Tear, and many a mournful Sigh. However I became so much Mistress of myself as to endeavour to comfort the afflicted Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, by representing to her, that he might yet return to her, and that when good Sense and Virtue should get the bet-

6 *The Happy* ORPHANS.

ter of his first Resentment and Passion, he might make her Amends for all her Sufferings: I promised her a perpetual Friendship, and that as we were both alike miserable, we would never part; but by a mutual Participation of each others Sorrows endeavour to alleviate our Distress. It was, however, several Days before she was able to hearken to my Advice; but at length, she was composed enough to leave her Chamber; tho' Grief had robbed the lovely Face of its blooming Graces, and continued, visibly, to impair her too delicate Constitution. We staid but about ten Days longer, in this fatal City, setting out on our Return to *Paris*, by the same Road we came; for I was too much employed with my own melancholy Ideas and those of my Friend, to listen to the Proposals that were made us, by our Companions, to diversify our Route by new Excursions. I long'd to get there, that I might soon settle my Affairs and retire to my native Country, having conceived a perfect Dislike to *France* and every Thing, almost, that had any Connexion with that Nation. When we arrived at *Nevers*, our Concern, as well as our Curiosity, engaged us to enquire after the Count, and we were informed, that he staid only one Night
in

in that City, lodging with the same noble Family, where we had before taken up our Residence. He had not given the least Hint of his further Intentions, had appeared excessively melancholy and absent, in all he said or did; but one of his Servants had dropped some Expressions, which made them think he intended to go from *Nevers* to *Poitiers*, and from thence to *Rochelle*. He had dispatched Letters from *Nevers* to the Earl of *Rutland*, at *Sedan*, and to his Agents at *Paris*, and the same Servant also had informed the Family, that he believed they were going to leave *France*. Sir *James*, who now studied more than ever to oblige me, proposed to *De Lorges* and *Rabutin*, to take an Excursion, in Pursuit of this Wanderer, as far as *Rochelle*, tho' not much short of two hundred Miles from *Nevers*. I took this Offer very kindly, but did not care to make so long a Stay in this City, and therefore, as you may imagine the Proposal gave me some Pleasure, I departed from my Resolution of immediately returning to *Paris*, and engaged the whole Company to go as far as *Poitiers*, which was more than half Way to *Rochelle*, adding, "if after going so far out of our Road and spending so much Time, I should miss of this Ingrate, I'm resolved to leave him to

“ his Fate, and take no further Pains
“ about him.” Every one applauded what
I said, and my Brother, Sister, and *De*
Lorges and his Lady, were charmed at my
Proposal, as it would give them still more
of our Company than we seemed to in-
tend them after our Arrival at *Paris*.

WE took leave, in Pursuance of our
Plan, of the City of *Nevers*, and in about
a Week, arrived at that ancient City, so
celebrated in History for the famous Vic-
tory obtained in its Neighbourhood, by
Edward the Black Prince, where he took the
King of *France* Prisoner. You may de-
pend upon it, *Sir James* was very arch up-
on his *Gallick* Companions on this Occa-
sion.—A Gentleman of his patriotick Dis-
position, could not let slip such an Oppor-
tunity as this Place afforded him, of mortify-
ing their natural Vanity; but, however,
all that was said, was said with good Na-
ture, on both Sides of the Question; ne-
ver a Set of better tempered People were
associated together. We were entertained
by the Marquis *De Humieres*, during our
Stay at *Poitiers*, with Abundance of mag-
nificent Hospitality, and if any Thing
could have chased away the Melancholy, I
and my Companion laboured under, the
Charms

Charms of the Country and the Diversions that were every Day prepared for us would certainly have had that Effect.

SIR *James, De Lorges* and *Rabutin*, attended by *Maxwell*, set out on this kindly intended Search after *L'Anglai*, a few Days after our Arrival, leaving us to the Protection of the Marquis, our amiable Host, who did not belie the Confidence they placed in him; for he strove, with his lovely Spouse, to make every Thing perfectly agreeable to us. Here I received Letters from *England*, by the Way of *Montpelier*, where they had been sent from *Paris*, by which, we were given to understand, that my Country was but in a very distracted State, occasioned by the precipitate and rash Measures King *James's* bigotted Counsellors had forced him into. As to our own private Affairs, they remained in much the same State we left them; but the good Dr. *Carter*, whose Health was greatly impaired, besought me not to protract my Stay much longer, for fear he should not see me, to bless me before he died. I could not help shedding Tears at his Illness, and resolved to conform to his Directions as soon as possible, for I had now been near a Year and an

half absent from my native Country, it being the Month of *May*, 1688. It was near a Fortnight before our Gentlemen returned to us, during which Time, myself and *St Hermione* (as I shall continue to call her, tho' she had now an undoubted Title to another Name) pleased ourselves with the flattering Expectation of their Success, in bringing the forlorn and distracted *L'Anglai* back to us. Indeed, the poor Creature had Need of every Artifice to support her Spirits: Her Condition became every Day more and more apparent, and, notwithstanding we did all we could to conceal it from publick Notice, I apprehended, if our Stay was much longer in *France*, the Infant she was big with would not have the good Fortune to be born on *English* Ground, which was a Blessing I was very desirous it should participate of: Such a superstitious and enthusiastick Regard we pay to our native Soil! They had traced *L'Anglai* in several Places thro' which he had passed, but could not any where come up with the Fugitive, nor learn at *Rockelle*, that any such Person had taken Shipping there: What surprized them most was, that *Maxwell*, who had left them at *Rockelle*, in order to make the same Enquiries at *Rocheport*, had never re-
turned

turned to them, nor had they any other Thought than that he had before joined us. Their Reason for not going to *Rochefort* themselves was, that Count *Chabran* would know them, and suspecting from thence that his Cousin was not far off, might have troublesomely offered to pay us a Visit at *Poitiers*, and as he had never seen *Maxwell*, he was therefore, the properest Person to inspect that City for *L'Anglai*. Tho' *Maxwell*, was, by this Time, no bad *Frenchman*, I was in a great deal of Pain upon his Account; he had approved himself so faithful, and affectionate to my Interests, that I regarded him in the Light of a Friend and Adviser, rather than in that of a Servant, and I was not without Fear of his having fallen into the Hands of those cruel Banditti, who had, for some Time, infested the Province of *Poitou*, and committed many Murders: However I waited with Patience for several Days, and finding he did not yet return, was going to dispatch Messengers to *Rochefort* and Parts adjacent, in search of him: But the very Hour they were to take their Instructions and set out for that Purpose, we received a Letter, which I knew to be from him by the Superfcription, by the Post, dated from *Brouage*, a Fishing Town, about five Miles from

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from *Rochefort*, which contained the following Words.

To the Countess of Suffolk,

Honoured Madam,

FEARING that my staying so long from your Commands, after, as I suppose, Sir *James* and the two Noblemen have joined the Company, I take this Opportunity to acquaint your Ladyship, that I am detained by a very particular Consideration, which I must not impart to your Ladyship till my Arrival, which will not be for a Week at least. I hope this will not delay your Return to *Paris*, where I shall have the Honour to follow you, and to give you Advice of many Particulars of which I have been forced to be a melancholy Witness. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged

and dutiful Servant,

T. MAXWELL.

W E

WE were all amazed at this Letter, and our Conjectures were very various about the Meaning of his Stay; it was such a Mystery as we could not unriddle: Many dark Forebodings seized my Mind, of *Chabran* and *L'Anglai's* having met, as the former must in all likelihood be at *Rocheport*, tho' neither *St. Hermione* or any of the Company besides stumbled upon the dreadful Thought. I even dreamed I saw the latter covered with Blood and Wounds, and had so realized such a Scene in my Imagination, that I even set it down for a Fact; as a Catastrophe that had really been completed. As a Week's Time was no great while, I forbore either to send to Mr. *Maxwell*, or to hurry forward our setting out for *Paris* before his Arrival, tho' I burnt with Impatience to be satisfied if I was right or no in my dreadful Apprehensions.

AT length Word was brought us that Mr. *Maxwell* was arrived, and immediately I ordered him to come to my Chamber; for it was early in the Morning, and I had not dressed myself in a suitable Manner to appear before our Friends, and yet
could

could not lose a Moment in being informed of what I however dreaded to know.

THE Moment I set Eyes upon him, I knew he was the Messenger of some fatal Tidings: He was pale, a peculiar Kind of Sadness dwelt upon his Countenance, and his very Knees trembled under him as he paid his Complements to me. I was so struck that I stood like a Statue for some Moments, and then bursting into Tears, I flung myself upon a Couch that stood near me exclaiming—"Ah! *Maxwell* poor "*L'Anglais* then is murdered!"

THE unexpectedness of this Exclamation, the Conviction with which I uttered it, seemed to disconcert Mr. *Maxwell* still more and more, and several Times he attempted to open his trembling Lips to answer me; but as often the Accents died upon his Tongue, and it was robbed of Utterance. Too plainly I perceived, and yet my Prepossession was unaccountable, that what I had surmised was the Truth, and I now endeavoured to resume all my Fortitude to bear the horrid Tidings like myself, and to encourage thereby the worthy Creature to declare all he seemed so full of and yet was too tender of me and too much grieved to tell. "Sit down,"
I

I said, " My dear Friend, and tell me
" what alas ! I fear to know—but God's
" Will be done ! I am prepared to hear
" the worst !" Then again I fixed my Eyes
wildly upon him, and wished I might be
convinced I was wrong in my melancholy
Conjectures. At length he had gathered
Spirits enough to answer me, which he did
in pretty nearly the following Words:
" Ah ! my excellent Lady, if I came to
" impart to you very sorrowful Tidings,
" which I had prepared myself to disclose
" to you by prudent and proper Degrees
" —How surprized I was, you may well
" imagine, to hear that you already knew
" the dreadful Tale ! Yes, my Lady, the
" Count is no more ; and he dy'd blessing
" your Name, and I hope all his Crimes
" are forgiven." Seeing I made no An-
swer, but fixed my Eyes wildly upon him,
he was going on, when I fell back into a
Swoon, attended with such strong Convul-
sions that he was obliged to ring my Bell
for Help, which he did with such Violence,
at the same Time running to me and sup-
porting me in his Arms, that Lady Hope,
whose Apartment was next to mine, ran in,
in a great Consternation, and seeing me in
such a Situation was likely with her Cries, to
alarm the whole House, had not the dis-
creet *Maxwell*, who had *St. Hermione* in
his

his Thoughts, begged her to be more calm. I was a considerable Time before I came to myself, notwithstanding the Cordials they threw down my Throat, and the Water with which they sprinkled my Face, and tho' at first I scarcely knew where I was, I, in a few Minutes recollected myself, and said, " Oh ! my dear Lady *Hope*, how kind
 " you are ! But to hear of the Death of this
 " Ingrate has overcome me, tho' the Im-
 " pression has been many Days on my
 " Mind ! I will however be calm, sit down
 " Madam, and let Mr. *Maxwell* conclude
 " his melancholy Relation,—*L'Anglai* is
 " no more !" Lady *Hope* shed Tears with
 me, and seemed not to know how to be-
 have, when he thus continued. " I came
 " to *Rochefort* towards Evening, and,
 " putting up at the best Inn in the City, I
 " enquired with great Circumspection, La-
 " dies, if the Count, describing him, had
 " been seen at that Place ? The Answer I
 " received, convinced me that he had
 " been there, and that he had lodged in
 " that very Place, but had been gone
 " for many Days, and no one knew whe-
 " ther. I sought all over the Town, went
 " to every publick Place of Entertainment,
 " but could meet with no further Satis-
 " faction, and was going to return to *Ro-*
chelle immediately, having ordered my
 " Horse

“ Horse to be ready for that Purpose,
“ when I discovered a Person, who came
“ in a great Hurry into the Inn, and or-
“ dered them to direct him to the best
“ Surgeon in the Place. This Person I
“ immediately recognized, and that he
“ was the favourite Valet of the Count.
“ He seemed overjoyed to see me; but
“ told me his Master had received some
“ dreadful Wounds, in a Duel with Count
“ *Chabran*, who was also wounded, tho’
“ not so badly but he had been able to get
“ to *Rockefort*: That they had this Ren-
“ counter upon an accidental Meeting, a
“ little Way from *Rockefort*, and that the
“ Count his Master then lay in a very
“ dangerous Way at *Brouage*, a few Miles
“ from the City. He was glad to take
“ me with him to his Master, and we car-
“ ried with us the *Sieur St. Herman*, an
“ eminent Surgeon, and arrived at *Brou-*
“ *age*. The Minute the Count was in-
“ formed of my being in the House,
“ which was that of a very worthy Gen-
“ tleman of the Place, he ordered me up
“ directly and when he set Eyes upon me,
“ Cryed out, “ My dear *Maxwell*, pray in-
“ form me how your Lady does?” “ This
“ he spoke with great Vivacity, but in a very
“ faint Tone of Voice, and upon my in-
“ forming

“ forming him that you was in Health,
 “ and that I had a Commission from you
 “ to him, his Joy was so excessive that
 “ the Surgeon was obliged to caution him
 “ to more Moderation. As Silence was
 “ enjoined whilst his Wounds were dress-
 “ ing, he seemed, tho’ with Impatience,
 “ to acquiesce, and seeing the Surgeon a
 “ little disconcerted, he told him, he in-
 “ sisted upon knowing his Opinion; for
 “ he was not afraid of Death; but rather
 “ wished for his Dissolution.” The Sur-
 “ geon thus encouraged replied, “ Sir, I
 “ would have you prepare for a happy
 “ Immortality—Your Lungs are so in-
 “ jured, that I fear, four and twenty Hours
 “ will be the utmost Time of your Ex-
 “ istence in this mortal State.” I thank
 “ you my Friend,” the Count answered
 “ with seeming Joy, “ I hope I am in a
 “ Disposition fit to die: I do not mean
 “ by this, that I despise and am tired of
 “ the World alone, tho’ that is also the
 “ Case; but that my Mind is at Peace;
 “ I see the Vanity and Frailty of all
 “ worldly Enjoyments and Expectations,
 “ am thoroughly weaned from them, and
 “ yet am not so great a Hypocrite as to
 “ pretend that I have not met with Dis-
 “ appointments, which have contributed
 “ chiefly

“ chiefly to this Frame of Temper.” “ He
“ ordered the Surgeon to withdraw, and
“ had Strength remaining enough to de-
“ sire a Notary might be sent for, say-
“ ing, he should make a Will in Favour
“ of his unhappy Wife and her Offspring,
“ and then continued, addressing himself
“ to me, after desiring the Room might
“ be cleared. “ I beseech you, my dear
“ *Maxwell*, to pay the last Offices to my
“ Remains, and when you return to *Pa-*
“ *ris*, to certify my Death to my Brother,
“ and to assure him of my unalterable Af-
“ fection to the last.” He was then go-
“ ing to tell me of his Affinity to the Earl
“ of *Rutland*; but, in pity to his Weak-
“ ness, I told him, I was already apprized
“ thereof; for your Ladyship may remem-
“ ber that you told your noble Friends part
“ of his Story, soon after his going from
“ *Montpelier*, when I had the Honour to
“ be present. He seemed not displeased
“ at it, and thus continued, “ Alas!
“ your lovely Mistress, good and compas-
“ sionate as she is, must, and will feel
“ some Pain, when you tell her of my
“ Death. I fall a Victim to Madamoi-
“ selle *St. Hermione*—her Kinsman’s Sword
“ has sufficiently revenged her!—May this
“ atone for all my Misbehaviour in Life!

“ Had

“ Had my charming Countess patronized
 “ my Suit to her, I should have endea-
 “ voured to behave entirely to her Sa-
 “ tisfaction—but could I expect a Wo-
 “ man of such Goodness—such Discern-
 “ ment, would ever have any Connex-
 “ ion with the unfortunate, the criminal
 “ *L’Anglai*? Tell her, however, that I
 “ die entirely hers—that the Idea of her
 “ Perfections employ my latest Moments,
 “ and,” — here a fainting Fit came up-
 “ on him, which deprived him of Utter-
 “ ance, attended with a profuse Sweat,
 “ which indicated a speedy Dissolution—
 “ the Surgeon was called, who admini-
 “ stered some Cordials that brought him
 “ again to himself; but he had scarce
 “ Time to say—Lord have Mercy on
 “ me! before a short Delirium succeeded,
 “ which terminated his Life, to my in-
 “ expressible Sorrow, not only for his Loss;
 “ but that it disappointed his good In-
 “ tentions in relation to his Widow, the
 “ Notary not arriving till he had breathed
 “ his last.

“ THE Performance of his funeral Ob-
 “ sequies, detained me for the last eight
 “ Days, which I saw executed with due
 “ Regard to his Rank and Fortune, most
 “ of

“ of the neighbouring Gentlemen attend-
“ ing his Corpse to the Grave, where I
“ hope he is at Peace, and that all his
“ Follies will be forgiven!

“ I T appeared that his Meeting
“ with Count *Chabran* was quite acciden-
“ tal; that that furious Man first attacked
“ him, remembering his Cousin’s Mis-
“ fortune and ill Usage; but he did not
“ long live himself, dying at *Rockefort*
“ of his Wounds, the very Day his An-
“ tagonist was buried. Such a Catastro-
“ phe cannot fail of impressing the ut-
“ most Reverence upon our Minds, of the
“ secret Ways of Providence, which, even
“ in this Life, seldom lets the Criminal
“ go unpunished. And I hope, my Lady,
“ you will not lay it to Heart—or too cru-
“ elly for yourself, lament this Catastro-
“ phe—you have nothing to accuse your-
“ self of—your whole Conduct in Re-
“ gard to the Count, has been noble and
“ disinterested—he blest’d you with his
“ latest Breath, and acknowledged your
“ Worth and Goodness. I could wish
“ you would compose yourself so as to
“ prevent his Countess from knowing any
“ Thing of this too suddenly, for I fear
“ the Shock would be fatal to her.
“ If

“ If the Earl of *Rutland* is not at *Paris*,
 “ when we arrive there, with your Lady-
 “ ship’s Permission I will fulfil the Count’s
 “ Desire, by going to him at *Sedan* for
 “ which Place his Brother’s two Servants
 “ are already departed, and deliver to him
 “ have Jewels and other Trinkets which I
 “ some in Charge.” Here Mr. *Maxwell* fi-
 nished his Relation, which impress’d me
 with such a melancholy and I was so lost in
 Thought, that I seem’d to myself as an
 Inhabitant of another World. Lady *Hope*
 was full of Grief, and yet said all in
 her Power to console and comfort me ; but
 I was some Hours before her friendly and
 tender Arguments could produce the Ef-
 fect she desired and expected from them. I
 resumed my Reason in some Degree, and
 prepared, on poor *St. Hermione*’s Account,
 to appear with some Share of Chearful-
 ness amongst our Company, to whom I
 sent Mr. *Maxwell* ordering him to tell them
 the direful Tale, and to advise them to
 make use of the same caution in regard to
 the widowed Fair One, that I determined to
 do. You may depend upon it that *Rabu-*
tin and *de Lorges*, and their Ladies, were
 greatly afflicted at what he told them ; nay
 they shed Tears and deplored this unex-
 pected Event, which had now deprived us
 of

of all Hopes of making Mademoiselle *St. Hermione* happy, and had proved the Death of two Gentlemen, who were so much beloved by their noble Relations, one of them also, Count *Chabran*, being the only Male Heir of his illustrious Family. Mademoiselle *St. Hermione* was too full of Affliction herself, to perceive the little Alteration visible in us, as we did all we could, particularly myself, to hide our Concern from her. We determined to stay only two Days longer at *Poitiers*, at the Expiration of which, after taking a polite Farewel of the worthy Marquis and his excellent Lady, we set out for *Orleans*, where we arrived in six Days Time, and making the utmost Expedition, entered *Paris*, in four Days afterwards. This hurrying Progress was solely owing to my Importunity: The Country had no longer any Charms for me; I looked upon every thing with Disgust and Aversion, and pressed the Company to make such Expedition. All this Time, my Mind was full of the most painful Regrets; my Days were dull and melancholy, and my Nights anxious and sleepless: One while I surveyed all the Actions of the preceding Part of my Life, and tho' I could discover nothing that I imagined could subject me to the Wrath
of

of Heaven, yet I had been perpetually unhappy, and every Plan that had been laid for my future Felicity had miscarried and proved abortive. Again I looked upon *L'Anglai* as a Martyr to my Cruelty—I lost the Traces of his Infidelity and his Crimes, and then he appeared to my Mind, all mild, amiable and humane, formed to make my Moments happy. At such Times, I would even excuse his Falseness to my Friend—“How,” I would whisper to myself, “How can we expect after we
 “ have been guilty of such Weakness as
 “ *St. Hermione* was guilty of, that our Lo-
 “ vers should preserve their Esteem for
 “ us?—Was I not busied in reconciling
 “ Antipathies and Contradictions, almost,
 “ when I endeavoured to restore their U-
 “ nion?—His Passion for her was a sud-
 “ den Flash of Fancy; but never would
 “ have become the fervent Flame of Love!
 “ Besides his Prepossession in my Favour—
 “ his sincere Attachment to me—strength-
 “ ened by an Observation of my constant
 “ Prudence and Regard to Virtue, had
 “ still rendered it more impossible!—He
 “ certainly was right, not to marry where
 “ he was sure he could not be happy!—
 “ And the very Indiscretions he had been
 “ guilty of; taught him, that Happiness
 “ was

“ was only to be obtained in a Connexion
“ with a Woman of my Temper.”—Then
again, I would enter into the Fallacy of
this Way of Reasoning—my Notions of
what was just, right and fit, would bring
me to myself, and, spite of that inconceiv-
able Tenderness which still possessed me
for the Memory of this unhappy Gentle-
man, I was able to see his sportive Disre-
gard to Truth, in his Words, and the very
criminal Nature of his Actions. I could
see the Justice of his making Retribution
to Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, the Enor-
mity of his Endeavours to evade the Sa-
tisfaction that was due to her, and the Fol-
ly of his Pretensions that I was the Bar to
this Satisfaction: Nay, I could discover,
the Hand of Heaven in his Punishment,
and could heartily resolve to overcome my
Grief for his Loss.

THUS was I perpetually uneasy, and, as I
was obliged to stifle what I felt, and to put
on an Air of Content, which was a Stranger
to me, my Anguish, in my retired Moments,
was, on that Account, much more extreme.
I work'd myself up into a Belief, that Hea-
ven opposed my Inclination to Matrimony,
and thought myself devoted to a single
Life, by the immutable Decree of Provi-
dence,

dence, which had now thrice, as it were, contradicted my Purposes. Our Return to the Hurry of the Capital, seemed the more necessary to me, as the Variety of Objects, and the perpetual Interchange of Visits, seemed calculated to drive these warring Reflections out of my Mind, and beside, as I observed to you before, all my Study was bent on a speedy Return to *England*, which it seemed difficult to bring about, as it was resisting the Wishes and Importunities of *Rabutin* and my Sister, *De Lorges* and my *Maria*, for a further Stay. And I had, tho' tacitly, Sir *James* and Lady *Hope* too, on their Side of the Question; for they seemed to like their Situation so well, and were so happy in being Witnesses of their Daughter's Felicity, so moved at her Tears, whenever they talked of departing, that I was fearful I should be reduced to the Alternative of staying their Time, or returning by myself; but let it be as it would, I resolved not to stay above a Month longer in *France*. One of our first Visits was to the Countess of *Chabran*, who was in the utmost Distress and Anguish, on Occasion of the Loss of her Son; for the Story of his untimely End and that of Count *L'Anglai*, had already reached them; so that it was
but

but a melancholy Scene to behold the Tears, and hear the Complaints of a tender Mother, for the Loss of her only Child. She looked upon me and *St. Hermione* with a great deal of Coldness, so that I found little Difficulty in carrying her Home with me again, and almost as little to persuade the odd Brute her Father to let her bear me Company to *England*. It was before we paid this Visit, that I thought it proper, with every tender Caution, to let her into the cruel Situation of her Affairs; for as it would be immediately known we were returned to *Paris*, it would be impossible to avoid waiting upon her Aunt, the Countess, where, I then made no Doubt, the fatal Intelligence had been received. If I were to go about to describe to you, my *Lucy*, the Agonies of this truly pitiable Lady, her Tears, her Sighs and Groans, her Faintings and convulsive Starts, upon this Occasion, I should be at a Loss for Expressions adequate to what I felt—to the Sense I had of the Extremity of her Woe! She alternately cry'd out, upon her 'dear *L'Anglais* and her worthy Cousin, by the tenderest Epithets, and, for at least a Day and an half, we even despaired of her Life, or if that was preserved, of her ever recovering her Senses. And when the first

Violence of her Grief had subsided, she appeared like one inanimate, and lost to every worldly Consideration. If she could, she avoided all Company, and sat moping and ruminating over her Distresses, with an Intenseness, that soon reduced her to a meer Skeleton. I said and did all I could, to soothe and to reason her into a Resignation to the Divine Disposal, and as she really loved me, she struggled with all the Might she was Mistress of, to overcome her Despair; but if she ever was seemingly composed, placid, and wore a little Chearfulness in her Countenance, it plainly appeared to be fictitious, that it was only put on to please me or the Company, and that the latent Disease was preying upon her very Vitals. You may depend upon it, that all this gave me exquisite Torment, and the more so, as I was sensible her Condition was such, as would make more than herself Sharers in the ill Effects that must naturally arise from such an immoderate Indulgence of Sorrow. In short, her Grievs, and the Solemnity of my Behaviour, ever since the Death of *L'Anglai*, cast a Gloom upon our whole Family, and, perhaps, rendered our Separation much easier to us all, than it would have been, had the same Satisfaction, the same Chearfulness

fulness and Similarity of Temper, still been existent amongst us.

Mr. *Maxwell*, about three Days after our Arrival at *Paris*, hearing the Earl of *Rutland* had been returned to that City, and was departed from it, on his Journey to *England*, and that he had intended to make some Stay at *Boulogne*, whence he proposed to embark, I thought it proper, that he should endeavour to overtake him, and deliver, by Word of Mouth, his Brother's last Commands, and what Jewels he had intrusted him with. The Earl of *Rutland*, I found, had made a better Use of his Time than poor *L'Anglai*; he had, during the Residence of the latter at *Paris*, and his Journey to *Montpelier*, made the Tour of great Part of *Italy*, and having been advised of his Brother's Death, had discharged his House and Servants at *Paris*, before his Departure, and taken Possession of every Thing that belonged to the Deceased. We heard he had shewn a great deal of Affliction at the Tidings of his Brother's Death, and that his Loss was one of the chief Motives to his quitting *France*, and returning to *England*. As one of the Servants of *L'Anglai*, who was with him at *Montpelier*, and was present when he died,

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was

was a very great Favourite of his Master's, I did not know in what Light he might have represented my Conduct with Regard to that unhappy Gentleman; and he might indeed very innocently make Mistakes in his Report, very injurious to my Reputation, from his imperfect or second hand Knowledge of what had passed; and therefore, I was extremely concerned that I was deprived of an Opportunity of seeing his Lordship upon my Arrival at *Paris*. I thought, for some time, of writing a Letter, with a full Account of all that had happened; but upon second Thoughts, as probably he might be unacquainted with the Affair of Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, and as it was unlikely the Valet of *L'Anglai* should have been informed by his Master of it, I imagined it proper to stay till my own Arrival in *England*, before I mentioned it, and indeed, at length, as *L'Anglai* had been so unhappily prevented by the Suddenness of his Death, from paying the Duty due to a Wife, my Tenderness for her, brought me to a Resolution of keeping the Secret till after her Delivery, at least, when some providential Circumstances might procure her the Services of so near a Relation, or, if her Offspring should not live, which considering her
low

low State of Health was very probable, to keep the Affair, for ever locked up in my own Breast. Tho' the Earl of *Rutland* had the Character of generous, humane and good, and from thence I had no Reason to doubt his Equity; yet I feared, like the rest of the World, he would be too tenacious of Riches, to part with them without a plain Proof of his Obligation to do so: To give this Proof at present, was so far in our Power, that we had the Certificate of the Priest, who married *L'Anglai* and Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, and Witnesses enough of the Ceremony; but as they had never afterwards cohabited as Man and Wife, and it would be apparent enough that he was deceived in the Match, I thought it more adviseable to trust to Providence, and the secret Workings of Nature, in Case she brought forth a living Child, than to venture her Claim upon the Reason and Equity of the Case, when no compulsive Means could do her Justice. Therefore I gave *Maxwell* Instructions only to give my Complements to him, to express my great Affliction for the Loss of his Brother, and to tell him nothing further than the Occasion and Circumstances of his Journey with us, without entering into the Motives of his pre-

capitate Departure from us, which was followed by his Death. Accordingly he set out for *Boulogne*, whilst, in the mean time, I prepared for my Return by the Way of *Calais*, having written to my Friends in *England*, to procure one of the Royal Yachts for my better Accommodation. *Rabutin* and my Sister, with *De Lorges* and his fair Spouse, promised to visit us in the ensuing Summer, and, at last, Sir *James* fixed a Day for our Departure, consequent upon which we took leave of all our Friends and Acquaintance, who expressed a very intimate Concern at losing us so suddenly.

MR. *Maxwell* returned sooner than I expected, and then gave us this Account of the Execution of his Commission. That the Earl was not going to embark from *Boulogne*; but had repaired to that Sea-Port, merely upon some Business, and that he was to set out from thence towards *Amsterdam* by Way of *Brussels*, and from *Amsterdam*, intended directly to depart for *England*. He found him full of Melancholy and Dejection, and when he had told him his Errand, he burst into Tears, and cry'd, "Ah! my Brother, how hard was thy Fate, to receive those last Offices from
" Strangers,

“ Strangers, which I ought to have paid
“ to thy Remains!” He received my
Complements with a great deal of Po-
liteness, and then spoke to *Maxwell*, as
follows; “ I shall ever esteem you, Sir,
“ for your Generosity and Goodness to
“ that dear Youth, who, unaccountably,
“ had all his Life been unfortunate. He
“ had, long since, informed me, that he
“ paid his Addressee to your Lady, that
“ he had informed her who he really was,
“ and all the Particulars of his Life. I
“ applauded his Choice, and encouraged
“ him in the Pursuit of so laudable a Pas-
“ sion, for tho’ I have not seen your La-
“ dy since my Nonage; yet I have heard
“ her Perfections of Body and Mind spoken
“ of, with great Advantages. Some subse-
“ quent Letters acquainted me, that his Suit
“ was in such Forwardness, that the Coun-
“ tress had promised to make him happy
“ at his Return with her from *Montpelier*.
“ I felicitated the poor Youth upon his
“ Success, and rejoiced in it as much as
“ if I myself had been the favoured Lo-
“ ver: But his last Letters, are, I think,
“ dated at *Nevers*, wherein, tho’ he does
“ not name your Lady, he complains of
“ the Rigour of his Destiny and of the
“ Cruelty exercised towards him by the

34 *The Happy ORPHANS.*

“ only Person that could make him hap-
 “ py, and tells me, he resolved to make
 “ over all his Fortune to me, and to re-
 “ tire into *America*. This Letter appeared
 “ so wild, so incoherent, that I judged
 “ he had met with a Repulse from the Ob-
 “ ject of his Affection, which had turned
 “ his Brain ; and I was going to *Nevers* in
 “ search of him, when his two Servants
 “ joined me, with the most melancholy
 “ Tidings I could receive. By their Re-
 “ port, his Antagonist, the young *Chabran*,
 “ had never had any Acquaintance with
 “ him, and their Duel was occasioned by
 “ some insolent Expressions of the hot-
 “ headed *Chabran* ; that they heard your
 “ Lady’s Name mentioned, tho’, as they
 “ withdrew to some Distance, they could
 “ distinctly hear little else. A Friend,
 “ since I arrived here, acquainted me, by
 “ Letter, that your Lady paid one of her
 “ first Visits to the *Hotel de Chabran*, when
 “ she returned to *Paris*, which unravelled
 “ all the Mystery to me, and I now see
 “ that my excellent and good Brother has
 “ fallen a Sacrifice to a new Passion she
 “ had conceived for *Chabran* ; but Provi-
 “ dence has deprived her of her wished
 “ for Triumph over the House of *Rut-*
 “ *land*, a Family every Way equal to her
 “ own,

“ own, and an Alliance with which would
“ have done her no Discredit;—That rash
“ Minion is no more, and if he had sur-
“ vived, my Sword should have revenged
“ my unfortunate Brother’s Death. Now
“ judge, Sir, if I can have any Manner
“ of Regard for the Countess of *Suffolk*?—
“ No, I cannot, and the greatest Favour
“ I can do her, is to endeavour to forget
“ her Usage of one of the most amiable
“ Youths that ever breathed. To your
“ Humanity, Sir, I shall ever be a Deb-
“ tor, I accept these precious Pledges you
“ have brought me, with a grateful Mind,
“ and will study all the Ways in my
“ Power to make you amends.” *Max-*
well, who I had charged to say nothing
of the Affair of Mademoiselle *St. Her-*
mione, could hardly restrain himself, how-
ever, from disclosing the whole, upon
hearing me so unjustly and so falsely ac-
cused—but, remembering my Commands,
he only modestly replied: “ My Lord,
“ you are certainly deceived in your Opi-
“ nion of my Lady; but I am not per-
“ mitted to disabuse your Lordship—I
“ must leave her Justification to herself,
“ and hope she will have a future Oppor-
“ tunity, to flash Conviction in the Faces
“ of all those who doubt her Honour or
“ her

“her Virtue!” The Earl made no Reply, but by a Sigh, and a Look of Unbelief, and they parted, after he had made *Maxwell* accept of a rich Diamond Ring from his Finger, and a Purse of fifty Guineas.

OH! my *Lucy*, the mingled Sorrow and Indignation that rose in my Bosom, at this Relation, I cannot describe to you—Sir *James*, *Rabutin* and *De Lorges* were moved to the highest Degree at what they had heard, protesting the Earl’s Suspicions were base, false, and injurious, and had he not been at such a Distance, they would have brought Matters to a speedy Explanation with him. But, as *Maxwell* supposed he departed for *Brussels* the Day after he took leave of him, there was no Possibility of executing a Proposal of that Kind. I was obliged, then, to wrap myself up in the Innocence of my Intentions, the Integrity of my Heart, resolving to see the Earl at my Arrival in *England*, and, if possible, to confute him in his erroneous Opinion. I the more desired this, as I had a personal Esteem for his Lordship, arising from what I had ever heard of his great and good Qualities, and, my Dear, tho’ we may not, nor ought to have much Regard for
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the Esteem of the Gross, the vulgar Herd, of Mankind, yet we ought to court the good Opinion of Persons of Honour and Virtue. 'Tis true, I had heard of some few Gallantries this Nobleman had been concerned in; but not of such a Nature as to cast any Reflexion upon his Reputation, who, at an Age when the Heart is most unguarded and the human Passions are more abundantly clamorous for Gratification, had yet not even provoked the Tongue of Slander, or Envy's poisonous Blast.

I HAD Advice, in a few Weeks, that the Yacht I had desired, was arrived at *Calais*, and now our Stay was to be very short, every thing being got ready for our Journey to *Calais*, to which Place we had already dispatched Mr. *Maxwell* with my Household and that of Sir *James*. We again and again took our leaves of this brilliant Court and all our Friends, and set out attended by Count *Rabutin* and my Sister, and *De Lorges* and his *Maria*, who would see us safely embarked. Monsieur *St. Hermione*, did, for once, shew so much Regard to his Daughter, as to come to Count *Rabutin's* to bid her Farewel, and to recommend her to my future Care and
Friendship

Friendship, before our Departure, which did not give a little Pleasure to that truly unhappy Creature.

WE arrived at *Calais* without any Occurrence that deserves Notice, and here we parted with our Friends after the most tender Adieus. *Rabutin* and my Sister dissolved into Tears. *De Lorges* was extremely moved; but poor *Madame De Lorges* took on without Measure. She tenderly loved me, and had the most fervent Affection for her Father and Mother; and no Consideration could have moderated her Grief for this cruel Separation, but the Prospect of visiting us in *England* the ensuing Summer. *Sir James*, notwithstanding all his Stoicism, was greatly touched at parting with his amiable Daughter, and *Lady Hope* wept without ceasing: As to myself, you may depend upon it, my Situation of Mind was no less tender, and, with *Mademoiselle St. Hermione*, I shed Tears in abundance. At length, however, we broke from each other's Embraces, and our Yacht put from Shore, leaving them to make the best of their Way to *Paris*, whilst a pleasant Gale and smooth Seas soon wafted us over to our native Coast, and we landed at *Dover*, without any bad Accident,

cident, in perfect Health of Body, save the little sick Qualms of Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, but with Minds not yet capable of tasting any Felicity : My Thoughts were perpetually employed upon our late Misfortunes, and my Heart felt still an inexpressible Uneasiness at the Loss of poor *L'Anglai* ; Mademoiselle *St. Hermione* was overcome with the most profound Melancholy, and her Condition also was such as naturally occasioned a great deal of Pain ; Sir *James* seemed to have lost his Gaiety the Moment he quitted *France*, and he and his Lady were incessantly mourning the Loss of their Daughter, Madame *De Lorges* : Judge then, if we could be any very agreeable Party, in our remaining Journey ? We at first intended for *London*, before we went to our Country Seats ; but, about this Time, all began to be in Confusion there : The Prince of *Orange*, called upon by most of the Friends to their Country, was suspected of a Design to invade those Kingdoms in Behalf of the Protestant Religion and the Liberties of the Nation, both which his Majesty had taken great Strides to oppress. Surrounded by Popish Counsellors, and betrayed by false Friends, he was near falling a Sacrifice to the bad and pernicious Advice of
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the one, and the Artifices of the other and, wherever we came, we found the People in a perfect Ferment, expressing their Fears of the King, and their Hopes of Deliverance from the Prince. Of these Matters we received thorough Intelligence by the Letters from our Friends, which met us at *Dover*, and therefore resolved to wave our Design of visiting the Capital, and struck across the Country for our Places of Residence; for those Seats whence we had departed with more Peace of Mind, alas! then we brought back with us. As Mademoiselle *St. Hermione* was in such a Situation as to hinder our staying any where, either for Pleasure or Curiosity, we got there in less than a Week, and were received by the good Dr. *Carter*, and all our Neighbours and Tenants, with the utmost Joy and Congratulation. That worthy Clergyman, was alive, tho' in a very bad State of Health, saying, "he believed Providence preserved his Life merely to afford him
 " an Opportunity, once more, to behold
 " those he had so sincere an Affection
 " for." The first Week was employed in settling ourselves in our new Abode, and I allotted to my Friend a Set of the most private, and yet the pleasantest Apartments.

ments I had, there to wait the dreaded Moment when she should be delivered of her hapless Burthen, which seemed not to be far removed from us. I took Care to procure, privately, a good Midwife, and all the Assistance her Condition required; and as she declined receiving, with me, the Visits of my Friends and Neighbours, I spent every vacant Moment with her in her Chamber, and flattered myself that she was become more easy and composed, now she had reached a Place of Rest and Refuge, than she had ever appeared to be, since our unfortunate Friendship commenced. Lady Hope was every Day with us, and contributed all in her Power to soften the Anguish of this lovely Mourner.

It was the Month of *December*, before the Symptoms of her approaching Delivery were manifest, and these appeared to be of such a Nature that I thought proper to send for a Physician, who resided at some Distance, and who was also a Man-Midwife, to her Assistance; but she then grew so much better, that they imagined she would not be brought to Bed so soon as we expected. Meantime I heard that the Earl of *Rutland* was arrived at his Seat in the Country, which was not above thirty Miles

Miles from mine, and that the Occasion of his Retreat was owing to the Distractions that reigned in *London*; the Prince of *Orange* having entered that Metropolis, and King *James* fled into *France*: But tho' most People ascribed the Earl's Retreat from the publick Scene of Affairs, to his Prudence, I, who knew he was suspected by the late Government, and that he might promise himself every thing from the prevailing Party, placed it to the Account of that Sorrow and Melancholy, which still, no doubt, dwelt upon his Mind for the Loss of his unhappy Brother. I remembered, with a great deal of Pain, what had passed between him and *Maxwell*, at *Boulogne*, and longed to clear myself to him, from those unjust Censures he had passed upon my Conduct; yet methought he was somewhat excusable, as Appearances were very strong against me; for as he knew *L'Anglai* went to *Montpelier* by my Desire, he could not imagine he would have quitted me there (and besides his Letters from *Nevers* had hinted as much) if I had not used him with too much Cruelty. And as he knew very little of Count *Chabran*, heard directly that he died by the Hands of that rash and impetuous Youth, and was afterwards officiously informed that I vi-
sited

sited the Family, immediately on my Arrival at *Paris*, it was with all the Appearance of Reason that he supposed *Chabran* to have been the too much favoured Rival of *L'Anglai*, and the Cause of my rejecting his Suit, as well as of the untimely Death of that much beloved Brother. I, who had the most tender Concern for my Reputation, and had always endeavoured, with the utmost Delicacy, to preserve it clear of all Blemish; could not, then, contemplate his present Opinion of me without great Disquiet, and tho' I thought a Visit to him would argue too much Condescension on my Part, who, in fact, should resent the Affront he had offered to me; yet I could not help writing to him, to desire a Conference with him; which I was pretty sure he had otherwise no Inclination to afford me, since he had signified no Intention of paying me a Visit, tho' a Friend of mine had informed him I was in those Parts, and should take that Favour from him very kindly. Accordingly, I so far transgressed the Decorums of my Sex, as to send him the following Epistle.

To

To the Earl of Rutland.

My Lord,

I HEARD, with a sensible Concern, from Mr. *Maxwell*, who bore my Complements of Condolence to you at *Boulogne*, that you had harboured some Suspicions that were extremely injurious to my Character and my Honour, in Relation to what had passed between me and your ever lamented Brother ; and I was in Expectation, as we were so near each other, that you would have afforded me, with your usual Justice, Humanity and Politeness, before now, an Opportunity to disabuse you. But as you have made no Attempt thereto, I so far lay aside the Decorum practiced by my Sex, as to write this Letter, to beseech you to let me do myself that Justice as speedily as possible. For that Purpose your Company will be very agreeable at my Place, where, I make no doubt, you will acknowledge you have cruelly, tho', perhaps innocently, wronged,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

CATH. SUFFOLK.

THIS

THIS Letter I sent by a trusty Servant, after having shewed it to Sir *James* and Dr. *Carter*, who approved of it, and, in twenty four Hours, had the Mortification to receive the following Answer.

To the Countess of Suffolk.

Madam,

I AM sorry, very sorry, that my Regard to the Memory of my poor Brother, should make me guilty of Rudeness to your Ladyship; but I am so thoroughly convinced, from all Circumstances, that Lady *Suffolk* was the Cause of his Death, that I have not the least Doubt remaining in my Mind; notwithstanding she is pleased to say she could disabuse me in those Facts that occasion me, I must say, to look upon her in no very favourable Light. Ah! my Lady, had you known the real Value of the Heart you rejected; how capable it was of contributing to the Felicity of your Life; had you known, as well as the mournful *Rutland*, the Worth of that despised Youth, you would have been honourable enough to have kept your most sacred Promises in his Favour, and not to have excited that Bravo, that Russian

fian *Chabran* to attempt so valuable a Life, the Loss of which has nearly overwhelmed me. The Difference betwixt the Manners, the Characters of the two Rivals, makes me see with Regret, that Women are governed by no settled Principle in their Love; but that Chance, idle Fancy, or Vanity, will induce them to break through the most sacred Ties, or, as *Otway* says, and now I find too justly, when *some foolish, new Adventure* enters their Heads, to gratify it they will forfeit, not only present but future Happiness. How am I disappointed! Your Mind as well as your Person, represented to me as superior to any of your Sex—represented so by my late worthy Brother, whose Judgment I never disputed—and yet you are—this Paragon of Perfection is, alas!—as much a Woman as any that ever existed!—A false—but I will endeavour not to offend your Ladyship any further—I have said but too much to a Person of such Discernment, already:—And the principal Incitement to the Trouble I now give your Ladyship, is, to assure you, that so fixed is my Opinion of your Perfidy, it can never be removed—that, if I were to wait upon you, or approach to any Spot where your Ladyship resorts or resides, I should think it
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an Injury to the Memory of the best of Friends and dearest of Brothers; and as I am convinced your only Reason to desire it, must be the Love of that Idol, your Reputation, let me assure your Ladyship, that I have never mentioned the Affair between you to any Person in *England*, nor ever shall—no, my own Bosom shall be the Repository of the Story—and I hope, as a Christian, that your Crime will be forgiven. I am just going to get into my Coach for my Seat in *Sussex*, which I had intended to do, the Minute I heard of your Arrival in this County:—Your Letter has hastened my Departure—for there must be a wide Distance ever placed, between the Earl of *Rutland* and the Countess of *Suffolk*. I am,

My Lady,

Your, &c.

RUTLAND.

I WAS ready to tear my Hair for Madness, to be thus used by this ungenerous Nobleman, and began to suspect he was not the Man of that Generosity and Equity of Mind he was represented to be; but when I reflected upon his great
Love

Love for his Brother, and the Prejudices which, tho' false, were so apparent to him, that he had entertained against me, I in a Manner forgave him, and afresh lamented *L'Anglai* with a Flood of Tears: However, I looked with such Disdain upon his Refusal of hearing my Justification, that I said to myself, " Let the unreasonable Man
 " persist in his Error—my Mind—my
 " Conscience acquits me of all Blame—
 " I'll never have any thing further to say
 " to him—let his Suspicions be his Punishment!—I'll never give myself any
 " further Trouble about him—an injurious Wretch to write me a Letter so
 " full of Abuse!" In short, I was so nettled, that I charged the Messenger not to mention his having brought me a Letter, but to tell Sir *James* and every one that could enquire, that the Earl was gone from his Seat before he arrived. I was quite ashamed of the Treatment I had so unjustly met with and I knew if I let Sir *James* know of it, that, old as he was, he would endeavour to right me in a Way that I did not think justifiable, and give me fresh Cause to lament the ill Fortune I seemed born to encounter. I resolved, again and again, never to give myself any Pain about the Earl of *Rutland's* Opinion, a Man who
 could

could thus condemn me unheard, and, upon bare Surmises, assert that my Usage of his Brother, had been the Cause of his Death : But, full of Resentment as I was, I could not help thinking his burying the Story in his Breast, and his Promise never to communicate his Thoughts of me to any second Person, wore some Marks of a generous Spirit in them, and I hoped Time would conquer his Grief, and some distant Opportunity contribute to undeceive him.

As Mademoiselle *St. Hermione* had now continued in this State considerably beyond her own and every Body's Expectation, and yet was in very great Pain, our Midwife began to be not a little fearful of the Consequences, and the Physician gave some Hints, that he apprehended her Labour would be fatal to her, from some Symptoms he had observed : But all this was kept a great Secret to me, and Lady *Hope*, who was thoroughly acquainted with the Affection I bore to her, was at my House continually, waiting with Concern for the Moment that was to determine at least her bodily Sufferings. If I was ever so short a Time from the afflicted fair One, she enquired after me with a prodigious Anxiety, and seemed not easy without

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me; her Love for me was as lively as the Tenderness I had for her, which had increased every Day since my first Knowledge of her, from my Observation of her many excellent Qualifications, and that Goodness, Virtue and Gratitude that adorned her Mind, and actuated all her Sentiments: And tho' she was incapable herself, I took care to write frequently to her Father, who returned me most polite Answers, and seemed to be very sensibly affected with the Friendship I shewed to his Daughter. At length, the unhappy Creature felt those Throes, which are an undeniable Prognostication of immediate Delivery, and, inexperienced as I was, I forced myself to be present at her Labour, with Lady *Hope* and the Midwife, together with one or two of my most esteemed Women Servants. Never, my Dear *Lucy*, shall I forget the piercing Cries she uttered, and the immediate Ravings and Delirium that attacked her upon this Occasion: In short, to conclude this Tragedy, she survived but twelve Hours, after the Birth of two fine Babies, during which she was not sensible, and surrendered her pure Soul into the merciful Hands of him that gave it. Oh! my *Lucy*, so fondly as I loved her, no Wonder if I was thrown

into a State of Distraction at her Death, and I was borne to my Bed in a most pitiable Condition: A violent Fever succeeded these first Emotions of my Sorrow, attended with a Delirium, in which I incessantly was heard to repeat the Names of my dear *St. Hermione*, of *L'Anglai*, and of the ungenerous *Rutland*, and it was above two Months before I left my Chamber, having once, in that Period, been given over by the Physicians. The first Enquiry I made, after the Strength of my Constitution and my Youth had in a surprizing Manner overcome my Disorder, was after the unhappy Twins, of which my Friend had been delivered; but Sir *James*, Dr. *Carter* and Lady *Hope*, who had constantly and tenderly attended me, told me they had seen proper Care taken of them, and that they were still alive, and likely to continue so. I expressed my Desire, again and again, to see them, protesting as their ill Fortune had so cruelly robbed them of their unhappy Parents, they should find all the Tenderness of a Mother in me, and should never want those Advantages that their malignant Stars had seemed to deny them. Sir *James* and his Lady, at first, only waved their Compliance with my Request, on Account of my Weakness,

and let me know, which I heard with a Flood of Tears, that they had magnificently interred my dear *St. Hermione* in our Family Vault, there to rest till the Day of Retribution, and had sent Advice of her Death and Burial to her Father. As I grew stronger and stronger, I urged my Desire to see the sweet Innocents, with an Earnestness that was not to be trifled with, and had the following Reply, one Day, from Lady *Hope*, when Sir *James* and the Doctor were also present. “ Ah! “ my dear Lady, why will you desire to “ see them, to have them near you?—They “ will administer only fresh Occasion, every “ Moment, to renew a Grief that your “ Friends hope you will strive to banish “ from your Mind. To aid so salutary a “ Purpose, we have taken Care of them— “ and resolved, that, for some time, at “ least, they shall be kept from your “ View. We know, too well, what a “ baneful Effect the melancholy Circum- “ stance that attended their Birth had “ near produced, and, dearly as we love “ you, we are interested to prevent any “ fresh Accession of Grief. Do, my dear “ Lady, accord to our Reasons, endeavour to forget the unfortunate Lady “ whom we all deplore—let Chearfulness “ light

“ light up Smiles in your Face, and long
“ banished Peace again possess your Bo-
“ som : You have had a continued Succes-
“ sion of Sorrows, and those Sorrows caused
“ on Account of others more than on your
“ own ;—the Infants shall be, are taken due
“ Care for, in a Way suitable to their Births
“ and your Affection for them ; but they
“ are removed from this House, and con-
“ signed to Hands, who have a just No-
“ tion of the Importance of their Charge :
“ Ah! my Lady, take not our well meant
“ Design amiss — live to charm and de-
“ light us all again, and, when a few
“ Years have enabled you to overcome
“ the grievous Sense you retain of these
“ late Misfortunes, you may rejoice in these
“ Objects of your Pity, your Friendship
“ and your Benevolence.” The good

Dr. *Carter* and Sir *James*, enforced what
my Lady said with new Reasons, which I
was obliged to assent to, and I became ca-
pable of tasting Comfort ; tho’ but for
their constant Assiduity, the Melancholy
that hung, and still will ever hang upon
my Mind, would frequently have over-
whelmed me. I contented myself, Year
after Year, with making the most earnest
Enquiries after the poor Orphans, and was
answered to my Satisfaction ; but never

suffered to see them, and thus, my Dear, have dragged on Life, tho' the Space of now near nineteen Years, has not contributed to remove that Melancholy which perpetually clouds all my Enjoyments. I have principally resided at my Country Seats, forgetting and forgotten of all the great and the gay World, and tho' many Offers have been made me to change my Condition, I am resolved never again to be made the Dupe of Love, and indeed have lived to an Age that seldom inspires that Passion, tho' it may be inspired by it. Sir *James* and his Lady are living, tho' both, now, near seventy, and so is the good Dr. *Carter*, but I have never yet been able to get from them where the Children of Mademoiselle *St. Hermione* are placed; tho' the last Time I addressed them on that Head, the worthy old Baronet said to me, "My Lady, you are now going to *Bristol*, and if, at your Return, I see you chearful and happy, once more, I positively agree to let you know where the Children are, who are now fine young People, I assure you, and then you shall repay us, all that their Education has cost us." This he said in a joking Manner; but I hope he will be as good as his Word; I long to see them,
and

and shall be exceedingly tender of them, and endeavour to make Amends for the Loss they suffered of their Parents, before they could know the Want of them. Count *Rabutin* and my Sister are still living, and have three fine Children, and *De Lorges* and his Lady, who have two living, out of seven or eight; they have been twice to see us in *England*: That crusty old Widower Monsieur *St. Hermione* is not only alive but at *Bristol*; for tho' he has not yet seen me, I have seen him, and know he came here by the Advice of the Physicians, for the Cure of a Diabetes, that has baffled the Skill of the Faculty in *France*, and, would you believe it, my *Lucy*, at his Age he threatens to marry again, and, in a Letter which I received from him before I came to *Bristol*, even proposed having me, if I could put up with the Humours of an old Man for a Year or two, in order to add near a Million of Livres to my Fortune: I thank him—if Age has stolen upon me, I can assure him, its Companion Avarice, has not borne it Company. I have told you before, that I have not seen him, since I came here, and if I can contrive it so, he shall not leave *England*, till he has settled his Fortune upon his unknown grand Children;

dren ; you may remember, my Dear, 'twas on this Account I persuaded you to pass for my Relation, I will introduce you to him as such, and, if he takes a Fancy to thee, my Scheme will take Place happily, and I'll engage it will be no Mortification to you, but give you a great deal of Pleasure and Satisfaction that you can serve the poor Orphans : Meantime, you may depend upon me for your future Fortune and Happiness—I promise thee, my Dear, I will always continue to consider thee as my own Child ! Ah ! I feel I love thee with somewhat like the Affection of a Parent. And, now, my *Lucy*, you have heard my Story, and I fancy you will, nay, I see by the Tears you shed, that you do pity my Misfortunes, but to augment them, the Sight that was represented yesterday to me, brought them all afresh into my Memory, and sent me home in the pitiable Condition from whence only thy Attentions could have relieved me : I was at the *Wells*, and sitting with Lady *Dacre* whom you saw last Week ; when a Gentleman entered, so extremely like *L'Anglais*, that it set me a trembling all over, and I could scarce restrain the Tears that stood ready to gush from my Eyes : But, good God ! how was my surprize heightened,
tho'

tho' mingled with Joy too great almost to be supported, when her Ladyship told me it was the Earl of *Rutland*. So fortunate a Meeting, after having in vain endeavoured to bring one about for so many Years, put me into the greatest Flutter of Spirits imaginable, and I had like to have fainted on the Place ; but, recollecting myself, I had just Strength enough to take leave of her Ladyship, and to return home in that Disorder which gave you, my Dear, so much Pain, and such Apprehensions for me—Now, my *Lucy*, does not Providence seem to have thrown this Nobleman in my Way, for the Benefit of his young Relations? Yes, and I am resolved to improve the Opportunity. Tho' so many Years have passed, alas! since the Death of *L'Anglai*, the Sight of his Brother, whose Person and Countenance wear such a Resemblance of him, called up afresh all my Grief, and all that Anguish of Soul, which tho' smothered, is not, nor ever will be totally extinguished. I just desired Lady *Dacre* not to mention my Name officiously, if he should mix with the Company and enquire who was at the *Wells*, and as I have been pretty much at home, since I had the Pleasure of thy

sweet engaging Company, my Residence at *Bristol* is not very publickly known, and therefore I may be fortunate enough not to be discovered before I can bring about such a Meeting as I have so eagerly longed for, and which the Earl has taken such Pains to disappoint. I will give thee full Instructions, how to behave, tomorrow; for the Night grows old, and I have kept thee longer from thy Repose, than I am afraid is consistent with the weak State of thy Health. Go my *Lucy*, go to Bed and dry up those Tears, which I see the Sensibility you have for my Misfortunes makes you shed in such Abundance. Go, thou hast surely the best and most tender Heart imaginable! Poor *Lucy* needed not be bid twice to depart, she took Leave of her Lady in the most affectionate Manner and retired to her Chamber, in a Situation better felt than described. She had wept and trembled during the whole latter Part of the Countess's Relation: She deplored, with a truly sympathetick Sorrow the Misfortunes of that illustrious Lady, whose Conduct appeared to be the Result of the greatest Wisdom, Virtue and Prudence: She mourned the untimely End, and, at the same time, was warmed with a generous Resentment against the hapless *L'Anglais*: The
Unhappiness

Unhappiness of Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, called up every soft and tender Passion to bewail her undeserved Fate; but whenever she contemplated the two tender Orphans, exposed, as it were, amongst Strangers, and denied the Embraces of the only Person that could be supposed to have any real Affection for them; when she looked upon them as the Children of Parents, the rightful Heirs of Persons, possessed of Wealth and Distinction, and thus cruelly deprived of both, her Tears flowed incessantly, and she besought the Almighty to favour with his Blessing, the Means that the Countess should make Use of, for their Benefit. “ Ah! Heaven, I truly lament “ the dear Orphans” she cry’d—“ who “ knows but my dear *Edward* and myself “ were the Offspring of just such an unfortunate Passion? Who are robbed of every Thing; but what the casual Humanity and Goodness of our ever honoured Protector, *Rutland* has afforded us, from “ his Generosity.” This Thought drew Torrents from her lovely Eyes, and she moaned her own and their Misfortunes during the greatest Part of the Night. The Advice she received of the Earl of *Rutland*’s being at *Bristol*, quite confounded her, she was amazed and terrified at it,
and

and more especially as she found she must have a considerable Share in what should pass between him and her Lady. In short, she was in such a Dilemma, that notwithstanding her Gratitude to the Countess, she determined, she would, at all adventures, take up the desperate Resolution of once more becoming a Wanderer and a Fugitive, tho' the Dangers she had already encountered were such, as the very Remembrance of made her tremble. One while, however, she formed a Design to fling herself at her beloved Lady's Feet, to tell her her Story; and to beseech her to permit her to withdraw from *Bristol*; but she considered that she could not mention her Reasons for such a Request, without offending the Delicacy of her Regard for the Earl, which was as strong as that of a Child for her Parent; and she scarce passed an Hour without reckoning up his generous Actions in Favour of herself and her Brother, with most lively Gratitude of Sentiment. "What will, what can this dear Benefactor think of me," says she, "if I wander from Place to Place, telling about his Weakness on that fatal Night, which obliged me to banish myself from him for ever? Why must I expose him up on every Incident that gives me Pain" and

“ and Disturbance, and why, above all,
“ to the Countess of *Suffolk*, who has so
“ exceedingly advantageous an Opinion,
“ and so just an one, of his Virtues?
“ No, let me rather seem ungrateful to
“ this worthy Lady, and leave the Ex-
“ plication to some future Opportunity,
“ which may set me clear in her Judg-
“ ment, than prove, more than I have al-
“ ready been, a Cause of Uneasiness to
“ my best Friend, my Benefactor, nay
“ my Parent.”

LUCY, had a very great Firmness of Mind, and the conceiving a Project that she thought productive of Benefit, was, in a Manner, the Execution of it: She had been down with the Earl to his Country Seat, in *Somersetshire*, which he twice visited, since she came to Years of Discretion, and the Mention of that well known Abode, in the Rehearsal her Lady gave of the Sufferings of *L'Anglais* after the Defeat of the *Monmouth* Rebellion, and the Remembrance of her Happiness there, had drawn many a Sigh from her fair Bosom. The worthy Gentlewoman, the Earl's Housekeeper at the Seat where he first found her and her Brother, and who had with the utmost Attention and Fondness

Fondness tended over them in their Infancy, had, by the Interest she had acquired in them, been placed, thro' their Recommendation, in a pretty Box, with a good Annuity, by the Earl, in the Neighbourhood of his *Somersetshire* Estate, there to pass the Remainder of her Days in Quiet and Repose. 'Twas long after *Lucy's* fortunate Meeting with the good *Pickring*, upon her Elopement from *Rutland*, that this worthy Woman recurred to her Mind. Her Name was *Harris*, and she must be now far advanced in Years, tho', not long before *Lucy* left the Earl, a Correspondence, by Letter, had been kept up between them, and she was sensible, that *Mrs. Harris* must still preserve for her a very tender Affection. With her then she resolved, if possible, to seek an Asylum from her present Distress, and, since she could no longer remain with the Countess of *Suffolk*, without Danger of seeing *Rutland* again, and lighting up those Fires in his Breast, which she hoped Time and Absence had in a great measure extinguished, she resolved to sacrifice all her flattering Views, from the Countess's Love and Friendship or her, rather than, by staying, forfeit her Peace of Mind; and perhaps, at length, her Honour and Virtue.

tue. She had made herself pretty well acquainted with the Road, by Enquiry, and nothing remained, her Resolution being fixed, than to consider of the Method she should use to take leave of her Lady, and of the good *Hépeny*, without giving them any real Cause of Uneasiness upon her Account, and, at last, she resolved to leave Letters for them both, which contained what follows :

To my dear Mrs. Hepény.

Madam,

MY dear Mrs. *Pickring* and yourself, have shewed me so much Affection, and have treated me so kindly, that it is with the utmost Sorrow I am obliged to put on the most distant Appearance of Ingratitude ; but my ill Fortune will not permit me, with any Safety to my Repose, to stay any longer with my Lady *Suffolk*, and, if, when you write to your Sister next Time, you will just tell her, that the Appearance of a certain dreaded, yet honoured Person at *Bristol*, made me take this Resolution, she will immediately know the Meaning of my absenting myself. I make myself infinitely unhappy in thus leaving that good, that amiable Lady, whose

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whose Behaviour to me, and whose many Virtues and good Qualities have so endeared me to her, and in being forced to fly from the Society of my dear Mrs. Hépeny, who has ever treated me as if I was most nearly allied to her. I go with an Expectation of meeting with a Place of Safety and Protection, and when I have reached the wished for Spot, I will write you Word. Meantime, I remain,

My dear Mrs. Hépeny,

Your most obliged and sincere Friend,

L U C Y.

To the Right Hon. the Countess of Suffolk.

Honoured Madam,

HOW shall I be able to unfold to your Ladyship a Resolution which the uncommon Severity of my Fate has extorted from me?—How can I give Pain to that Bosom which has ever inclined to love me, and to treat me with the Friendship and the Familiarity of an Equal? But, my dear Lady, for whom I shall ever preserve the highest Affection, Reverence and Duty, do not think me ungrateful! That odious Vice was ever a Stranger to me, and 'tis with Sighs, Tears, and the Bitter-

Bitterness of Anguish that I think it incumbent upon me to bid you farewell. Let me tell this much loved, honoured Mistress, however, that, 'tis on an Account foreign to any Thing relating to her that carries me from her Presence—that, if I was to stay in *Bristol*, I apprehend all the ill Consequences that can be summed up, to myself and others—and, yet, believe me, my Lady, I cannot charge myself with the least Misconduct thro' the whole Course of my Life—a Life which has witnessed but one Person dearer to me than yourself! Ah! Madam, 'tis with dire Regret, that I consider myself as departing from you, when my Presence and the Relief you seemed to find in imparting your Grievs to me, was more immediately necessary to you!—From the Place of Safety where I am retiring, I hope to have, and to embrace, an Opportunity of clearing this mysterious Behaviour up to you, and of proving to your Ladyship, that, I am truly, and ever shall be,

My dear Lady,

*Your Ladyship's most affectionate
and dutiful Servant,*

LUCY.

THE

THE distracted Maid had no sooner wrote her Letters, than she sealed them, and laid them upon her dressing Table, and then divesting herself of all the Ornaments the Countess's Friendship had, from Time to Time, bestowed upon her, and retaining nothing but the few Clothes and Linen she brought with her to *Bristol*, she pack'd as many as she could in a small Bundle, the rest, she put upon her Back, and it being about four in the Morning of a very pleasant Day, which seemed to countenance her virtuous Resolution, she got safely into the Street, leaving the Door fast and every one asleep in the House, whilst the Tears trickled fast from her Eyes, and her Breast heaved with repeated Sighs! The lovely Wanderer met with no Accident in the Streets of *Bristol*, and, indeed, was so very fortunate, as not to be taken much Notice of by the few Passengers then abroad, her Bundle declaring her to be a young Woman going about some Business for herself or others, and not to be strolling the Streets with any bad Design. She blessed herself when she got out of the Town, for every Step she took she trembled, for fear the Persons passing her might offer her some Insult.

The

The Clock struck eight when she lost Sight of *Bristol*, and entered a Village called *Bedminster*, and being somewhat weary and faint, she made up to a publick House, which stood pretty near the Entrance of the Place, and, assuming Courage enough to enter it, was accosted with great Civility by the Hostess, who seeing her alone, put the usual Questions to her, as, Whence she came? Where she was going? and expressed much Surprize at seeing a young Lady of her Appearance alone, and at so early a Time of Day. *Lucy*, indeed, was rather too well dressed to be supposed a Servant; her Linen, tho' plain, was extremely fine; the Night Gown she wore was of Crimson Damask, and the rest of her Apparel suited to them: If she had been possessed of a plainer Garb she would have put it on, but this was the very meanest her Wardrobe afforded, and the Wonder expressed by this honest Woman too plainly indicated to her, that it was a very improper Appearance for a Person that was to travel on Foot, for she knew of no other Way at present, near eighteen or twenty Miles. She answered the above Enquiries with so mild and so genteel an Air, and with such an open Sincerity, that our Landlady, who
was

was an honest, well meaning Woman, conceived a great Friendship for her, and made her walk into a private Apartment, where she breakfasted with her, tho' she kept her Eyes so constantly and so earnestly bent upon her Visitant, as to put her to a great deal of Confusion: Before they had finished their Repast, she broke out—
“ Good God, my Dear, what a charming
“ Creature you are!—And do you think if
“ you was my Child, I could bear the
“ Thoughts of your travelling thus alone,
“ and on Foot, thro' all the bad Roads
“ you must meet with in your Way?—
“ Surely, you must have ventured abroad,
“ Miss, without the Leave of your Parents, and consider, Child, what they
“ must feel if that is the Case! — I can't
“ help crying to think of the Distress they
“ will be put to: Well, if I can advise you,
“ you shall not go away without somebody to guard you, or mayhap, if you
“ stay but a few Hours, some Coach or
“ Carriage may pass this Way to *Wells*,
“ and I am sure no Body can deny a Place
“ to so sweet, so accomplished a young
“ Woman.” — “ Madam,” the sweet Maid replied, “ your Concern for me is too
“ obliging for me to deny you my sincere
“ Thanks. I did not consider the Dan-
“ gers

“gers of the Road, nor consult with my-
“self the Unfitness of my Appearance for
“a foot Passenger; but you have con-
“vinced me my Dress is very absurd,
“and if you will add to my Gratitude,
“by making an Exchange of a worse
“Gown, for this I have got upon my
“Back, I’ll pay you over and above,
“whatever you shall think proper. Your
“Stature and mine are not so different as
“to render the Change impossible.” The
honest Woman returned, “No Miss, I
“have no Gown that is worth the tenth
“Part of yours; but as I think what you
“propose will conduce to your Ease and
“Safety, I will lend you one of my Gowns,
“and keep yours safe, till you return it—
“Indeed you seem never to have been in a
“Situation that required either much Care
“or Parsimony, if you had, you’d make
“a little better Advantage to yourself,
“in bargaining—why, the Gown you have
“on, I warrant you, is worth twenty
“Pounds?” *Lucy* blush’d a little at the
Bluntness of her Hostess, and accompa-
nied her into her Chamber, where a com-
plete Metamorphosis was soon brought
about, and she appeared like a smart Coun-
try Damsel, going to Market with Butter,
or some such Commodity. Her Disguise
did

not alter her lovely Features, and, if possible, in those rustick Weeds, the Sweetness and the Innocence of her Countenance was inexpressibly more striking. As if, at this Stage, every Thing was to concur with her Wishes, an empty Chariot, for *Wells*, came into the Inn, for a Passage in which, the kind Mrs. *Billings* soon agreed, upon very moderate Terms. One Disadvantage, however, attended this lucky Opportunity, which was, that the Driver was obliged to go some Miles out of the Road, in order to call at *Bristleton* and *Cainsham*, at the latter of which Places, he was to meet with a Lady, who was to be conveyed from thence to *Wells*, and he said, would, perhaps, be a very agreeable Companion for the young Gentlewoman. *Lucy* offered to pay largely for what she had had of Mrs. *Billings*; but she would take no more than her Due, upon the most moderate Calculation, and, after parting with her in that affectionate Manner her amiable Carriage bespoke, of every one that saw her, and, giving the Driver a Charge to take Abundance of Care of her, and study to make the Journey agreeable to her, they set out, whilst the good Woman retired to hide the Tears that fell from her Eyes at bidding Adieu to such
an

an uncommon Guest, who was sensibly affected at this Display of her Hostess's Regard to her, and, tho' their Knowledge of each other was of so short a Duration, so much good Nature and Benevolence captivate our Souls, she herself wept. They got to *Bristleton* very speedily, and took a little Refreshment there, the Driver appearing to be very sensible of the Worth of his Passenger, to whom he performed all the little Offices in his Power, to recommend himself to her, whilst she, with an Air of Goodness that could not fail to captivate his Heart, was very bountiful to him, in Reward for his Fidelity and Civility to her. But poor *Lucy* was not long to enjoy that Repose and that Calm, which her Virtues so well entitled her to; for they had scarce got on the Borders of a large Park, and within Sight of *Cainsham*, before three young Gentlemen very gaily dressed, and attended by as many Livery Servants on Horseback, passed the Chariot, and, with the Boldness usual to certain People, stared so wilfully thro' the Glasses, which were drawn up, that our fair Traveller was covered with Blushes, that still added a new Elegance to her Features, when one of them cry'd out, "D—mn me, have my good Stars, at
" length,

“ length, conducted me thro’ the right
 “ Road to Happiness? Yes, by G—d, I
 “ have now found my little coy Slut, who
 “ has never been absent from my Mind,
 “ since I first set Eyes on her bewitching
 “ Face.” He then rode to the Head of
 the Horses, and ordered the Coachman to
 stop, under Penalty of Death, if he diso-
 beyed, whilst his Companions set up a
 Howl, like that used when the Hare is
 started, or when they are in full Pursuit
 of the Game. Poor *Lucy* heard all this
 with the utmost Terror and Apprehension;
 but her Terror was abundantly increased,
 when, lifting up her Eyes, she observed
 in the Face of the main Instrument of this
 Insult, the Features of the so much de-
 spised, and yet so much dreaded Lord
Chester. In fact, it was that boisterous
 Lover of hers, who was on a Party of
 Pleasure, or rather of Raking and Vice,
 with these Companions of his Debauche-
 ries, and who were making an Excursion
 from *Bath* to *Bristol*, at the former of
 which Places they had spent a Month be-
 fore. The Coachman making some Re-
 sistance and some Remonstrances against
 being stopped upon the King’s Highway,
 was severely whipped by this Crew of no-
 ble Wretches: Upon which the sweet Crea-
 ture

ture put her Head out of the Chariot, and said, “ I hope, Gentlemen, you have too much Honour and Humanity to use that honest Man with further Cruelty?— Is defending the Property of his Employers and resisting your unjust Detention of him any Crime? Is it not rather a Virtue? But I see you are in no Humour to hear Reason—however, we live, I hope, in a civilized Country, where Enormities of this Kind will surely meet with proper Punishment, let the Rank of the Offenders be ever so exalted!” “ Devil D—mn me,” replies one of these Wretches, “ if she does not hold forth very prettily—a sweet lipped Preacher, by G—d!—But I hope, my Lord *Chester*, you’ll employ yourself better than in hearing her?—Take her out and down with her upon the Grass, whilst we make a Ring round you, and blow the Death of the Hare, for the pleasant Moment, you are performing the Mysteries of *Venus*!—Egad she’s the prettiest Sacrifice, I think, that ever was offered at the Shrine of Love!”

Poor *Lucy* heard this vile Ribaldry, trembling all over like an Aspen Leaf, nor had any Power remaining to speak, when the brutal Lord *Chester* clasped his Arms

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round her Waist, and violently tearing her out of the Chariot, seemed to intend all the Villainy his Companion had prompted him to commit, whilst the innocent Object of their vile Abuse, rended the Air with her Shrieks, Cries, and Lamentations; and happy for her, the honest Fellow that drove her, had, after his being so inhumanly treated, slipped from them unperceived, and alarmed the Inhabitants of two or three of the nearest Houses, who came to his Assistance, armed with Clubs, Pitchforks, and other such Implements, so that these Ruffians seeing so formidable an Appearance, with the Coachman at their Head, made no doubt of the Armament's being intended against them, and, like courageous Fellows, all but *Chester* set Spurs to their Horses, and were soon out of Sight; but he was dismounted, and having been struggling with *Lucy*, could not disengage himself so as to make the same Speed; however he had just Time to mount his Horse, leaving the disheveled Fair One in a Condition that was enough to melt a Barbarian: Her fine Hands and Arms were bruised with the Resistance she had made, her Cap and Handkerchief were torn off, and the Tears ran down her lovely Cheeks in continued Currents. In short, her

her Charms of Person and her Situation had worked the honest People, into a Degree of Fury that would soon have inflicted a proper Punishment upon *Chester*; when that artful Rake, with all the Mildness he could assume, and his Fear inspired, thus addressed them, “ I don’t
“ wonder, good People, at the Indig-
“ nation you express—Appearances, no
“ doubt, are against me;—but, upon the
“ Honour of a Nobleman—and let me
“ tell you I am one of the first Rank, I
“ meant no Harm to this Lady’s Person—
“ She is my Sister, and has eloped from
“ her Friends, and, I have been seeking
“ her for many Months without Success;
“ ’tis to restore her to them; to the Af-
“ fection of an admiring Brother, that
“ I have been forced to use this Violence,
“ and therefore, as I have not only a na-
“ tural, but a legal Right so to do—I
“ hope, I shall not be forced to complain
“ of ill Treatment from you—for, by the
“ living God, whoever opposes, or offers
“ me any Injury, I will revenge myself
“ upon, severely, if it should cost me all
“ my Fortune!—You have heard of Lord
“ *Chester*?—I am he—and many of my
“ Estates lie in the next County—As to
“ that honest Fellow—he has, to be sure,

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“ smarted a little for his Insolence ; but
 “ I’ll make him amends, as he did not
 “ know me—Here’s a Couple of Gold-
 “ finches for him (throwing Money) and
 “ there’s half a Piece for you all to drink
 “ my Health ; as to my Sister, I will carry
 “ her to *Cainsham*, from whence I shall get a
 “ Vehicle to convey her to *Bath*, and thence
 “ to a Circle of Relations, who have al-
 “ most broke their Hearts for her Indif-
 “ cretion.” Whilst this base Man was thus
 haranguing the honest Country People,
 most of whom soon came over to his Sen-
 timents, and all but the Coachman, who
 persevered in his Honesty, accepted of the
 Bribe ; the forlorn *Lucy*, who was to be the
 Prize of this extraordinary Eloquence, and
 who heard with Despair what the Villain had
 the Confidence to utter, several Times, with
 trembling Lips, attempted to contradict
 what he advanced ; but as often she found
 herself, from the Confusion she had been
 put into, and from her Astonishment at
 his Wickedness, incapable of speaking loud
 enough to be heard. Heaven, however,
 which seldom abandons Virtue and Inno-
 cence in Extremity, had ere now raised
 up a Friend, who, passing the Road
 and seeing this Crowd at some Distance,
 advanced to it, was struck with Com-
 passion

passion and Tenderness for the beautiful Mourner, and, at the same Time, discovered too much of Art in what Lord *Chester* said, to think it was real. As it fortunately happened, her Coachman stood next the Stranger, and said so much in Praise of *Lucy*, and with such Disdain had refused *Chester's* Bribe, that he was more and more convinced of the Villainy of her Enemy, and resolved to see Justice done her. He was a young Gentleman seemingly about twenty, finely mounted, and attended by two Livery Servants, all very well armed; his Person was perfectly harmonious, and Humanity and Dignity, mingled, sat in his Countenance. In a Word, he was superior every Way to the vile *Chester*, and soon let him see he had too potent an Enemy to deal with. Advancing to him, just as he had again attempted to seize *Lucy* and put her into the Chariot, he cry'd, "hold, Sir! I fear you are doing more
" Injury to that lovely Creature, than you
" will ever be able to repair! Stop Sir," seeing he did not mind him, "or this Minute I'll send a Brace of Balls thro'
" you." *Chester*, at this Menace, trembled in his Turn, and desisted, whilst the Company once more formed a Circle round them. Upon which the Stranger thus ad-

dressed them. “ You perceive, Gentle-
 “ men, the Brutality with which this Man
 “ (he may be noble for what I know) has
 “ behav’d to this sweet Creature, whose
 “ Person and Countenance seem to deserve
 “ every tender Regard : Is it likely, that,
 “ to recover a Sister, he should proceed to
 “ such enormous Lengths?—No. And, be-
 “ sides, this honest Man, who refused his
 “ two Guineas, but whom I will take Care
 “ to reward properly for his Integrity, af-
 “ fures me whence he brought her, and
 “ that this Man attacked her, at first, with
 “ a professed and avowed Design to ravish
 “ and abuse her: Now, does not all this
 “ pull off the Mask from this pretended
 “ Brother, and display him in his proper
 “ Colours? And one Thing, in your Justice,
 “ you forgot, let us endeavour to learn
 “ from those fair Lips, who this Lady is,
 “ and what is her own Opinion of this In-
 “ sult ; for here I swear, if she is really
 “ ill used and not his Sister, so much Re-
 “ spect I am inspired with for her, that
 “ this base Lord, as he calls himself, shall
 “ immediately smart for his Usage of her.
 It’s impossible to tell the sudden Effect
 this Gentleman’s Words had upon all pre-
 sent:—The Country Louts, one and all,
 condemned *Chester*, and swore that he
 ought

ought to make Reparation for his Fault, nay, their Leader flung back the half Guinea, with Disdain, and was sorry they had consented to accept of his dirty Present. The abandoned Peer, alone, and guilty of all he was charged with, stood, pale and trembling, like a Criminal at the Bar, without knowing how to begin a second Defence, since he could not answer the Allegations now brought against him; his Footman seemed ready to clap Spurs to his Horse, whenever his Sentence was pronounced; for Rogues are not always trusty to each other. As to poor *Lucy*, she was agitated by different Passions, which served, indeed, rather to heighten and encrease her natural Beauty, which, perhaps, never appeared to such Advantage, as at this Moment; her fine Tresses hung disordered adown her Shoulders, and some Part of her lovely Bosom was seen to pant thro' the Chasms in her Handkerchief, which the late Violence had occasioned; the silent Tears trickled, every now and then, from her piercing Eyes, which began to assume their former Lustre. Fear, Joy and Gratitude, at once, were struggling in her Breast, and her Deliverer, charming every Way, she viewed with the Veneration due to a Guardian Angel, and with an Emo-

tion of Tenderness she never had felt before. After some Time, in the sweetest Accents, however, she thus pleaded her Cause. “Whoever you are, Sir, may
“you reap that perfect Pleasure that always
“flows from doing Justice, from exercising Humanity to a Fellow Creature,
“and from relieving the Unhappy. That
“vile Man will not deny before a Person
“of your Discernment, that this is only
“the fourth Time he ever saw me: That
“he made, before, a vile Attempt upon
“me, in which he was also miraculously
“disappointed, and that I have never seen
“him since. I am sensible, that, notwithstanding his boasted Rank and Quality,
“to which he is a Disgrace, as well by
“the Poverty of his Understanding, as
“by the Depravity of his Manners, that
“this Rank is not a Sanction for the vilest Actions, nor are the Ears of Innocence and Virtue to be invaded at the
“Will and Pleasure of those magnificent
“Heroes, who can insult and abuse the
“weak Sex; but, we see, are full of Af-
“fright when in the Presence of those
“that know how to chastise them. I
“owe you my Life, Sir, and the Preservation of what is much dearer to me,
“and if you’ll finish your generous De-
“sign,

“ sign, with seeing me to the Place I was
“ retiring to, you will be sensible I have
“ some Pretension to your Care and Com-
“ passion : This I the rather chuse, as my
“ Return to *Bristol*, whence I just now
“ came, would be attended with some In-
“ conveniences, which I would chuse to
“ avoid. As to that Wretch, Sir, let his
“ own Conscience be his Torturer—if ever
“ he begins to reflect, it will be a suffi-
“ cient Punishment to him. I am al-
“ ready too much obliged to the Noble-
“ ness of your Behaviour, to involve my
“ Benefactor in fresh Dangers.” Whilst
every Ear hung upon the soft Accents of
the lovely Maid, and every Eye was fixed
with Admiration upon the Grace with
which she spoke, *Chester* turned his Horse
towards *Bristol*, and scowered over the
Road with a prodigious Swiftnefs, follow-
ed by his Servant : The Stranger and the
rest were too attentive to miss him, for
two or three Moments, and, seeing him
before hang down his Head in Confusion,
little imagined he had Presence of Mind
enough to think of escaping. He was go-
ing to put Spurs to his Horse in Pursuit
of them ; but recollecting himself, and
being already too much rivetted to the
Spot where he stood, by certain secret Mo-

tions of the Soul, which yet he could give no Name to, he said, “ Lovely Creature, “ you have been too ill used, for this “ Lord *Chester* to meet with Pardon from “ me.—Yes, I feel already, that I shall be “ his eternal Enemy!—But my Regard “ for your Safety, shall, at present, wave “ my Pursuit of the dastardly Wretch.— “ Let me, Madam, (alighting) put you “ into the Chariot, and promise you, at “ the same Time, that I will never leave “ you, till I see you placed in Safety! “ Ah! what a Soul must this Wretch “ possess who could behave with Barba- “ rity to so much Beauty!—Beauty, where “ that Virtue, too, sits preeminently in- “ throned, without which it would, even “ great as it is, want its principal Lustre.”

Lucy, blushing and unable to answer, suffered him to seat her in the Chariot, and then he flung some Money to the People, and thanked them for their Behaviour; but they all insisted to see them safe to the Town; so that they entered the principal Inn, in a Kind of triumphant Procession, where, it being now the Close of Day, the unknown Gentleman ordered a Room to be prepared for the Lady, and recommending her to the Care of the Landlady, waited for her coming down to Supper with great Eagerness, and, mean-
time,

time, made, in the most generous Manner, a Present of four Guineas to the honest Charioteer, who seemed to rejoice that his fair Passenger had met with so providential an Escape. With the Assistance of her Hostess, who seemed to be a second Mrs. *Billings*, almost, she dressed herself in the richest Gown her Bundle afforded, and, notwithstanding her late Fright, took even more than common Pains in decorating herself; so much, already, was she desirous of appearing agreeably before her Deliverer: Dress could not add to tho' it might adorn her native Charms, which now shone out in their full Resplendency. She remembered the Instructions she had received from Mrs. *Billings*, in regard to the Propriety of her Dress; but as she was now sure of a Protector for the Remainder of her Journey, she gave herself no Uneasiness about it, and found her Heart so inclined to whisper every Thing in his Favour, that she was confident already, she had nothing to fear from him; from a Gentleman, who appeared, by his Words and Actions, to be the very Model of Perfection. As to his Part, and from the same Motives, he had been, in the meantime, very busy at the Glass, adjusting and preparing to receive a Visitor, who
appeared

appeared to him to have exhausted all the Graces and all the Charms of her Sex : And the Remainder of the Time that he waited, he spent in securing a Vehicle for her Conveyance to the Place of her intended Destination. At length, the lovely Fair, like the Sun shooting first thro' the Cover of a dusky Cloud, and chearing all Nature around, made her Appearance, and so dazzled the Sight of her Votary, that he stood astonished for some Moments, and doubtful, but that his Heart was so faithful a Recorder, whether it was the same Beauty he had seen distressed, and beseeching him for Compassion. He advanced to salute her, and then, handing her to a Chair, seated himself opposite to her, at some Distance, with an Air of the most profound Respect and Regard, and, after a Pause of some Moments, which were employed in stealing mutual Glances at each other, he said, “ How happy, Madam, “ shall I ever esteem myself that Provi- “ dence has vouchsafed to enable me to “ be of Service to you ! By the ineffable “ Satisfaction my Heart seems to feel, I “ find, I have a perfect Share in the Plea- “ sure you cannot help tasting, for your “ Deliverance from those horrid Hands, “ into which you had fallen : Indeed, had “ the

“ the Object been ever so mean, I think
“ it is the Duty of every Man to oppose
“ Villainy and Oppression, and the Satis-
“ faction, simply, of doing Good, over-
“ pays all we hazard in doing it; but
“ when I reflect, that I have saved, per-
“ haps, from Death, the most amiable,
“ loveliest, and the most deserving of her
“ Sex; for every Look tells me, that the
“ Loss of her Honour would have proved
“ the Loss of her precious Life, no Words
“ can express my Joy and Exultation! I
“ need not ask after your Condition, Ma-
“ dam, a single Glance was sufficient to
“ convince me, that your Station, as much
“ as your Soul, is exalted above the com-
“ mon Rank of Mankind: And once
“ more, dearest Lady, permit me the Ho-
“ nour of placing you in a State of Safe-
“ ty?—Alas! I fear, I should be very mi-
“ serable, could I suppose you would ever
“ again be exposed to even the least or
“ most trifling Danger!” The charming
Lucy felt so much Pleasure in hearing this
Youth talk, in hearing Sentiments, from
his Lips, so conformable to her own, that
she was wrapt, as it were, in admiring Si-
lence, for some Time after this obliging
Conclusion; but, at length, with a gen-
tle Inclination of her Head, and a Blush,
accompa-

accompanied with a Smile that was capable of penetrating the very Soul of him she spoke to, she made the following Reply :

“ How gratefully I think of all that your
“ Humanity and Generosity has prompted
“ you to act in my Favour, I want Words
“ to express to you, Sir ; could I de-
“ clare all that my Heart feels upon this
“ interesting Subject, all the warm Ac-
“ knowledgments my Bosom pants to ut-
“ ter, they would still fall short of a pro-
“ per Return for my present Safety ; but
“ your good Sense and that Delicacy of
“ Sentiment you are possessed of, and
“ which seems to govern you, will ima-
“ gine more for me than it is perhaps
“ proper for me to say. I put such Con-
“ fidence in your Professions, that I he-
“ sitate not, one Moment, to inform my
“ Deliverer, that my Education has not
“ been of the inferior Kind, and that I
“ fled, some time since, from the most
“ splendid Situation, to save that Honour
“ which I hope I shall always preserve
“ unfullied : ’Twas on this Emergency—
“ in Pursuit of Safety from my best
“ Friends ; for Heaven knows my Fear
“ was first produced by the dearest I ever
“ had.

“ had, that I am going to a Gentlewo-
“ man’s a few Miles from hence, who, I
“ am sure, will also display her Gratitude
“ for your Attention to an unfortunate
“ Maid, who has at present no other Re-
“ source, but to fly to her Protection.”
At these Words, the Tears afresh poured
from her fair Eyes, and produced them al-
so in those of her Auditor, who was ex-
cessively moved at what she said. In a
few Moments, however, she resumed her
Discourse. “ Alas! Sir, what could I say,
“ what Recompence could I propose to
“ any Gentleman actuated by other Sen-
“ timents than those that inspire your
“ Heart?—The Consciousness of having
“ vindicated Innocence and oppressed Vir-
“ tue, must be your only Reward!—Poor
“ as I am at present, I have none else to
“ offer you. Hereafter, I may be able
“ to acquaint you with my whole Story;
“ permit me now to lock up the Names
“ of those I fly from in my own Bosom—
“ they are Persons, who, whatever Cause I
“ have to dread them, yet merit all my Du-
“ ty and my Friendship? With the Since-
“ rity I shall ever practice, however, I
“ must assure you, that if I should incur
“ your Displeasure, and never see you
again,

“ again, it will constitute a great Part of
 “ my future Unhappiness.”

THE Eyes of the Stranger were so fixed upon the lovely Face, the amiable Person of this Charmer, his Ears, nay his very Soul sucked in so eagerly her honied Accents, that a long Pause ensued : At length, starting from his Seat, and flinging himself on his Knees before her, he exclaimed, “ Too beautiful Creature, “ whose Words have had such an Effect “ upon me, as to call up every tender, “ every yet unfelt Passion in my Breast ! “ Deign to accept of all the future Services of a Life, that I find already must “ only be devoted to you ! Let me tell “ thee, thou accomplish’d Fair One, that “ no Danger can, or shall attack thee, “ that I will nor participate of—that I “ will not shelter thee from ! My Fortune—my Friends, shall all be employed “ for that purpose ; and oh ! dreaded “ Thought ! If you are already smitten “ by that Passion which it would be my “ Glory alone to inspire you with, tho’ I “ feel I shall be miserable, depend upon “ it, dearest Creature that ever these Eyes “ beheld, tho’ my Misfortune should deny me that Hope, it shall never influence

fluence my Conduct to your Prejudice!—
No, you behold before you one of Vir-
tue's, of Religion's Votaries, and nei-
ther in Thought, in Word, or in Action,
shall you be displeased by me! I ac-
cept the Protection of you with Extacy,
and if I cannot share that Heart, that
excellent Heart, let me still be num-
bered amongst the Servants, the Slaves,
of a Lady, whom all the World must
admire!”

WHEN Love has, in so short a Time,
fixed itself in the Heart, it seems almost,
to be the Appointment of Heaven! No
doubt can be made but this amiable Stran-
ger and *Lucy* had that Opinion, and there-
fore it can cause no great Surprize, if she
answered him in a manner that gave him
no Repulse, and that she, with her usual
Prudence, rather encouraged his Hopes.
The genteelest Supper that could be pro-
cured in this Town succeeded; but the
Eagerness with which they were perpetu-
ally gazing at each other, seemed to give
a greater Pleasure than the Satisfaction of
the Appetite. The Conversation at and
after Supper, was such as Good Sense,
Knowledge and Wit could supply and de-
corate, between two such accomplished
Persons,

Persons, and they retired to their several Chambers, confirmed in the new Passion they had entertained for each other. We may very well suppose that neither the young Stranger nor *Lucy* had much Rest that Night : They were kept waking by all those Ideas that could delight their Fancies, or that could please and satisfy their Minds. Tho' they yet knew not who each other was, yet they both rested very well convinced, that there was mutual Worth, Truth, Honour, and Rank in Life to insure their future Acquaintance. *Lucy* hardly, for some Hours, bestowed a Thought upon *Rutland* or her Friend the Countess, but passed the wakeful Moments in counting over those Perfections she had observed in the generous Youth who had made such a Progress already in her Affections : However, in a little Time, her Memory brought former Scenes before her, and thus the charming Maid tormented herself : “ But,
 “ oh ! dreadful Truth ! — what have I to re-
 “ commend me to this excellent Man ? —
 “ I have been educated suitably to the Sta-
 “ tion Humanity and Charity once be-
 “ stowed upon me ; but what am I now ? Am
 “ not I an Alien, a Wanderer, a hapless —
 “ friendless — hopeless Orphan ? Who,
 “ perhaps, but for the blackest Ingrati-
 “ tude

“ tude to my Friend and Benefactor, had
“ never had an Opportunity even of be-
“ holding this too dear Youth, whose
“ every Sentiment seems designed to make
“ me his own, they are so conformable to
“ mine. All the World, no doubt, who
“ seldom judge impartially, will call me
“ unwise and ungrateful, for refusing
“ the generous Offer of the Earl of *Rut-*
“ *land*, and, should I wonder at it, when I
“ was ready to pierce, myself, that Heart,
“ which was incapable of entertaining for
“ that dear Man, any Sentiments beyond
“ those of Gratitude, Esteem, Obedience,
“ and Respect? Alas! too surely I know,
“ that our Affection is not in our own
“ Power to bestow, otherwise could I re-
“ fuse to the Earl, under such repeated
“ Obligations as I laboured, what, at first
“ Sight, I could not help bestowing upon
“ this bewitching Stranger? Sure Hea-
“ ven interferes in the Disposal of our
“ Hearts? But, *Lucy*, because you are
“ unfortunate, do not be unjust:—This
“ Youth, will he not, does he not en-
“ tertain a similar Passion?—But when he
“ comes to know that I have neither Fa-
“ mily, Friends or Fortune to recommend
“ me—may he not have Reason to accuse
“ me of Insincerity, in not checking his
“ first

“ first Dawnings of Love, by a free Con-
 “ fession of my Affairs; but by appear-
 “ ing other than I am, to have cherished
 “ and encouraged that Passion, which his
 “ Friends will be too prudent to give their
 “ Consent to the Indulgence of, considering
 “ the amazing Disparity between us. Ah!
 “ *Lucy*, hurry not, by such a wilful Decep-
 “ tion, this young Gentleman into Misery
 “ and Distress!—Thou, who hast nothing
 “ but thy Person and thy Virtue to be-
 “ stow upon him. No, Let him know
 “ every Particular of thy Life, which may
 “ prevent his involving himself and thee
 “ into future Misfortunes, that will be
 “ more terrible to thee than all thou hast
 “ already endured!” Again, she reflected
 upon herself for having quitted the Coun-
 tefs, and flying thus from *Rutland*, who,
 in all likelihood, was, ere now, cured of
 his Passion by an Attachment to some
 new Object, and, perhaps, would have
 received her to his Arms like a recovered
 Child. A very short Period succeeded for
 Sleep, and she was awake and dressed be-
 fore her Deliverer thought of sending up
 to let her know, that Breakfast waited for
 her. He very tenderly enquired how she
 had slept, and, after her Health, as soon as
 she entered the Room; to which Questions
 she

she gave him a proper Answer, with her usual Sweetness and Gentleness of Expression, and, before Breakfast was ended, her old and faithful Charioteer came to take his Leave of her, to whom she could not help, afresh, paying her Acknowledgments, and, putting her Hand in her Purse, was going to make him a Present, when the honest Fellow said, “ No, Madam, that Gentleman has paid me but too well—my Conscience obliges me to be honest, but if I had been without that, I think I should have lost my Life in your Defence; for tho’ I have liv’d now near sixty Years, I never before saw so beautiful a young Gentlewoman, and, on my Word, tho’ I have known you so little a while, I perceive your Goodness is equal to your Beauty. God bless you both!—You’d make a charming Pair, and I’d come barefoot, fifty Miles, to see your Wedding.” Such a burst of Pleasantry from this honest Fellow excited Smiles, at the same Time that it kindled Blushes in the Cheeks of both Parties; however, the young Gentleman, a little to alleviate his fair Partner’s Confusion, answered merrily, I thank you my Friend, give me but a Direction where to find you, and I promise

“ wife

“mise you, if you’ll quit your present
 “Way of Life, and enter into my Ser-
 “vice, that I’ll make it worth your while,
 “and hope you’ll have the Charge of
 “this fair Lady oftener than you at pre-
 “sent imagine.—I esteem thee for thy
 “Honesty and Integrity, and should be
 “pleas’d to have none but such Domest-
 “ticks about my Family.” “God bless
 “your Honour,” he reply’d, “my Name
 “is *Edward Epworth*, and I’ll leave that,
 “and the Name of the Place where I am
 “to be found, with the Landlady at the
 “Bar, and if your Honour will but ad-
 “mit me, I hope I shall give you Satis-
 “faction. Madam, Heavens bless you!
 “and I am not so sorry, methinks, for
 “the Accident that happened to you, as
 “it has brought you two acquainted.”

Lucy, still all covered with Blushes, made
 an Inclination of her Head, by Way of
 Thanks, and said, “Farewell, Mr. *Epworth*,
 “I shall remember, with Gratitude, your
 “Fidelity;” and away he went as pleased,
 as if he had been Master of fifty Pounds.
 “Ah! Madam,” the young Gentleman
 “observed, “need I wonder at what I
 “feel, when even this rude, but honest
 “Hind could be so inspirited to Fidelity,
 “by a Sight of those Charms.—No. And

“as long as I preserve Life, my Fidelity
“to you shall be untainted.” He was
going on, when Word was brought that
their Coach was ready, and, after paying
the Reckoning, which he performed with
the utmost Generosity, and taking Leave
of the Landlady, he placed *Lucy* therein,
and was modestly and respectfully going
to mount his Horse, which one of his
Servants held for that Purpose, when she
said, “Pray Sir, contribute to my greater
“Pleasure on the Road, by giving me your
“Company and Conversation in the Coach,
“which will, perhaps, in some measure, ease
“me of that Embarrassment, which other
“wise I shall be under for the Pain and
“Trouble I give you.” After some polite
Returns, he accepted the pleasing Offer
with a rapturous Emotion of Joy, and,
seating himself beside her, they drove away
for the next great Town, on the *Wells* Road,
not many Miles from whence lay the Earl
of *Rutland*’s Seat, upon the Borders of the
Mendip Hills, and in which Neighbourhood
her old Friend resided, to which she had
given very plain Directions. Every Mile
they went, she was upon the Point of put-
ting a Stop to the Conversation they were
upon, and disclosing every Circumstance
relating to herself, which she now thought
it

it so criminal to conceal from this Gentleman ; but as often a certain nameless Dread of the Consequences to herself, of losing him for ever, tied up her Tongue, and, in order to excuse this Timidity, thus she reasoned with herself, appearing sometimes so absent, that he was alarmed at it. “ Alas! why should I anticipate the Sor-
“ row this amiable Man will feel, when
“ he knows how much I am beneath him,
“ and why should I undeceive him at all,
“ since ’tis too late to check the Progress
“ of a Passion, which seems to have ar-
“ rived to the greatest Height, even upon
“ its Commencement? Besides, has he
“ yet told me who he is, and may he not
“ himself be more on an Equality with
“ me than I at present fear he is? Let
“ me wait for his Discovery of himself,
“ before I hazard mine.” This was the little Cunning that Love had taught her, and perhaps the first she had ever practised in her Life. But the latter Part of her Expectation was soon gratified, and the Stranger, in some few Minutes afterwards, thus accosted his fair one. “ It is but
“ Justice, my dear Lady, to let you know,
“ who it is you have deigned to converse
“ with, and who has the Boldness to as-
“ pire at gaining your Affection and E-
“ steem.

“steem. I am, Madam, the only Son of
“Major General *Breyfield*, whose Bra-
“very, in the Service of his Country,
“has entitled him to the Favour of his
“Royal Mistress, and the Friendship
“and Affection of the glorious Duke of
“*Marlborough*; his Estates are very con-
“siderable, and I am his Heir. I am, my-
“self, in Possession of eight hundred Pounds
“a Year, in this County, which was left
“me by an Uncle, my Mother’s Brother,
“who was Uncle also, by Marriage, to the
“Earl of *Suffolk*, who died on his Tra-
“vels, and left a young Widow, whose
“Beauty and Virtue are as well known as
“her Riches. I have a Lieutenant Co-
“lonel’s Commission in the Army, and
“from these Considerations, hope I shall
“appear not altogether unworthy of the
“Place in your Heart, which I so ardent-
“ly wish to enjoy.” Here a long Pause
ensued; this new and unlooked for Intel-
ligence, of his being related to her Friend
the Countess of *Suffolk*, more and more
disconcerted her: However, she had as-
sumed Courage enough to reply, having
strengthened afresh her Resolution to be
very explicit in her Account of herself,
when a Noise was heard behind them, as
of a Number of Horsemen, many Oaths

and some Blows, upon which the Colonel, putting his Head out of the Coach, perceived his Servants were attacked by six or seven Persons, one of whom, tho' somewhat disguised, he knew again to be the Lord *Chester*. In fact, it was wild Youth, who having overtaken his Companions, had, with them, drowned the Memory of their scandalous Discomfiture, and, heated with the Night's Debauch, had taken a *Don Quixote*-like Resolution to pursue after poor *Lucy*, and were joined therein by another Son of Revelry with whom they got acquainted at the Inn, where they rendezvoused. They had acted, drunk as they were, very cautiously, in coming thro' *Cainsbam*, having dispatched a Servant before to gain Intelligence, who acting cunningly, and pretending to belong to the Gentleman who rescued *Lucy*, soon got an Account in the Town, which Way she was gone, and how she was accompanied, and when he had delivered this Intelligence to his Principals, they divided and passed the Place, by several bye Routs, for Fear of alarming, again, the honest Country People, who had before given them such Disturbance, and soon came up with our happy Couple: Having
used

used some insolent Expressions to Colonel *Breyfield's* Servants, they, who had not been used to take such Language, had reply'd, with a smart Attack upon them, with their Horsewhips; but were so far outnumbered, that they now seemed to stand in need of their Master's Assistance. Naturally brave, and inspired with that noble Passion which had got such sure Possession of his Heart; in the Presence and arm'd for the Defence of the dear Object of his Wishes, he jump'd out of the Coach, first desiring, tenderly, his fair Companion to exercise all her Presence of Mind, and to be under no Apprehension, "for, my dear Creature," he continued, "my Life shall be a Pledge of your Safety:" "Ah! dear Sir," the lovely, distracted Maid, who now conceived all the Horror of her Situation, replied, "Pray Heaven to protect that Life—and, remember, if you endanger or lose it—I am lost for ever!" These tender Words burst from her before she was aware, in her sudden Anxiety and Anguish of Mind; but the Effect they produced, was admirable—he kissed her Hand with Rapture, and jumping upon his Horse, rode towards the Combatants, who, by this Time, were at Blows *Pell-*

Mell with each other : As he perceived no Fire Arms had been made Use of, he fell into the immediate Exercise of their own Weapons, and dealt so lustily about him with the Handle of his Whip, that he soon laid two of them sprawling upon the Ground, and, being joined by the Coachman, they were just upon the Point of gaining a compleat Victory, when the cowardly *Chester* pulled a Pistol from his Holsters, which he levelled at the Colonel with a malicious Fury, and fired : Happily the Ball only grazed the Side of his Head, but shot one of his Servants thro' the Arm : The Effusion of Blood from the Colonel's Wound, rendered it somewhat troublesome to him, as he was obliged to apply an Handkerchief with one Hand, to wipe away the Blood that obstructed his Sight, and, at the same Time, his Servant's Wound depriving him of one of his best Men, whilst the two he had disabled recovered, the Fortune of the Fight seemed quite changed ; and, to encrease his Uneasiness and Chagrin, and put to the greatest Trial all the Firmness of his Resolution, he heard his Charmer scream. Three of the Wretches, upon this Advantage, detached themselves to seize this valuable Prize, and were endeavouring to drive her away in
the

the Coach, having placed one of their Number upon the Box for that Purpose: Poor *Lucy*, who had been praying for Success to her Champion, and with Tears and Trembling waited for the Decision of her Fate; now gave over all for lost, and imagining her noble *Breyfield* was shot, as she heard the Report of a Pistol; all wild and distracted, she raved and bemoaned herself and him in the tenderest Accents, till at length, quite overcome with the Sense of her Condition, she fell into a Swoon, attended with such strong Convulsions, as even moved the Villains to Compassion, who had been the Cause of it, and they ordered the Driver to stay till she came a little to herself, one of them entering the Coach, and chafing her Temples to restore her to Life. But Fortune, by this Time, had again shifted Sides, or rather Providence was pleased to display itself in the Protection of this amiable Pair. By a lucky Shot, in return, *Chester* was wounded by the Colonel, and fell from his Horse, and having disabled another of his Enemies, he left his remaining Servant and the Coachman, to deal with the rest of the Possee, and flew, like Lightning, to the Place where all he joy'd in, was now in a terrible Situation. He no

sooner perceived her in the Arms of the
 Ruffian, and her Condition, than he drove
 like Lightning upon his Assistant, and, at
 one Blow, laid him at his Feet, and then
 dismounting seiz'd the officious Scoundrel
 in the Coach by the Collar; and, with another
 Effort of Strength, dragged him thence,
 and sent him to measure his Length by his
 Companion. He then took the lovely Fair
 in his Arms, laid his Cheek to her's, and,
 by the softest, tenderest Expressions, and
 bedewing her Face with the Tears that
 trickled from his Eyes, endeavoured to
 recall her to that Life which his Despair
 told him, was lost for ever. That well-
 known Voice, the Tears that poured up-
 on her Face from his in two or three
 Minutes, however, brought her to herself;
 she opened her charming Eyes, and, see-
 ing the Posture she was in, and whose
 Arms encircled her, mingled Joy and Con-
 fusion painted her Cheeks of a Crimson
 Hue. He was fearful he had offended her,
 so timid is the sincere Lover, and clasp-
 ing her close to his Bosom, he cry'd,
 " my Dear, my lovely Creature!—Oh!
 " what have I suffered!—I thought I had
 " lost you for ever!"—Then moving to
 some Distance from her, he continued,
 " forgive me the Boldness I have been
 " guilty

“ guilty of ; but what could not my Dis-
“ traction produce ? Thank God, you
“ live, however, and I hope I shall me-
“ rit your Pardon.” *Lucy* return’d, with
the utmost Acknowledgment and the
most perfect Gratitude impressed on her
Countenance, “ You can never offend me,
“ dear Sir,—I know you will never merit
“ my Resentment—to see you alive,
“ when I thought you murdered by these
“ Wretches !—Alas ! the Satisfaction is too
“ extreme !—But that Blood !—Heavens !—
“ that discolours your Face !—where—
“ where are you wounded ?” This was utter-
ed with such a Wildness, of Fear, and such a
Trepidation of Voice, that, however, her
Sensibility charm’d him, he was forced to
decline the immediate Enjoyment of the flat-
tering Ideas it raised in his Mind, to at-
tend to her Safety, as he feared she was
going into another Swoon : He, there-
fore, took her in his Arms, saying “ My
“ dear Love, I am not dangerously wound-
“ ed, ’tis but a slight Hurt—compose
“ yourself a little, and don’t fright me
“ so :—That Wildness in your lovely Eyes
“ terrifies me exceedingly.—Oh ! recall
“ your scattered Senses, and resume your
“ Fortitude, for I apprehend my Business
“ is not quite terminated.” And, indeed,

it was well for them both, that his Memory thus awakened him to what was passing; for the disabled Antagonists were now again recovered, except *Chester*, whose right Arm was shot thro', and who, like a revengeful Fiend, egg'd on his Gang to perform what his Smart and his Cowardice hindered him from assisting in, and notwithstanding the Superiority of their Number, being now five against three, he kept aloof, at a great Distance, being perfectly terrified with the Idea of again facing his gallant Antagonist. The Colonel seeing himself thus surrounded, by three of them who had hemm'd in the Coach Door, armed with Pistols, now found, that it was in vain to attempt to prevent the further Effusion of Blood, and, therefore, drawing his Hanger, he jump'd out amongst them, and began to lay manfully about him. He was so fortunate, that, tho' two of them discharged their Pistols at him, both missed their Mark, and, in return, he cut off the Ear of one, disabled another, by a Stroke thro' his Shoulder, and the third, seeing this, made the best of his Way to recover his Horse, all three having dismounted for the Attack. *Chester*, who beheld all this, now thought it high Time to get out of the Way of such a powerful

thro' the Crowd, and catching her in his Arms, cry'd, " Now, my Angel, I may
 " pronounce you at Liberty!—Heaven has
 " aided the Justice of your Cause, and
 " all our Enemies are defeated! But with
 " the Assistance of these worthy People,
 " it will not be improper to secure them,
 " that they may answer, in a proper Place,
 " the Villainies they have attempted, and
 " those they have been guilty of towards
 " us." He then entered into a brief Detail of the whole Transaction, nor was there a Person who was not warmed with Indignation, when they heard him, and all readily promised him their Assistance to carry them, pinioned, back to *Cainsham*: The whole Company murmured to each other, their Admiration of the beautiful Pair, and their Wonder that a Set of Wretches could have dared to assault them in so barefaced a Manner. The Affair of the Detention of these Fellows, was no sooner settled, then they went to put their Design in Execution; but to their Surprize, found, they had all, but one of the Servants, who was wounded in the Arm, made Shift, during their Discourse, to find their Horses, and make the best of their Way after *Chester*. The Captive, at first, was very sulky and untractable; but

but, when the Colonel told him that he would have him before a Magistrate, and pursue him to the Gallows, unless he discovered all his Accomplices beside Lord *Chester*, he, tremblingly, gave them to understand, that the Viscount *D'Evereux* and Sir *William Hardress* were the two other Gentlemen, and he hoped, his obeying the Commands of the latter, who was his Master, would serve to recommend him to Mercy. - "Friend" the Colonel replied, "tho' tis impossible to procure from any, or all of your vile Crew, a Satisfaction adequate to the Injury we have received; yet you are as answerable for your Share in the Assault as your Master, and will not be considered, by the Law, as a Servant obeying his Master's Commands; but as an Accomplice, and as such will receive due and severe Punishment: But, I promise you, if you will go with us before a Magistrate, and voluntarily give your Deposition against your Companions, I will not only get you admitted as an Evidence against them; but insure you the Means of keeping out of such scandalous Company, and living more honestly for the future."

THE

THE Fellow, upon this, made not the least Hesitation in his Compliance with what the Colonel said, and as he heard Sir *James Dancer*, a worthy Gentleman, in the Commission of the Peace, lived at *Bisport* about three Miles off, a proper Guard, consisting of three or four stout Gentlemen, were appointed to convey him safe there, whilst the Colonel and his *Lucy*, were driven slowly, in the Coach, attended by the two Servants, who had found their own and their Master's Horses again, and about ten or twelve more Passengers and Country People, who attended out of Curiosity to see what would further happen.

LUCY could not help displaying the Greatness of her Satisfaction, at having her Friend safe and so near her, and the Colonel was no such Novice, as not to perceive, very plainly, that she had conceived more than a bare Liking to him, which gave him inexpressible Joy : She bound her Handkerchief over his Wound with so many Expressions of Fear and Gratitude, as amply repaid, in his Opinion, all the Dangers he had encountered, and all the Pains he had endured. So favourable an Opportunity could not be lost, by a
Man

Man of the Colonel's Discernment, and he was resolved to improve it properly, and thus bespoke his Charmer: " My dear
" Creature, how happy, how supremely
" blessed should I esteem myself, if I
" could only be certified from those be-
" loved Lips, that there was but the least
" Hope of your *Breyfield's* not being dis-
" agreeable to you; that he has not the
" Misfortune, the dreaded Misfortune, of
" having been forced to surrender his Li-
" berty to one who has before bestowed
" her Affections upon some more deserv-
" ing Object: Not, my charming Maid,
" that it could, in the least Degree, slacken
" my Assiduity in your Defence and Ser-
" vice, which I am resolved to continue
" for ever, or as long, at least, as it shall
" be agreeable to the Angel of my Vows:
" Oh! speak, thou Arbitress of my Life or
" Death," taking her fair Hand, and con-
veying it to his Mouth, " speak, if the
" the happy *Breyfield* may pretend to so
" exalted a Felicity as to have inclined
" you to favour his ardent Passion, his En-
" deavours after perfect Felicity, in a con-
" stant Union with your transcendent
" Graces and Virtues. If, alas! the Time
" has been short, since we first saw each
" other, oh! I feel and experience, that
" Love,

“ Love, in a few Hours, can perform the
 “ Work of Years.”

LUCY, whose female Modesty and Delicacy, was struggling with her Love and her Gratitude, during this Address, was at a great Loss what to answer: One while she accused herself of being too much attached to the Punctilios and Scruples of her Sex, and again, feared that her Affection and her Gratitude might incline her too readily to sacrifice that Discretion, which is so necessary upon these Occasions. These Thoughts held alternately, the upper Hand in her Bosom, nor had the soft Passion which seemed most evidently to be gaining the Superiority, yet inclined her to speak favourably, when a sudden Apostrophe of the Colonel's, who saw the Embarrassment his Words had occasioned, at once determined her. “ Good Heavens,” he cried, “ to
 “ what Miseries am I reserved! — Too
 “ plainly I perceive that I am shut out
 “ from every earthly Blessing, and marked
 “ for a Wretch, thro' every succeeding
 “ Hour of my Life! But have I any Bo-
 “ dy to complain of? No.—'Tis only
 “ the ill Fate I was born to, and, this
 “ dear Creature, has done all in her Power
 “ to

The Happy ORPHANS. III

“ to save me from it, but in vain!”—This Idea was so strongly and so severely impressed upon his Mind, that the Tears trickled down his Cheeks in Abundance. Lucy, who perceived his Situation, and who heard these last Words, with a Mixture of Joy, Love, Fear, and many other nameless Emotions, was now, in this happy Moment, at once, determined to reply: “ Ah! Sir, calm your Fears, and
“ dispel all those gloomy Ideas, that have
“ taken such baneful Possession of your
“ Mind. If I hesitated to answer you, it
“ was from various Considerations, that I
“ revolved in my Mind. I could not ob-
“ ject to the Shortness of our Acquaint-
“ ance; for, with Truth I must say, that
“ Moments have done with me the Bu-
“ siness of a Life: I love you, Sir, and
“ tho’ my Prudence would tempt me to
“ conceal it; yet my Gratitude and the
“ Condition you are in, will force me to
“ make this Declaration in your Favour:
“ I love you, and I foresee that Love,
“ will, in its Consequences—must make
“ me miserable!—Happy, if you are not
“ involved therein! Never, before, did
“ these Eyes behold an Object that could
“ call for more than a common Attention,
“ nor did this Bosom send forth Sighs,
“ like

“ like these, of a sincere Affection !
 “ But.—” The raptured *Breyfield* could
 contain the overbearing Transports that
 swelled his Breast, and agitated his whole
 Frame no longer : He flung himself on
 his Knees, and exclaimed, embracing her
 Waist with a wild Fondness, “ Blessed,
 “ thrice blessed, Moment ! Oh ! Soul-in-
 “ spiring Sounds ! Oh ! is it possible, that
 “ such Bliss, such extatic Raptures, should
 “ be reserved for me ? Oh ! Dearest, Best,
 “ and Loveliest of thy Sex, is it possible
 “ that a whole Life of the most lowly
 “ Obedience, the most faultless Truth,
 “ the most assiduous Endeavours to please,
 “ to oblige, can repay the smallest Part of
 “ that Debt of Love, your Goodness lays
 “ upon me ? But I will strive, thou match-
 “ less Fair !—I will strive to render every
 “ future Moment of thy Life, inexpress-
 “ sibly agreeable to thee !—Sure, my Fa-
 “ mily, my Fortune, the Service I have
 “ done my Country, my Father’s Merits,
 “ my unalterable Affection, will be too
 “ prevalent with your, worthy Parents in
 “ my Behalf, to leave Room for a Denial,
 “ especially, when they shall be informed,
 “ that we have a mutual and most tender
 “ Passion for each other : How then could
 “ my Charmer say, that my Love would,

“ and

“ and must make her miserable?” The Tears streaming from her Eyes, her Bosom heaving with the oppressive Weight of what she intended to say, and full of Love and Softness, she raised him from his suppliant Posture, and, grasping his Hand, made this Reply.

“ Ah! Sir, I fear some fatal Influence
“ ruled at my Birth, and prognosticated,
“ that all my future Days should be un-
“ happy! Blessed, as I think myself, in
“ your Affection, I fear, when I have in-
“ formed you of every Particular that in-
“ terests you to know, you will bewail
“ your Prepossession in my Favour, and
“ endeavour to rid yourself of the In-
“ cumbrance of this unfortunate Pas-
“ sion. But, could I avoid your acci-
“ dentally meeting me; your nobly ap-
“ pearing in Behalf of distressed In-
“ nocence, and all that has followed our
“ Interview? No. And, so dear as I must
“ ever say you are to me (tho’, in saying
“ so much, I may, perhaps, offend against
“ the Rules of Decorum) ’tis on your
“ Account, that I give myself so much
“ apprehensive Uneasiness: As to myself,
“ I have known so many Misfortunes,
“ which even now oppress me with their
“ Weight

“ Weight, that I am surely armed, I think,
 “ to meet the worst that can fall upon me,
 “ except it should be your Hatred!” Here
 the Tears that streamed from her Eyes
 and her Anguish choaked up her Voice,
 whilst the Colonel sat with her Hand in
 his, wildly admiring at what she said, the
 humid Moisture standing in his Eyes, and
 his whole Body in a universal Trembling.
 “ Ah! my Angel, what can you mean
 “ by these Expressions?” at length he
 cried, “ What is there in the World,
 “ what Circumstance, what Consideration to
 “ make me unhappy, if I thus hold thee in
 “ my Arms?—Am not I Master of For-
 “ tune and Expectations sufficient to make
 “ our Lives contented, even if your Pa-
 “ rents should rigidly or unreasonably at-
 “ tempt to cross our Loves? And am I not
 “ so well acquainted already with your Sen-
 “ timents, to know that you look upon
 “ Wealth in no very admiring Light?
 “ What then can my Charmer mean?”
 “ I mean, dear, Sir,” she returned, with
 a disordered Precipitation, “ that if you
 “ were to consider me as an abandon-
 “ ed Orphan, left to the Care of an
 “ excellent Nobleman, by Chance; as
 “ having been educated and provided for
 “ by his Benevolence; as having neither
 “ the

“ the Tenderneſs or Cares of Parents, or
“ the *Charities* of Relations to truſt to;—
“ as poſſeſſed of nothing but what you ſee
“ about me, nothing but thoſe Principles
“ of Virtue and Religion, and thoſe Fruits
“ of a noble Education, which you have
“ been pleaſed to admire in me! Oh! Sir,
“ if you conſider this abandoned—wretch-
“ ed Orphan, now flying to Poverty, and Re-
“ tirement to preſerve that Virtue which is
“ the moſt ſacred Boon Heaven has beſtowed
“ upon her—You will pronounce yourſelf
“ miſerable — ſuperlatively miſerable in
“ having ſeen me, and thereby imbitter-
“ ed, alas! the ſucceeding Moments of
“ your Life?—As to me—my Miſfortunes
“ can be no further increaſed!—The Recti-
“ tude of my Sentiments and the Innocence
“ of my Life!—Oh! Heavens!—did they
“ deſerve ſo hapleſs a Fate? — I ſhall be
“ ever unhappy; — but gracious Powers,
“ could not your Goodneſs have pre-
“ vented my giving ſuch Affliction to this
“ truly noble Youth?”—Her Grief—her
“ Diſtraction was ſo exceſſive, from the Crowd
“ of melancholy Ideas that, at this inſtant
“ ruſhed, all at once, into her Mind, that
“ ſhe was very near falling into a Swoon; but
“ *Breyfield* catching her in his Arms, ſtrained
“ her in a cloſe Embrace, and cry’d, “ All
“ this

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“ this and more, shall never, never sepa-
 “ rate us; Oh! my Angel, to doubt the
 “ Force of my Affection for thee, would
 “ be to doubt my Honour, my Integrity,
 “ which I hope I shall never give thee
 “ Reason to do. I am armed to encoun-
 “ ter every Thing you have been pleased
 “ to represent in so terrifying a Light to
 “ yourself: And if Heaven has denied
 “ thee the Advantages of Birth and For-
 “ tune, it has bestowed upon thee Per-
 “ fections which Heaven alone, not Birth
 “ and Fortune can supply: Yes, my love-
 “ ly Creature! That Goodness of Heart,
 “ that unaffected Tenderneſs, that Virtue,
 “ that Wiſdom, which my raptured Soul
 “ has ſo admirably contemplated, thoſe
 “ Charms and Graces of Perſon, thoſe
 “ Angelick Features, no Advantages of
 “ Fortune could purchaſe. It was theſe,
 “ and no ſordid, mean Expectations of
 “ dirty Pelf that have rivetted my Heart
 “ ſo cloſely to thee: Theſe plainly indi-
 “ cate, that every Happineſs is included
 “ in an Union with thy matchleſs Beauties
 “ of Mind and Perſon: Love, the moſt
 “ fervent Love tells me this, and will ne-
 “ ver ceaſe telling me ſo; and Reason,
 “ approves and gives a Sanction to my
 “ Deſires. If my Charmer is an aban-
 “ doned

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“ doned Orphan, in me, she shall find, the
“ Parent and the tender Friend, if she is
“ an Exile and a Wanderer, behold, this
“ Bosom, these Arms shall be her Asy-
“ lum; and if she has none of the Ad-
“ vantages of Fortune to boast of, every
“ Thing that I possess is attendant on her
“ Wishes. Yes, my dearest Maid, robb’d,
“ as you say you are, of all these Di-
“ stinctions, you still have enough not on-
“ ly to entitle you to the Dominion over
“ me, but over the greatest Monarch in
“ *Europe*, who could have Wisdom suffi-
“ cient to prefer real Blessings, to imagi-
“ nary ones. And here, most adored Crea-
“ ture, here (kneeling before her, and
“ taking both her Hands in his) I pro-
“ mise, before that Being who knows the
“ Secrets of all Hearts, that I will never
“ swerve from my Love, my Vows, now
“ registered in Heaven, to make thee
“ mine; and if I ever give thee Cause to
“ repent the Encouragement thou hast
“ afforded to my Passion, may all the
“ Plagues that are dreadful to human Na-
“ ture, fall upon this devoted Head! If
“ my Intentions are not pure, if my Views
“ for your Welfare are not sincere! Oh!
“ may I be bereaved, for ever, of that
“ heart-

“ heart-felt Satisfaction I now enjoy, of
 “ gazing on that dear Face, and of par-
 “ taking the Influence of all those Beau-
 “ ties that surround thee! Oh! my yet
 “ nameless Fair, thou Blessing of my fu-
 “ ture Days, thou *Cordial* reserved by Hea-
 “ ven to sweeten my Cup of Life!—with
 “ what inexpressible, overbearing Delight,
 “ I look forward to the extatick Joys of a
 “ Union like ours, formed upon the wisest,
 “ the holiest Foundation, and dictated by
 “ Providence itself! What mutual Im-
 “ provements of Mind, what sweet Inter-
 “ course of Ideas will ensue! What ten-
 “ der Study, what Assiduity to please, will
 “ mutually employ us—whilst all the ad-
 “ miring World shall be Witness to our
 “ never interrupted Bliss and Peace, and
 “ gain Instruction from the Lesson of our
 “ Lives.— Oh! my *Lucy*, how does my
 “ fond Fancy anticipate all these Joys; in
 “ Store, for an Union like this, built up-
 “ on the Basis of Honour, Sense and Vir-
 “ tue!—Hesitate not then, my Charmer,
 “ hesitate not to tell me, that in me, you
 “ expect every earthly Happiness!” Here
 he ceased, whilst *Lucy*, whose Satisfaction
 of Heart, could not be disguised by her
 charming Eyes, which never beamed any
 Thing

Thing but Truth and Sincerity, looked at him with a fond Delight, bordering upon somewhat like Reverence. Such Generosity, such Tendernefs, fuch Rectitude of Sentiment, fuch Goodnefs in the Object of her Affection, made her but too happy!—

“ Sure,” the excellent Creature replied, “ fure I may, without being censured by myfelf or others, indulge all that Pride my confcious Bosom fwells with, and that exalted Pleafure I have now received! Oh! thou beft and moft amiable of Men!—thou haft taken the fureft Way to captivate my Mind, to convince my Reason: Thou haft even made it a Duty in me to love thee, if the foftest and the tenderest Prepoffeffions had not already fixed your Image in this Breast, beyond the Power of any other Object, of any Time or Accident to remove. Oh! my dear Sir, I affent to all you have faid; the Plan of Happinefs you lay down is fo confiftent with mine, your Sentiments are fo juft, that I only am fearful my Part in the Execution of fo charming a Scheme, muft be defective: But, if I fall fhort in Abilities to contribute to your Happinefs, I am fure I fhall never falter in my Inclination or Endeavour to pleafe you: Stamped
“ as

“ as your Image is on my Breast, tied
 “ by such repeated Obligations, won by
 “ such disinterested, such generous De-
 “ signs in my Favour, I must declare
 “ to you, that you, and you only shall
 “ ever share this Heart; and, in the
 “ Presence of the same Almighty Be-
 “ ing, I vow, that no Consideration, no
 “ Force shall ever alienate my Affection
 “ from you. If cruel Fortune should de-
 “ ny me, should any way deprive me of
 “ your beloved Society, Death may, and
 “ will ensue, but your *Lucy* will ever
 “ preserve her Faith inviolate to you,
 “ the first Object of her Love, the on-
 “ ly Man that could ever melt her to
 “ this soft Situation. Sure ’tis the Work
 “ of Heaven itself—that thus suddenly,—
 “ in so short a Time, I am able—dare to
 “ talk thus, in a Manner quite strange and
 “ unusual to me!—That a mutual Flame
 “ should be lighted up in our Bosoms,
 “ which has reached to the Height of
 “ Perfection as soon as it is kindled!—
 “ Ah! how is it, that I give such ready
 “ Belief to every Word you say—why has
 “ my great Obligations to you, and the
 “ Excess of my Love, overcome, at once,
 “ all the Scruples and Punctilios of my
 “ Sex? Why do I without Reserve, sub-
 “ mit

“ mit to all you propofe, without the
“ Power of Denial?—Let me, if poffi-
“ ble without a Blufh, fay, that 'tis the
“ Merit, the exceeding great, and super-
“ lative Merit, of the beft and moft vir-
“ tuous of Men, that has thus in a Mo-
“ ment, as it were, transformed me from
“ what I was, and has poured fuch a Flood
“ of Tendernefs over my Soul, which
“ contemplates thy mental Perfections
“ with as much Satisfaction as thefe ad-
“ miring Eyes view that amiable Per-
“ fon!”—She was going on further, when
their near Approach to Sir *James Dancer's*,
put a Period to her Speech, and the de-
lighted *Breyfield* had only Time to reply
by an impaffioned Embrace, before the
Coach ftopped, and Sir *James* being at
Home, they alighted and were admitted
to make their Complaint. The Juftice be-
haved very politely, and took their feveral
Evidences, with the Depofition of the Ser-
vant, whom he ordered into fafe Cuftody,
till the next Affizes, and granted his War-
rant againft the Noblemen, the Baronet,
and their Accomplices, for fuch a noto-
rious Violation of the Peace, and fuch a
villainous Affault upon *Lucy* and the Co-
lonel. The good People that accompa-
nied them were pleafed at this Act of
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Justice, and, after receiving the Thanks of the amiable *Lucy* and the Colonel for the Trouble they had taken, they departed on their several Occasions; but Sir *James* insisting upon the Colonel and the Lady spending a few Hours with him, they willingly embraced that Opportunity to refresh themselves, after their late fatiguing Distress. Lady *Dancer* was a Woman of great good Breeding, and afforded *Lucy* all the Assistance requisite to put her disordered Habit into a proper Form, and they dined with them; both being unable to take their Eyes, during the whole Repast, off their accomplished Visitors. The Colonel made himself known to the Baronet, who seemed perfectly charmed with such a Guest, as his Lady truly was with *Lucy*, and they parted, after mutual Promises to continue their Acquaintance, and Correspondence with each other as often as Opportunity would permit.

BEING seated again in the Coach, they continued their Journey till they arrived at a Place called *Chew*, where they agreed to sup, and spend the Night. It may be supposed, that the Conversation of the two Lovers, now, in all human Probability, secured from further Molestation,

tion, was of the most soft and most delightful Species, for the Remainder of this Day, and their mutual Endearments such as suited the Fondness they had entertained for each other, and the solemn Vows they had mutually interchanged. The Colonel gave a free Scope to the Vivacity of his Wit and Genius; and observed every Moment new Charms in the Mind and Person of his dear *Lucy*, which convinced him he was the happiest of Mortals. At *Chew*, their wounded Servant joined them, who had been dressed, together with the Evidence, by a skilful Surgeon sent for by Sir *James Dancer*; both Wounds being far from dangerous, and the Colonel's Servant was able to follow his Master, who had left Word with him of the Route he should take. From hence, to the Place where they were going, was barely twelve Miles, which *Lucy* proposed to him to travel in the Morning, and to dine with the worthy Mrs. *Harris*. *Breyfield* seemed a little disconcerted at her Request, nay, he taxed her with Cruelty or Want of Affection, thus to hurry to the Conclusion of a Journey, which he could wish would last as long as possible: However her Reasons convinced him; tho' she had not yet told him her

whole Story; being loth to mention with any Marks of seeming Disrespect, the Name of her still honoured Benefactor; for whom she retained the most perfect Esteem and Gratitude. The next Morning's Ride, performed in about three Hours easy Driving, brought them happily to the wished for Spot, which was well remembered by the charming *Lucy*, and, indeed, was truly fit to receive the Pattern of all Perfection. It was at the Edge of the Earl of *Rutland's* Park, and yet seated on an Eminence that afforded a commanding View of his noble House, and all the adjacent Country for many Miles, with the rugged Hills and Mines of *Mendip*. This rural Cottage was small, but neat, and surrounded by a Garden where all the Pride and Sweets of the Season displayed their gorgeous Colours to the Eye, and shone in their native Robes of Green, Purple, Gold, and Scarlet, intermixed with the more substantial Gifts of Autumn, and culinary and medicinal Herbage. The Ivy that crept over this pretty Box, clung closely to every Part of it, and formed one entire Covering of pleasing Verdure. As you advanced still nearer, you might on, one hand, descry the wanton Deer skipping thro'

thro' and brouſing their Glades and Thickets, and on the other, the well cloathed Flocks of Sheep, bleating in their rich and fertile Paſtures, which afforded them the moſt plentiful Regale. *Lucy* thought ſhe obſerved more Neatneſs and many new Additions to this little Para-diſe, than it could boaſt when ſhe laſt ſaw it, and could not help ſighing, when ſhe reflected, that perhaps, all this Concern of the Earl for the old Gentlewoman's Abode, flowed from his Tenderneſs for her, who had ſo often recommended her Intereſt to him: And indeed, he had ever ſhewed her an uncommon Regard, in Conſideration of her having taken ſo much Care of two Perſons, in their Infancy, who were ſo dear to him. Before they alighted, as the Coach could not conveniently come up cloſe to the Gate, one of the Servants was diſpatched to ſee if Mrs. *Harris* was ſtill living, who returned with the agreeable Tidings, that ſhe was not only living, but in Health, and having ſeen an Equipage near her Houſe was endeavouring to prepare herſelf to receive the Viſiters ſhe expected were come to wait upon her: And ſoon afterwards they perceived the comely old Lady walking towards them. They

met her in the Walk that led to the House, about the mid Way, and no sooner had she cast her Eyes upon *Lucy*, than she exclaimed, “My dear Lady!—how happy does this Goodness of your’s make me!—What Ease it will communicate to a Person that must not be mentioned!—Well, ’tis Time I should die!—I shall hardly be able to overcome the Joy that inspires me!” At these Words, she threw her Arms round *Lucy*’s Neck, who was not behind hand in returning her Caresses, and they continued in each others Embrace for some time, till, at length, the old Lady paid her Complements to the Colonel, tho’ with a Look that seemed to indicate her Wonder, and her Curiosity, to know who he was. They followed her into a neat Parlour that overlooked the Garden, and, after having reposed themselves for half an Hour, a plain, but plentiful Dinner was served up, such as her short Notice could afford, and then they continued in Discourse till Evening, *Lucy* having drawn many Blessings upon her Lover, from the good Mrs. *Harris*, for the Bravery and Generosity he had shewn in her Defence, since their accidental Meeting, which, she in brief, related to her, without

out yet touching upon any of her other Adventures, a Subject she left to be discussed at a more proper Opportunity. The Colonel could have wished still to have staid in the Presence of the Charmer of his Heart; but his Delicacy and Prudence told him it was not proper, and his Fear of offending her strengthened his Mind in departing from her: But before he set out, Mrs. *Harris* leaving them some time alone, they had renewed their Vows, and he clasped her in his Arms with the utmost Fondness, promising that, in a few Days, he would wait upon her again, when, she gave him leave to hope, that all the Mysteries relating to her, should be cleared up, to his Satisfaction. Tears were shed on both Sides at parting; Tears of Love and sincere Affection, and the old Lady excused herself for suffering him to leave them 'till the Morning, by saying, that their sudden and unexpected Arrival had put it out of her Power to accommodate him in a Manner suitable to his Merit.

THE Departure of *Breyfield* was no less cruelly felt by *Lucy*, than by that worthy Youth: But she was obliged to turn her Thoughts now, to other Matters, which

not a little concerned her, in her present Situation. She gave a short Detail of her Motives for leaving Lord *Rutland's* Family, and of her Adventures since, which drew Tears from the affectionate Mrs. *Harris's* Eyes, in Abundance, and she sympathized in all the Ills *Lucy* had suffered, with somewhat even like a maternal Sensibility. When the lovely Maid had finished her Narration, during the Course of which she often wept, Mrs. *Harris*, after a short Pause, made her this Reply: “ My dear
 “ Lady, some Things you mentioned in
 “ your Story, I have already had the
 “ Mortification to be told of by my good
 “ Lord, who has been lately six Weeks at
 “ this Seat, and is now, thank Heaven,
 “ not further from us than *Bristol*: But
 “ his Grief for his Rashness and Impru-
 “ dence, on the fatal Night you have
 “ such Cause to remember, has had a ve-
 “ ry baneful Effect upon his Health: He
 “ has made, by every Means in his Power,
 “ Enquiries after you, and nothing can
 “ restore him to himself but the Recove-
 “ ry of you and of your good Opinion.
 “ Yet, my dear Lady, think not your Re-
 “ turn to him will be dangerous. The
 “ Earl has often and often protested, that
 “ you shall never hear him mention his un-
 “ fortu-

“ fortunate Passion again ; he will assiduouf-
“ ly strive to contribute to your Happiness,
“ and leave you an absolute Freedom of
“ Choice in so delicate a Point. It was
“ to me, and to me only, that he vented
“ his Complaints ; his supreme Regard
“ to you, kept your Flight a Secret from
“ all the World beside, and tho’ the Ser-
“ vants, the Day after you went away, were
“ greatly afflicted, yet, as the Earl was
“ the first in your Chamber, he took Care
“ to conceal what so nearly concerned
“ him, from their Observation, and it is
“ supposed, you went somewhere with his
“ Privity and Consent. My Dear, if you
“ could but feel as I do, what our excel-
“ lent Benefactor has endured, silently en-
“ dured on your Account, you would be
“ very greatly affected : And ah ! what
“ have you not suffered yourself ! But,
“ indeed, you have given such exalted
“ Proofs of your Virtue thereby, as are
“ amazing in such a young Lady. How-
“ ever, you have, now, nothing to ap-
“ prehend from the Earl : He will be
“ truly a Parent and a Friend to you,
“ and when he perceives, as I can, the Af-
“ fection between you, and this charm-
“ ing young Gentleman, you need not
“ fear but he will patronize his Suit, and

“ give you to him with every Advantage
 “ his Fortune can bestow. Your excel-
 “ lent Brother, who has gained immortal
 “ Honour in the Field, and has been pro-
 “ moted to the Rank of a Major, is now,
 “ unfortunately, a Prisoner in *France* ; but
 “ an Officer of equal Rank, was some-
 “ time since, permitted, by the Earl’s
 “ Interest, to depart to *France*, on his
 “ Parole, with a Promise to labour his
 “ Release : So that he is expected eve-
 “ ry Day at *Bristol*, where his Lord-
 “ ship is gone, in Expectation of meet-
 “ ing him. Oh! my dear Lady, if, at
 “ the same Time, he finds his dear *Lu-*
 “ *cy*, what Joy, what Rapture will in-
 “ spire his Breast! Assure yourself, my
 “ Dear, my Love for you, and my Re-
 “ gard for your real Welfare, would not
 “ permit me to press you to such a
 “ Meeting and Reconciliation, if I was
 “ not assured, that it might be brought
 “ about with the utmost Safety to your
 “ Honour and Virtue. If his Lordship
 “ cannot help loving you, and who that
 “ looks upon that lovely Face can, he
 “ will, however, love you only as his
 “ Child — as a Daughter that has de-
 “ served all his Affection. Do, my
 “ Dear, as I had the Happiness to pre-
 “ serve

“ serve your precious Life, thro’ your
“ Infant State, let me have the Pleasure
“ to restore you to the best Friend you
“ can ever have, and to make you both
“ happy—to sooth his noble Mind with
“ such a Present, and cure all his Grief
“ and all his Anguish? I will be in no
“ hurry, my Dear,” seeing the Tears
trickle fast from her charming Eyes, “ the
“ Earl is not likely soon to leave this Part
“ of the Country. You know you com-
“ mand every Thing here, nor, with-
“ out your Licence, will I ever dis-
“ cover you to him: But I hope you
“ will reflect maturely upon the Grief
“ you have caused so dear and tender
“ a Parent, as I can never help calling
“ him, and the Dangers you run in thus
“ wandering from Place to Place, and fly-
“ ing from your sincerest Friends. If
“ the Gentleman just departed should be
“ agreeable enough to you to induce you
“ to change your Condition, his Lordship
“ will, no doubt, bestow a Fortune upon
“ you equal to his warmest Wishes; for,
“ as he has often lately, with Tears in his
“ Eyes, declared to me, if he can but
“ see you happily situated for the Re-
“ mainder of his Life, he shall be su-
“ premely blessed.”

LUCY,

LUCY was some Moments before she could make a Reply. The Idea of her Ingratitude, as she called it, to her dear Earl, and of the Pain and Grief it had caused him, touched her to the Heart; the Situation she heard he was in, called up all that grateful Tenderness for him, which had, for some time been, as it were, stifled in her Bosom. The Tidings she had received about her Brother, the Goodness of *Rutland* towards him, all conspired to soften her Heart in his Behalf, and she made this Reply.

“ Ah! Madam, you have given me
 “ great Pain in the Relation you have
 “ made me of my much esteemed Be-
 “ nefactor’s Situation, as you very truly
 “ call him: But Heaven is my Witness,
 “ that the purest Intentions sever’d me
 “ from him, tho’, in leaving him I
 “ wounded my own and his truly ge-
 “ nerous Heart! What have I not ex-
 “ perience since, of Fatigue, of Danger!—
 “ Except for the little Time that I was
 “ sheltered under the Roof of the wor-
 “ thy *Pickring* and her Sister, and the
 “ Protection of my ever honoured Coun-
 “ tefs!—You will acquit me, Madam,
 “ of

“ of any Waywardness, or Inclination to
“ ramble—alas! I have suffered too much
“ by my forced Absence: But now, that
“ you tell me my dear Friend, my Pa-
“ rent, has reflected with such self Tor-
“ ment upon his Behaviour in that fa-
“ tal Moment which disgraced so ma-
“ ny Years of his virtuous Life, I will not
“ hesitate one Moment, but fling myself
“ at his Feet, and convince him, that no
“ Dislike to his Person, nothing but the
“ Fear I was under, lest I should, one
“ Time or other, be forced to repay my
“ invaluable Obligations to him, by the
“ Forfeiture of my Innocence and my Ho-
“ nour, could have tempted me to quit
“ his hospitable Mansion. I will put so
“ much Confidence in so kind a Friend,
“ as to own to her, that the young Gen-
“ tleman, Colonel *Breyfield*, who just now
“ left us, has gained my Affection, by
“ his Merit and the Services he has late-
“ ly rendered me; and I believe I may
“ venture to say, that his Heart is full of
“ Tendernefs for me: But if I have the
“ Happiness to be received by his Lord-
“ ship, once more, as his Daughter, in
“ whom he used to take such Delight,
“ I shall never attempt to gratify our mu-
“ tual

“tual Inclination without he entirely ap-
 “proves of it. Let me stay in this A-
 “sylum with you, for a few Days, and
 “depend upon it, I’ll accompany you,
 “and throw myself at his Feet for Par-
 “don.” Mrs. *Harris* was overjoyed at
 what she heard; and said every Thing
 that could strengthen her Resolution.
 And now, safe, as she imagined, from
 every Harm, employing her Thoughts
 upon her *Breyfield*, they passed the Hours
 in a Manner to be envy’d, and she took
 the first Opportunity to write to *Hépeny*,
Pickring and the Countess, an Account of
 what, in general, had occurred to her; but
 forbore to mention any Thing about the
 Place of her Abode, or what had happened
 to her in her late Journey, contenting her-
 self with such Expressions of Gratitude and
 Affection as were due to the former, and
 wishing it might be in her Power to make
 them some Amends for their good Offi-
 ces towards her. In that to the Countess, she
 lamented, afresh, her being forced to leave
 her; but hoped she should not forfeit her
 Friendship, the Memory of which conti-
 nued to yield her so much Satisfaction.

NEAR a Week passed away, in this
 calm Manner, and now, every Moment,
 she

she expected to see her Lover, whose Perfections constantly employed her Mind, and whose Absence drew many a Sigh from her fair Bosom. The Condition of her Heart made her frequently chuse Solitude, and she walked, for Hours together, in Mrs. *Harris's* elegant Garden, which was of a considerable Extent, indulging her Ideas, and full of a melancholy Tendernefs, which her Distance from her beloved *Breyfield* occasioned. On one Side this Garden was extended, so as to be out of View of the House; by a little Gate, it opened into a back Road that led to the Entrance of the Earl of *Rutland's* Park, and was within Sight of a small Hamlet, which lay at the Distance of half a Mile from Mrs. *Harris's*. That Gentlewoman, whose Years and Corpulency hindered her from taking this Recreation with her, made herself perfectly easy in the Thought that no Accident could happen to her, within her Purlieus; but as the Earl was expected every Day, was not a little fearful lest she should lose the Merit of presenting his *Lucy* to him, by his discovering her, as he rode by the Front of the House, and therefore, she desired her to walk in that Part of the
Garden

Garden where she could not so soon be perceived, without letting her into the Reasons for her Request: As it was by far the most shady, solitary Walk, *Lucy* became quite fond of it, and seldom traversed the other Alleys. But, poor Lady, it would have saved her much Pain, had she never trod that soothing Path, or ventured herself from under her Protectress's Roof.

ONE Evening, when all Nature was hush and still, and only the gentle Zephyrs wantoned thro' the rustling Leaves, the tender, lovely Creature, tired with walking, sat herself on a Bench that was placed at the Foot of a venerable Oak, and, drawn by the Silence that reigned around her, and the Softness that impressed her Mind, warbled out her Sorrows in some harmonious Stanzas, that served to express her Love and her Misfortunes. Echo responsive to the Lay, propagated the Musick of her heavenly Voice to the Hills and Vales around, and the gently undulated Air diffused the tender Notes far and wide: But alas! little did *Lucy* imagine, that her Voice was the Direction for a deadly Foe to find out her

her Retreat. Three Ruffians, [at the Conclusion, jumped over the Gate, with Masks on their Faces, and suddenly rushing upon her, tied a Handkerchief over her Mouth, to prevent her crying out, and, whilst one of them forced the Lock of the Gate and burst it open, the other two, notwithstanding all her struggling to escape, bore her out of the Garden, and gave her into the Hands of a fourth Villain, who was on Horseback, and took her before him. Unable to cry out, and under the most dreadful Apprehensions, she had now fallen into a Swoon; but the Rogues took no Manner of Notice of that, and all mounting, made as much Haste as possible to a Place called *Rodney Stoke*, on the other Side of these wild Hills, about the Distance of two Miles from Mrs. *Harris's*, where they dismounted, at a House in the Skirts of the Town, and conveyed their Prey into an upper Room, whilst yet she was happily insensible of her forlorn Condition. However, in a little Time, by the Help of such Applications as were made Use of for that Purpose, she came to herself, and found she was upon a Bed, in a strange Room, with an ill-favoured Woman beside her, who, in an uncouth and coarse Dialect, endeav-

endeavoured to moderate that Grief and Distraction that assailed her. The hardest Heart would have melted at the Moan the excellent Maid made ; she deigned not even to look at the Woman, and indulged such Complaints, as even melted her, rugged as she was, to Compassion ; and she was ready to promise her Assistance towards redressing her Injuries, when a Person entered the Room, who convinced the charming *Lucy* of all the Horror of her Situation. In short, it was no other than Lord *Chester*, who, tho' his Soul was not capable of a generous Passion, was so haunted by the Idea of the charming Fair, as to permit him no Repose. Defeated in all his Attempts, and retreating from the late Skirmish, in so base and cowardly a Manner, yet he could not get rid of that Inclination which had been so productive of Mischief to himself, as well as Terror and Affright to her. His boasted Rank and Fortune, and his fine Person, had given him such ready Access to all those Females of whom he had entertained a Liking, and, notwithstanding the Meanness of his Understanding, the Conquests his airy Nonsense had made of some trifling Ladies, of a superior Quality, had so

turned

turned his little Head, that he could not bear the Thought that a Person of the small Importance he supposed *Lucy* of, from her Situation at *Yielding's*, should thus baffle all his Efforts. He had not sense and Reflection sufficient to inform him, that he must appear still more contemptible to a Woman of Discernment by his late mean Behaviour, and, as bad Minds are incapable of disinterested Generosity, made no doubt but his Antagonist, whose wise Plan of Life had kept him from the Knowledge of such Wretches, would reap the Fruits of his defending *Lucy*, by a Surrendry of her Person to his Embraces. Mad with that Reflection, he resolved, when he had a little recovered himself, to endeavour, by any Means, once more to get her into his Power; for which Purpose he corrupted a Fellow, at whose House he took Shelter at *Bristleton*, after his Flight, and who was every Way fit for his Purpose, to mix with the Crowd that went with *Breyfield* and *Lucy* to Sir *James Dancer's*, who accordingly followed them there unsuspected, and soon after brought him Tidings where the Colonel had deposited his lovely Charge: Upon this he came and staid, Day after Day, at the Hamlet near her Abode, and was not long before

before he got Intelligence of her solitary Walks in the Garden; upon which he hired four of the Miners, Fellows void of every good Principle, to assist him in this fresh Attack upon the unsuspecting Beauty, and, by their Procurement, had bribed the Man and his Wife to whose House she was thus violently carried, to aid his wretched Purposes, tho' he cunningly to conceal the Enormity of his Crime, pretended that it was his Wife, who had made an Elopement from him; and that he had brought her from the Place of her Concealment, in order to carry her Home again with him to *Bristol*. These People, naturally rugged and unfeeling, having received a Sum that was sufficient to stifle all the faint Remorses they were capable of, cared not for what Purposes she was brought to their House, and had *Chester* conceived a Design to murder her, perhaps, they would even have assisted him in the Fact, for a small Addition to his Bribe.

No Language can describe the Grief, Horror, Dread and Indignation, that agitated, all together, the Bosom of poor *Lucy*, at the hated Sight of *Chester*: And if she had not been too much overcome

come by those struggling Passions, for her Tongue to find Utterance, her Rage would have afforded no Opportunity to that Villain to address her, as he did, in the following Words, calculated, as he thought, to lay her Fear asleep, and to calm her Perturbations. “ My Dear, don’t blame me ; but that Love, that, by G—d, haunts me wherever I go, for thus taking you from your Friends!—I must enjoy you—and will ;—but I’d rather owe my Gratification to your own Inclination than to Force ; and if you’ll be a good Girl, I’ll trust you for some Days, to bring yourself to a proper Way of Thinking!—D—n. me, a’n’t I as handsome, every Way, as the Bully that took you from me ? Faith I was never denied the last Favour yet—nor shall you, my Angel, long continue your Refusal ! Know your own Interest—I’ll settle a thousand Guineas, nay two, upon you for Life—You shall roll in Plenty—and—why, I promise you, I’ll love you as long as I can!—If you don’t comply readily, by all that’s sacred, Ill force you to these Arms—and, depend upon it, shall be able to keep you from the Know-
ledge

“ ledge and Sight of all the World,
 “ till I am fated with those bewitching
 “ Beauties that have caused me so much
 “ Pain.”

POOR *Lucy*, terrified, to the last Degree, at this vile Declaration, was some Moments before she could form a Resolution, in what Manner to reply : Had she followed her Inclination, she would have stunn'd his Ears with Reproaches, Complaints and Invectives ; but as he had talked of allowing her Time to bring herself to a Compliance with his odious Proposals, she, in a few Minutes, determined rather to soothe with Hopes (tho' it went so much against her) than, by exasperating him with a flat Denial, to run the Risk of becoming an immediate Prey to his Brutality. In the former Case, she hoped, Providence, which had so remarkably afforded her its Protection in so many preceding Misfortunes, would, in the Interim, point out some Way to escape from her wretched Confinement ; whereas, in the latter, without a Miracle, she was sure to be ruined and undone. The ready Departure of the Woman, upon *Chester's* entering the Room, her rude and ill favoured Countenance, wherein

wherein there was scarce a Line that could be called human, gave her not the least Room to doubt, that he had made himself the Director and Ruler in the House, and Master of the Consciences of those he had trusted, by his Money : What Resource had she then ? To whom could she appeal, with an Hope of moving them in her Favour, without the same all-powerful Advocate that her base Enemy had employed ? She gave him, therefore, such an Answer, as tho' it did not disguise her Dread and Apprehension, which was impossible, yet concealed so much her Aversion, Detestation and Hatred, that *Chester*, full of his natural self Importance, made not the least doubt, but he was in a fair Way to yield Compliance to his Desires, upon which, he replied, “ Why, my dear Angel, you begin, now, to see your true Interest — Riches and Pleasure will be the Issue of it, and d—n it, you'll soon perceive the Difference between wandering about with a beggarly Son of Virtue, and obliging a Nobleman of my Fire and Spirit ! I'll be true to my Word, D—n me ! and tho' I can hardly look at those soft, attractive Eyes, without being spurr'd up to immediate Enjoy-
“ ment

“ment—we’ll set out for *Bristol* to Mor-
 “row Morning, and you shall have Li-
 “berty, till we are properly settled in a
 “Lodging there, to indulge your Re-
 “flections upon that departing Maiden-
 “head, which has caused you and me
 “so much Trouble.” This vile Rant,
 tho’ it grated her Ears, and excited still
 more her Resentment, she was now under
 a Necessity to bear, and she even com-
 plied with his Request to sup with him,
 and, the better to conceal her Designs,
 she forced herself to put on an Air of
 somewhat like Ease, tho’ her Mind was
 labouring under perpetual Torture and
 Agitation. She was glad to hear him talk
 of going to *Bristol*, as she apprehended,
 in so populous a City, she should easily
 find Protection; or, at the worst, could
 throw herself upon that of *Rutland* and
 the Countess, if she should not, in their
 Journey there, be so happy as to be over-
 taken or met by her dear *Breyfield*, or to
 make her Escape by some fortunate De-
 vice of her own. *Chester*, willing to im-
 prove this new Disposition, so apparently
 in his Favour, put on all the Gaiety he
 was Master of, and most eloquently en-
 deavoured to prove, that Religion was a
 Jest and Virtue a Bauble: This was what

Lucy

Lucy could not bear, and she thought, she might talk in Defence of such respected Principles, without incurring any Danger: Her Arguments were so forcible, on the other Side of the Question, that, convinced tho' not reformed, *Chester* was reduced to the Necessity of dropping the Argument, swearing, that "tho' he had studied at the University, and was reckoned no bad Scholar, she beat him at his own Weapons." It was late, before he left the unhappy Maid to her own mournful Reflections, *Chester* telling her, that he would be stirring early in the Morning, and desiring her to be ready for her Journey. The Woman of the House came to see if she wanted any Thing, and then retiring, the fair Prisoner locked and bolted the Door, and looked narrowly about the Room, to see if there was any private Way or Passage, by which this base Man might intrude upon her in the Night, and tho' she could find nothing of that Kind, she resolved not to go to Bed, and accordingly, wrapped in the homely Rug that covered it, took up her Seat in an armed Chair, that stood beside it. Whilst *Chester* indulged his libidinous Ideas upon the Raptures that he imagined were preparing for him, and blessed his Perse-

verance and Contrivance, the lovely Maid was a Prey to every distracting Thought: Her own Danger, the Absence of her dear *Breyfield*, whose Image was ever before her, the Grief Mrs. *Harris* would feel for her Loss, and the Distraction the Tidings of it would occasion her Lover, tore her Breast with their baneful Force, and Tears incessantly ran from her charming Eyes! “But, ah! thou dear Youth,” she cry’d, “thy *Lucy* will lose that Life that is “only worth preserving for thy beloved “Sake, before she will any Way injure “thee, who possessest all her Heart, and “hast left no Room for any other Ob- “ject.” She accused herself for thus temporizing with the Villain *Chester*, and began to think it an Offence against that pure and spotless Affection that filled her Soul: And thus she passed the Night in Distraction, Wailing and Fear, wishing, yet dreading the Approach of Day, that would again present to her View, her abhorred Persecutor. An hundred Times, in the Wildness of her Despair, she went to the Window, and wistfully surveyed the Yard; but it was so guarded by Iron Bars, and the Height so great, as to baffle all Hopes of an Escape, otherwise, her
Frenzy

Frenzy was so great, that she would, perhaps, have lost her Life in the Attempt. Again, she tortured herself with the Thought, that, as no one was Witness to the Outrage lately committed upon her, her Friend Mrs. *Harris* would imagine, she had voluntarily absented herself, to evade her Promise of seeing her dear *Rutland*, whose Esteem and Regard for her, now, with its due Weight, affected her, and she feared such a Report made by her to *Breyfield*, would also still more perplex and distract that Youth. But, tho' she knew it not, Mrs. *Harris* had, ere then, received a full Account of the Violence that caused her Absence; for it happened that an honest Countryman was sauntering about the Park Wall, when the Russians advanced to the Gate of the Garden, but having been threatened by those Villains, he went aside at some Distance, and, as he could not get past them to give Intelligence of it to the House, contented himself with lying under the Park Wall, to see if he could discover what Mischief they intended, and soon perceived them return with the innocent Lady, and was Witness to all that afterwards passed. As he was on Foot, however, he could neither dog them in their Retreat, nor

yet alarm the Earl's or Mrs. *Harris*'s Family, Time enough for her Relief, and therefore, went as soon as possible to the House of the latter, and told her what had happened. That good Woman, was quite frantick when she heard the dreadful Tale, and, in the first Motions of her Grief and Anguish, sent for the Earl's Park Keeper and the rest of his Servants, and ordered them to pursue after the Ravishers, giving it as her Opinion (for she remembered the Story of *Chester*, and made no doubt it was a fresh Project of that degenerate Youth) that they had carried her on the Way to *Cainsham*, and so either to *Bath* or *Bristol*, which put them upon a wrong Pursuit, and they returned in the Morning, having been able to learn no Tidings of the Lady or her Enemies, to the grievous Disappointment of Mrs. *Harris*, who was inconsolable, and ordered them out again, to make diligent Pursuit every where about the Country, as the Release of the Lady, if effected, would not fail of being well rewarded by their Lord, who was intimately concerned in their Success. But they needed no Spur to their Diligence, tho' it again proved fruitless, when they understood who she was; for she was entirely beloved by all the Earl's Servants.

THE

THE crafty *Chester* making no doubt that he should be pursued, had gone to this Village, which was quite out of the Way either to *Bath* or *Bristol*, -to which latter City, he had determined, however, to go, thro' *Chedre*, *Axbridge*, and so by *Wrington*, by which he avoided the direct Road, which, notwithstanding *Lucy's* little Importance, of which he had so long convinced himself, he feared would not be without Pursuers, or that, he should be encountered by her new Lover, than whom he had rather see the Devil himself. He behaved with tolerable Decency the next Morning, at Breakfast, and desired her, tho' rather with the Air of a Command than a Request, to be ready in an Hour's Time, as he expected a Chariot, which he had sent for from *Chewton*, to convey her to *Bristol*, and added, " I
" presume, my little ticklish Filly, that
" I may now pretend to the same Honour your *Don Quixote* enjoyed, and
" that you'll permit me to accompany
" you in the Vehicle?—D—n it, I'll divert you with an Account of all the
" fond Girls that have preceded you in
" my Notice—and, 'pon my Soul, Miss,
" you'll find, I have not dealt ungenerously
H 3 " rously

“ rously by any of them—tho’ the World
 “ talks so scandalously of my Cruelty!”

Lucy signified her Aversion to his Proposal, and desired he would let her ride alone, as she should, perhaps, have an Opportunity in the Journey, to improve the good Opinion, she hoped, she had, upon good Grounds, begun to entertain of him. So flattering a Denial had all the Effect that she desired or expected, and he readily consented to her riding alone, and, turning to his Valet, cry’d, in *French*, “ There, Scoundrel, did not
 “ I tell you, that I should, at length,
 “ overcome the terrible Virtue of this
 “ Virago?—Ay, D—n me, and will bring
 “ her to *Fanny Yielding’s*, as humble and
 “ as supple, as she departed from it incensed and haughty.” *Lucy* had so cunningly and so disdainfully concealed her Accomplishments from *Chester*, that he had not the least Suspicion of her understanding *French*, which, however, she spoke as readily as her Mother Tongue. She shuddered at what she heard, and said softly to herself, “ but before thou
 “ shalt triumph over this stubborn Virtue,
 “ thou shalt see me pierce that
 “ vile Heart, or the Virago will surrender

“ render up her Life, and think Death
“ the lightest Evil.”

THE expected Chariot was now arrived, *Lucy* was put into it, and she set out, guarded by *Chester* and his Valet, after he had discharged the Emissaries he had employed in this Seizure of the lovely Maid ; which he did with Profusion ; for he depended, now, so much upon her Compliance, was so lulled into Security by the Appearance of Ease she put on, and was so persuaded that he should reach the End of his Journey without meeting with any Opposition, that he thought himself and Servant a sufficient Escorte. As he had all along, too, thought of *Lucy*, as a Girl of little Consequence, if not of mean Birth, he did not now imagine, he should be harrassed by any great Hue and Cry, nor be pursued, unless by her late Defender, who, he conceived, would do all he could to recover her, and yet his sordid Apprehensions represented him as intending the same base Gratifications with himself. In fine, they made such Expedition, that, by four o’ Clock, they entered *Bristol*, having baited but once by the Way, and she alighted at the Door of an handsome House, in a

spacious Street, which she could not recollect, she had ever before been in. A decent looking Gentlewoman came to welcome their Arrival, who seemed very assiduous in her Attendance upon the young Lady; but so much was *Lucy* prepossessed by the Notion that all *Chester's* Female Acquaintance were of *Yielding's* Stamp, that she bestowed little Notice either upon her, or her Endeavours to oblige her, and was conducted to an Apartment by *Chester* and her, without saying one Word; whence, in a few Minutes after, the Woman retired, and he thus addressed her. “ Now, Child, “ you have reached the End of your “ Journey, and here I have you safe. If “ you are kind and coming, you shall not “ be long confined, for I’ll be cursed, “ if I don’t long to enjoy your Compa- “ ny at all the brilliant Scenes that *Bath* “ and *Bristol* can afford, and d—n me, “ if such a Figure of a Belle, will, or “ can, be seen in the Possession of any “ Brother Peer, or Rake in the Universe. “ You see I have not offended your nice “ Prudery, since I have had you in my “ Power; but now, my little Mignon, “ *Ma chere Princesse*, my *Fille de joye*, I ex- “ pect you should be all Compliance; “ however, don’t take on so (seeing the “ Tears,

“Tears stream down her Cheeks) I’ll
“still overcome my Eagerness, for a
“Day or two upon Condition you make
“no Attempt to discover your Uneasiness,
“if any can be possibly remaining
“after what I have promised you, to
“any one, but that you appear quite
“happy and contented; and now, for
“my Condescension, I hope you will not
“deny me one Kiss.” At this Conclusion,
he impudently ravished a Kiss from her
fair Lips, which, tho’ it went like a Dagger
to her Heart, she was forced to shew
no Resentment at, and he left her,
whilst he went to dress himself, with an
Intent to visit some Acquaintance he had
in *Bristol*. Thus at Liberty, for some Minutes,
she now resolved, the very first
Opportunity, to risk her Life, rather
than not deliver herself from her Persecutor,
and spent that little Time in taking
a View of her Prison; for it might
really be called so, as the Mistress of
the House had received strict Orders,
not to let her go out, and had been told
that she was *Chester’s* Sister (the old Device)
whom he had just recovered, from an Elopement
she had made with a Person much her Inferior.
This Woman, offi-

ciously came to drink Tea with her, in her Apartment, and *Lucy* soon discovered, from her open Disposition, all that had been said by *Chester*, and, upon the whole, finding Mrs. *Easy*, for that was her Name, not to be one of those Ladies that will do any Thing for their Superiors, if they are well paid for it, but that, she had Abundance of Good Nature and Ingenuity, she determined, if she found it necessary, to let her into the Truth of her Story, and to fling herself under her Protection, 'till she could send to the Countess of *Suffolk*, who, she heard, by her, was still at *Bristol*, or to Mrs. *Harris* for Assistance, tho' she should reap it from no body but the Earl of *Ruland*; for alas! she knew not where her dear *Breyfield* was, tho' she made no doubt, that ere now, he was informed of her Absence. Her meditated Escape so employed her Thoughts, that it gave some present Truce to her Sorrows, and she was not a little pleased to hear from Mrs. *Easy*, that her's, like *Hépeny's*, was a Lodging House, and that there resided with her at present, an elderly Gentleman, and a young one, who had, the Morning before set out upon an Excursion into the Country, from which he was expected

expected back the next Day. All this gave her some Comfort, as she thence imagined, that if Matters came to the worst, *Chester* could make no Attempt upon her Honour there, when her Cries might alarm the Family, and convince Mrs. *Easy*, that it was not a Sister that he had expressed so much Sollicitude about. Somewhat relieved by these flattering Suggestions, she conversed with more Freedom, and before her Visitor left her, had so prepossessed her in her Favour, that she expressed Abundance of Friendship for her. *Chester*, meeting with several Rakes of his own Stamp, did not return till the next Morning, and then so intoxicated with Liquor, that Mrs. *Easy* told her he was gone to Bed, which gave her fresh Satisfaction, and she was allowed the Liberty of sitting in the Parlour with her Landlady, and walking in a little Garden with her, at the Back of the House. As they were thus employed, a Window was flung up, and an old Gentleman called to Mrs. *Easy*, in *French*, which she talked perfectly well, and, as *Lucy*, by that Means, was left to saunter alone, she overheard the following Discourse between them, as she walked, out of respect, at the Bottom of the Garden.

“ Mrs.

“ Mrs *Easy*, I presume, you have got a
 “ fair Boarder there,” says this Gentleman,
 “ and such a one as will do you a great
 “ deal of Honour! Heavens! was ever
 “ such a Beauty seen before? I protest,
 “ old as I am, she warms my Heart:
 “ Pray Madam, could I not get you to
 “ introduce me to that lovely Creature’s
 “ Acquaintance?” “ Why, my Lord,”
 Mrs. *Easy* replied, “ I don’t know whe-
 “ ther I dare; for her Brother has or-
 “ dered, nay positively enjoined me, to
 “ keep a strict Eye over her, and desires
 “ no Person may see her. It seems she
 “ has run away from her Friends, who,
 “ by some Words the Gentleman let
 “ fall, must be noble: Truly, as you
 “ you say, Sir, she is the most heavenly
 “ Creature I ever set my Eyes on, and
 “ so sweet tempered, so witty, that you
 “ would bless yourself! I suppose some
 “ favoured Lover is the Cause of that
 “ Melancholy that hangs upon her, and
 “ clouds those lovely Eyes. If I thought
 “ he was not her Inferior, I assure your
 “ Lordship, I have conceived such an
 “ Esteem for her, that my Doors should
 “ be open to her Escape directly. Her
 “ Brother was out all Night, came
 “ Home very much out of Order, and
 “ is

“ is gone to Bed, where, I dare say,
“ he will continue till Night, if not till the
“ next Morning, and therefore, if your
“ Lordship will spend an Hour with us,
“ I believe your Company will be ve-
“ ry agreeable, and, as I fancy, she un-
“ derstands no *French*, I shall have the
“ Pleasure of interpreting between you.”
“ Ah! Mrs. *Easy*,” the old Gentleman
“ returned, I feel myself greatly affected
“ with the Sight of that Lady—I had a
“ Daughter, long since in Heaven, of
“ whom she is the very Picture, and
“ that Likeness, as it struck me the
“ Minute I saw her thro’ my Window,
“ has excited these Enquiries, and my
“ Desire to be admitted to pay my Com-
“ plements to her. I am every Day
“ torturing myself, because I did not
“ shew Affection enough to my depart-
“ ed Child, who died in a foreign Land;
“ tho’ in the Arms of a dear Friend.
“ This young Lady has awakened all
“ my Love for her, and I cannot help
“ accepting your Offer, with an unac-
“ countable Gladness. I’ll wait upon
“ you in half an Hour, if you will pre-
“ pare her to receive my Visit.”

LUCY,

LUCY, was greatly and unaccountably moved at what the old Gentleman said, and delighted with his Intention to see her. At once, she resolved to fling herself at the Feet of this Nobleman, for so she thought he might be, by the Epithet of Lord, which Mrs. *Easy* made use of; before that Gentlewoman, disclose her Situation, and beg their Protection, till she sent to Mrs. *Harris's*, and informed her where she was. And 'tis impossible to describe the Joy this Resolution inspired into her Bosom.

Mrs. *Easy*, soon after joined her, informed her of what she knew as well before, and was charmed with the Readiness she shewed to oblige her. They went into the Parlour in a few Moments, and were soon joined by their Visitor, who appeared to be a tall, handsome Gentleman, tho' very infirm, and *Lucy* viewed him with a surprizing Veneration, which displayed itself in her Behaviour to him so much, that he could scarce refrain from Tears. After some Complements, he desired Mrs. *Easy* to acquaint her how much concerned he was, that he could not converse with her

her in *English*, of which he had but an imperfect Knowledge, and to make known to her the Pleasure he had in seeing her, from her amazing Likeness to his late Daughter; and how afflicted he was to observe so much Melancholy dwell in her lovely Face. But nothing could equal their Surprise and Astonishment, when, bursting into Tears, and flinging herself, with a disordered Action, at his Feet, she thus addressed him in the same Language and with an Elegance of Expression altogether admirable. “ Oh! my Lord, you
“ see before you, one of the most un-
“ deservedly unfortunate of her whole
“ Sex! — Kind Sir, hear my disastrous
“ Story with Patience and Goodness, and,
“ by the Memory of that dear Daughter,
“ I conjure you to afford me your Pro-
“ tection against the vilest of Wretches,
“ who has violently hurried me from
“ my Friends, and intends to use me in
“ the most cruel and basest Manner! Hea-
“ ven seems to point you out to me for
“ my Relief! — Alas! I feared, that every
“ body under this Roof was an Accom-
“ plice of my Persecutor, and, terrified
“ and threatened as I have been, I dared
“ not utter my Complaints. But, Blessed
“ be almighty Goodness! — I have met, in
“ your

“ your Lordship, and this worthy Gentlewoman, Persons that have just Notions of Honour and Virtue, and whose Hearts are sensible of the amiable Duties due to their Fellow Creatures!”

Here her Tears choaked her Utterance, whilst her Auditors were insensibly won already to her Party, and the old Gentleman, raising her tenderly from her supplicating Posture, cry'd, “ my dearest Child, compose yourself a little, and depend upon it, such an Interest you have already in this Breast, that I will be your warm and faithful Friend, and you shall suffer no Injury under this Roof. If you have suffered any Injustice or Injury, I will see you righted, and the Wretch that has abused you, treated with proper Severity. Rise my Love, I can't account for it—you are as dear to me, already, as if you was my own Daughter. Alas! I had one,—but she is no more!—And, perhaps, she also suffered! Oh! my Angel, who art so much the Picture of that lovely Creature—by her Memory, which is now so sacred with me, once more I promise thee to see all thy Wrongs redressed.” He could not refrain from Tears, whilst he said these Words, and
 “ was

was joined by Mrs. *Easy* in the mournful Concert. Emboldened by such Kindness, such affectionate Expressions, the charming Creature seated herself beside him, and thus continued her Complaint.

“ Gracious Heaven! how is your Providence manifested to me! Oh! Sir! Madam! the base Man who holds me in Bondage, is of a Rank that should shame him at committing Crimes that are a Disgrace to human Nature. He accidentally set Eyes upon me, in *London*, some time ago, and ever since has proved a villainous Persecutor, and an Enemy to my Peace. I was attacked by him, on the Road to *Cainsbam*, where he accidentally met me, and, but for a noble Youth, whom Providence, at that dreadful Moment, raised up to my Assistance, would have perpetrated the greatest of Crimes. Not content with the Correction he then underwent, he meanly, with three or four Ruffians, seized me in the Garden of a Friend I was upon a Visit to, and threatens me with the worst Usage that a Woman can possibly receive. I am allowed only two Days, before he puts his brutal Purpose in Execution: Judge then,

“ my

“ my Lord, the Terror, the Horror, that
 “ must impress my Soul; thus distant
 “ from my Friends, and in the dreaded
 “ Power of this vile Man, whom they
 “ call Lord *Chester*. Oh! Sir, if ever
 “ Virtue was dear to you, if ever your
 “ Heart felt the Warmth of Benevolence,
 “ be my Guard and my Refuge, from
 “ the Danger I so much apprehend. I
 “ will send then to some Friends that are
 “ of no little Consideration, and who will
 “ assist me to discharge so invaluable an
 “ Obligation, with the most grateful Re-
 “ turns. Unhappy as I am at present,
 “ there are Persons in the World, who
 “ have the tenderest Affection for me,
 “ and are now, no doubt, involved in the
 “ Depth of Misery on my Account.
 “ You, Madam, will have the supreme
 “ Delight of succouring distressed Inno-
 “ cence, of behaving like yourself, agree-
 “ ably to the Generosity of your Mind,
 “ and those gentle Qualities I have obser-
 “ ved in you, and I dare promise you a
 “ Reward equal or superior to any Re-
 “ compence you can expect from the de-
 “ generate *Chester*, who, I am certain,
 “ could never have induced you to fa-
 “ vour his Cause, but by the falsest Pre-
 “ tences.

“ tences. Oh! Heavens, is it possible,
“ that such Baseness should long go un-
“ punished—have you not reserved in
“ the Stores of your righteous Vengeance,
“ a Punishment adequate to such Crimes!
“ Will you abandon Innocence to the
“ Spoil and Ruin of the Destroyer! For-
“ bid the impious Thought! No, I see,
“ you have, already, melted these gene-
“ rous Persons in my Favour, for which,
“ thus prostrate before you, I adore your
“ inconceivable Goodness.”

If, before, her weeping Auditors were so much prepossessed in her Favour, this Apostrophe, pronounced by those beautiful Lips with a most solemn and affecting Emphasis, the Prostration she threw herself into, the Tears that fell from her fine Eyes, and the universal Agitation she was in, finished her so much desired Conquest. Her Protector, whose Heart felt the Force of all she uttered, raising her once more from her suppliant Posture, and with an involuntary Motion, clasping her to his Bosom, made the following Reply. “ Lovely Creature,
“ Delight of every Eye, that but once
“ looks upon thee! Be assured that my
“ Life, my Fortune, my Friends, my In-
“ terest,

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"terest, shall all be employ'd to pro-
 "tect thee, and to redress thy Wrongs.
 "Obdurate as this Breast has been, al-
 "most a Stranger to the soft Impressions
 "of Humanity, a Tyrant to my Family,
 "at once the Sight of thee, and the
 "Knowledge of thy Misfortunes, have
 "smoothed my rugged Temper. Oh!
 "born to inspire the gentlest the kindest
 "Sentiments, I feel I am entirely devoted
 "to thy Service. This Gentlewoman
 "will aid me in my Purposes for thy
 "Benefit, and we shall perhaps be joined
 "by a worthy, generous Youth, therein,
 "who lodges under this Roof, and who,
 "will ere Night, I hope, be here, to
 "assist us! It is impossible for me to
 "account for the Tenderness I have en-
 "tertained for thee! Heaven itself seems
 "to have pleaded thy Cause in my
 "Breast! And I find, not to restore thee
 "to Happiness, would be the greatest
 "Ill I could experience. But thy Ad-
 "versary is young and powerful, and
 "no doubt, in this Place, has Accom-
 "plices, on whom he can call to abet
 "his odious Purposes. My Age and
 "Unacquaintance with the Customs and
 "Laws of *England*, will make me too
 "feeble a Support for thy Innocence.
 "Therefore,

“ Therefore, it will be proper, that you
“ should seek an Asylum in my Apart-
“ ment, I have Servants, who will pre-
“ vent any Injury to thee there, and
“ Mrs. *Easy* will give this base Noble-
“ bleman to understand, that you have
“ made your Escape from the House,
“ and, meantime, your worthy Country-
“ man, of whom I spoke, may return,
“ and I may have an Opportuniy to go
“ amongst my Friends, and arm them in
“ your Behalf, who are too powerful,
“ and too much distinguished by their
“ Honour, Rank, and Fortune, to deny
“ us all the Assistance we may require.”

Mrs. *Easy* expressed her Approbation of his Proposal, and her Inclination to do every thing to serve the charming Maid, and she immediately conducted them to the Gentleman's Apartments, which were very superb, and every Way befitting a Person of his Rank and Fortune, and left her in his Hands, returning for some Linen she had offered *Lucy*, and such other Conveniences, as the poor Maid stood in Need of, her Persecutor having taken her from Mrs. *Harris's* in an Undress, and unfurnished with a Change of Apparel. She accepted, therefore, of her Favour, with a great many Acknowledgments,

ledgments, and having retired to a Chamber appointed for her Use, by her Preserver, she returned after a little while, and they sat conversing for an Hour or two, and that Gentleman, charmed more and more by her Wit and Beauty, was confirmed in his Resolution to risk every Thing for her Safety. After he had given a proper Charge to his Servants, to protect her at the Hazard of their Lives, and to obey her with the same Submission, they performed his own Commands, he took his Leave and went out on his designed Visits, to beg the Assistance of his Friends, leaving *Lucy*, in a much happier State of Mind, than she was when he found her. When she was alone, she indulged all that Gratitude which overflowed her Soul, to that good Providence, which had, once more, raised up, so miraculously, Friends, in her Adversity and most pressing Necessity: And she begged, with a Fervency of Devotion, the future Interposition of the same just and wise Being in her Favour. "Oh! " Father of Mercies," this lovely Saint cried, " Thou who knowest the Secrets " of all Hearts, and from whose Eyes " nothing can be concealed! If any sin- " ful Inclination, any impure Thought

I

" was

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“ was ever harboured in this Breast, that
“ could provoke thy righteous Jugdments,
“ I should not dare with such Confi-
“ dence, to throw myself thus before
“ the Throne of thine abundant Mercy!
“ I beseech thee of thy infinite Good-
“ ness and Compassion, Oh! gracious and
“ benignant, holiest and best of Beings!
“ to assuage the Malice of my unpro-
“ voked, yet bitter Enemy. Restore me
“ oh, God! to my mourning Friends—
“ to Peace and Content of Mind, to Safe-
“ ty and to myself! I bow myself with
“ due Submission to the Afflictions thou
“ hast been pleased to suffer me to en-
“ dure! but oh! grant that the Mea-
“ sure of them may be now full! Re-
“ gard the Integrity of my Heart, and
“ let the Innocence of my Actions plead
“ in my Behalf! Cast forth in my In-
“ fancy to the Mercy of Strangers, how
“ wonderful was my Preservation! Oh!
“ most excellent and exalted Being, do
“ not abandon me then, in my pre-
“ sent Distress! Bless those Means that
“ shall be made Use of to extricate me
“ from it, and those Instruments who
“ may now be employed for that Pur-
“ pose! And oh! be pleased to calm
“ the Sorrows of that virtuous Man to
“ whom,

“whom, in thy Presence, I have so solemnly vowed my Affection! Bless him in all his Designs, and, grant I may once more behold his Face, once more meet his endearing Countenance, and that we may be mutually happy here, and finally rejoice in thy Presence, where there is Fulness of Joy, and Pleasures for evermore.” Thus did the delightful Creature pour forth her Soul before that Governor of the Universe, whose Ears are ever open, to the Supplications of the Good and Virtuous. Meantime, being now towards Evening, *Chester* had awakened from his drunken Sleep, and tottered from his own Chamber to that in which he remembered he left *Lucy*, which were both in one Stair Case, and not contiguous to the Apartment she was now securely placed in, the former being at the Front, and the other at the Back of the House: His heated Imagination ran so much on the Joys she had, as he supposed, in Store for him, that he resolved that very Moment to bear down all Opposition, and to revel in those Delights which she only was capable of bestowing. When he came to the Chamber, however, and found it was vacant, and that, after calling several Times

Times upon her, no Answer was made, he muttered out a String of Oaths, and rang the Bell with such Violence as alarmed the whole House. Presently up ran two of Mrs. *Easy*'s Servants; but he had not so well recovered the Use of his Tongue, and was too much overcome with Anger, tho' yet he knew not how much Ground he had for it, for them to understand wha the said. He damn'd them, and bid them send up their Mistress, who, by this Time, conceiving how Matters went, ventured up Stairs, and asked him very calmly, what was the Reason of his Disorder, and where the Lady was? Looking curiously around the Room, and opening every Closet, with a seeming Inclination of making a diligent Search after her: And when she had so done, she stood with a Kind of Astonishment in her Face, which was very well counterfeited, as expecting from *Chester* a Disclosure of all this Mystery. That Brute was some Minutes before his Choler and the Fumes of his late Debauch, would permit him the the Use of Speech, and then he bellowed out: "Run, D—n you, every Way!—" "Seek all over the House after this little, hypocritical, cunning B—h!—G—d" "D—n you, Mrs. Modesty, if you don't

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“ give me an Account of her speedily,
 “ I’ll set Fire to your House, and fling
 “ you into the Flames! D—n me, don’t
 “ you know, that I’m a Peer of the
 “ Realm?—I’ll be the Ruin of you by
 “ G—d.” The Servants, aided by his
 own, went thro’ all the Apartments that
 were in that Flight of Stairs and open,
 and returned, gaping and staring at each
 other, when *Chester*, perceiving they came
 back without her, redoubled his Oaths
 and his Curses, like a true Son of Satan,
 and used such coarse and opprobrious
 Language to Mrs. *Easy*, that, at length,
 her Patience was quite exhausted, and she
 very smartly answered, “ Peer of the
 “ Realm, truly! why, the lowest, mean-
 “ est Wretch in *Bristol*, is hardly a Match
 “ for your Lordship! Pray, my Lord,
 “ if it does not make you blush to be
 “ called so, what Power have you or
 “ I, to abridge the Liberty of the young
 “ Lady you talk of? Are we not in a
 “ Land of Liberty? And can a Subject
 “ be detained Prisoner, without a legal
 “ Warrant for so doing? Be she your
 “ Sister, or even your Wife, I am sure
 “ I have no Authority to restrain her:
 “ And, I will soon make you sensible,
 “ that I ain not the vile Creature your
 “ licentious

“ licentious Tongue takes such Freedoms
“ with. A pretty Gentleman, indeed!
“ who can leave his Sister, and debauch
“ himself for a whole Night, and expect
“ that every Body should keep Watch
“ and Ward for him! I assure you, Sir,
“ I shall bring you to a proper Explana-
“ tion, for this Attack upon my Cha-
“ racter, before my Family and Servants,
“ and since you threaten to lay my House
“ in Flames, and to destroy my Life, it
“ is proper I should endeavour to se-
“ cure ’em from any villainous Attempt
“ you may make upon either. Go *John*,”
turning to one of the Servants, “ Go to
“ the Constable—I have, thank God, ma-
“ ny Friends, of equal, if not superior
“ Rank to Lord *Chester*, who will not
“ suffer me to be thus abused—and I
“ will exact such Amends as the Law
“ has provided for me. Pray, my Lord,
“ how came you by this young Lady?
“ If I am rightly informed, you stole
“ her violently from the House of a
“ Relation. But, you are now, my Lord,
“ in the City of *Bristol*, and not back’d
“ with a Parcel of Ruffians, upon a bye
“ Road, way-laying and abusing the in-
“ nocent and helpless! If you have any
“ Pretences to the Lady, if you have any

“ Love for her, are these the Methods
 “ to be taken to prove the one, or to
 “ display the other? For God Sake, Sir,
 “ consider, that in the End, you will
 “ bring yourself into a Dilemma, that
 “ all your Fortune will be insufficient
 “ to relieve you from. By what I can
 “ understand, the young Gentlewoman
 “ is not without Friends, that will be
 “ able to bring your Lordship to con-
 “ dign Punishment, for every thing that
 “ you have, or may be tempted to ex-
 “ ecute against her. She is a lovely
 “ Creature, and the Pattern of Goodness
 “ and Sweetness, and I apprehend, not
 “ formed to be the Sacrifice to your ill
 “ Usage or your Lust. I dare venture
 “ to say, that she is, before now, safely
 “ lodg’d from any of your Devices, and
 “ if you stay long enough, will flash such
 “ Conviction in your Face, that you
 “ will be ready to fly in your turn, if
 “ I should permit you to do so, after
 “ having so good a Cause to detain you.
 “ But I shall have, however, so much Re-
 “ spect for your Quality, if you leave
 “ my House quietly, as to excuse your
 “ Behaviour and your Threats, and you
 “ have nothing farther to do, than to
 “ pay me for the Trouble you have
 “ caused

“ caused me, and to quit my House directly; for here, you shall not stay any longer. My Dwelling is neither the Harbour for Riot and Drunkenness, nor a Brothel for your vile Purposes.”

STUNG to the quick by this spirited and just Rebuke, *Chester* stood staring at her, for some Minutes, nor knew how to frame a Reply. The Freedom of Speech, Mrs. *Easy* had exercised, the many Truths she had uttered, which he knew she could hear from no one but *Lucy*, quite disconcerted him, and he had Sense enough remaining, to know that he had acted and talked to this Gentlewoman in a Manner not at all justifiable. It had been the Unhappiness of this Coxcomb of a Peer, to think every Person his Inferior, and to measure their Consciences by their Situation. Used to be obeyed and flattered by People of Mrs. *Easy*'s Profession, he was astonished, that the Mistress of a Lodging House should dare to treat him with such Plainness and Familiarity. He thought proper, therefore, to soften his Tone, and to beg Pardon for his Rudeness, and he

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used all the Arts, and the Rhetorick he was Master of, to get from her an Account of the Place *Lucy* had retired to ; but in vain. He promised her Mountains of Gold for the Intelligence, as he plainly perceived the lovely Creature had won her over to her Party, and did not doubt but she was privy to her Escape. When he found all would have no Effect, he cursed her, himself, and all Mankind, and retiring from the House, vowed a severe Revenge ; which she smiled at, and, dropping a low Courtesy, shut the Door upon this most valiant Hero, blessing her Stars, that she had so rid her House of him.

CHESTER, retreated to a Tavern in the Neighbourhood, and summoned all his Rake-Hell Companions together, telling them of the Treatment he had met with, and threatening the worst of Revenges on the Head of Mrs. *Easy*. But they did not seem over fond of engaging in any of his hot headed Exploits in *Bristol*. However, as he, at once, conceived, that she was sent back again to Mrs. *Harris's*, they resolved to accompany him there, and assist him in
again

again captivating this cunning Harlot, as they wantonly stiled her, and, ordering their Horses, the Viscount *D'Evreux*, the Baronet and their Servants, with two or three more of the same Stamp, mounted and galloped out of the City, without any further Premeditation.

THEY came to the Hamlet near the Earl of *Rutland's* Seat, that Night about twelve o' Clock, and alighted at the House where *Chester* had laid concealed before his last Attempt upon *Lucy*. They then dispatched, late as it was, one of their Servants, to reconnoitre Mrs. *Harris's*, who returned in about an Hour, with the very Account these wise People might have expected, that there was no Body stirring there, no Light to be perceived, and that the Family seemed buried in a profound Repose. They determined, then, to defer the Execution of their Project till the next Morning, which was no less than entering the House, *vi & armis*, in Search of the fair Fugitive, and to knock out the Brains of all that should oppose them.

IT is now proper to return to the generous *Breyfield*. That amorous Youth
I 4 had,

had, upon his Departure from Mrs. *Harris's*, bent his Course towards *Bath*, where his Father and some other Friends were: Happy in the Idea, that he had left the Delight of his Soul in perfect Safety, and indulging his raptured Thoughts on those matchless Beauties and Perfections that had captivated his Heart. Here he was obliged to comply with the Desires of his Friends, who staid him for the Remainder of the Week: But the Delights and Diversions of that charming Place, were all dull and insipid, in the Absence of the Object of his Passion, and he was so visibly altered, and sought Solitude so much, that his Father was greatly alarmed at it. He made Shift to get from *Bath*, however, on the Morning of the Day in which his *Lucy* had been carried away from Mrs. *Harris's*, but meeting with some Gentlemen of his Acquaintance upon the Road, was detained by them, notwithstanding his Eagerness to see her, and did not arrive at the desired Spot till the next Day at Noon. It is hardly to be conceived, what a baneful Effect, the melancholy Tidings he received from the old Gentlewoman had upon this tender and faithful Lover. He alternately rav'd, wept, and appeared in such

such a State of Distraction, that Mrs. *Harris* was afraid of the Consequences, and obliged to give some Truce to her own Sorrow, to endeavour to calm his Transports and sooth his Anguish. On this Occasion, she did not conceal any Particular that related to the charming Maid, and *Breyfield* heard with a pleased Admiration how dear she was to a Nobleman, for whom he had ever had the most excessive Regard. “ Ah,” he cried, “ and is this
“ Sovereign of my Affections, this dear
“ Creature, is she so near to my dearest
“ Friend! Delightful Thought! Off has
“ that Companion of my Dangers, talked
“ with fraternal Tendernefs of: this accomplished Fair! Amazing Goodness
“ of Providence, that I should be able to
“ inspire her Bosom with Sentiments in
“ my Favour! Oh! let us lose no precious Time; but follow these Villains,
“ and give them that Punishment, their
“ Crimes deserve!” He could hardly be persuaded to tarry till three or four of the Earl’s Servants joined him, and, not doubting but it was *Chester* who had been guilty of this fresh Insult, vowed he would prevent by his Death, his giving her any future Disturbance. Mrs. *Harris* was too much disordered by the Grief and the Un-

15 easiness

ease of her Mind, to understand, or to have her Curiosity excited to know the Meaning of *Breyfield's* first Expressions; and, in hopes he would prove more fortunate than her former Pursuers, did all she could to get his Attendants together. As it happened, the Earl of *Rutland* had not been over from *Bristol* since *Lucy* was taken away, and she yet wished for the Merit of restoring his charming Maid to his Embraces. She recollected all the providential Escapes *Lucy* had experienced from the Hands of her Enemies, and, tho' so exceedingly distressed, did not forego her Confidence in the Goodness of Heaven: Therefore, she had not dispatched a Messenger to *Bristol*, to acquaint his Lordship with the dreadful Tidings, waiting for Advice from *Lucy* of the Place of her Detention, not doubting that she would contrive the first Opportunity to write or send to her for Relief.

FULL of a determined Resolution to sacrifice the Author of all his Woe, *Breyfield* and his Attendants, consisting of his town-Servants, and three of the Earl's, bent their Way towards *Cainsham*, not being able to persuade himself but that they had taken the Route to *Bristol* with her, where

where there was the best Opportunity of putting any villainous Design in Execution, against Innocence and Virtue, and where the Crowd and Hurry of Business might best secure the Perpetrators thereof from Punishment. Every Pace he went, the Tears trickled down his manly Cheeks; oft he smote his generous Bosom, which swelled with inexpressible Anguish, and as oft invoked the Aid of Providence in his Attempt to recover the Mistress of his Affections. When he reflected upon the Insults and Abuses the tender, lovely Creature might be, at that Moment, subject to, his Soul shrunk within him, at the dreadful Thought, and he broke out into such fresh Sallies of despairing Frenzy as even terrified his Companions. Whatever a fond Lover could endure under such cruel Doubts and Fears, as must assail his Mind in such a Situation, was felt by this generous Youth: And when, after tiring their Horses, they could yet get no Tidings of what they so eagerly sought, his Spirits sunk, and he was ready to pierce himself with his Sword, and finish all his Miseries at once. Happily, in their second Day's Pursuit, they put up to bait their jaded Beasts, at a Publick
House

House at *Brockley*, a Place near the Edge of *Broadwell Downs*, and whilst the Colonel was walking in the Yard, and musingly indulging the Melancholy that oppressed his Soul, he, by Accident, lifting up his Eyes, perceived a Man upon the Road, in a Livery, that he knew too well to mistake, having so much Cause to remember it ever since he first rescued his *Lucy*, and was sure belonged to Lord *Chester*. He hesitated not a Moment what to do, but running with more Swiftneſs than his late Fatigue, on any other Occaſion, would have permitted him, he ſeized the Bridle of the Fellow's Horſe, before he was aware, and cried out, " Villain, I know thee to be one of Lord *Chester's* Vafſals. Tell me, where thy infamous Maſter is now to be met with, and where he has, I ſuppoſe by the Aſſiſtance of you and other Rascals like yourſelf, convey'd the young Lady he has lately ſtolen away?" The Fellow, who immediately recollected the Colonel, being one of thoſe he had the Week before ſo roughly handled, ſeeing a Piſtol at his Head, was ready to fall from his Horſe, thro' Apprehenſion of his immediate Danger, and replied, with a trembling

bling Voice, a cold Sweat bedewing him all over. “ For God Sake, Sir, spare my Life, I’ll tell you all I know. I am but a Servant, and obliged to obey my Master’s Orders—but I’ll faithfully inform you of every Thing.” *Breyfield* upon this fair Promise, led his Captive towards the House, and then ordering him to dismount, had him conducted into a Room, where he commanded him afresh, to answer his Questions, declaring that, if he found he trifled with him, he would directly put him to Death. The Fellow, awed by these Threats, told him, that the young Lady had been carried to *Bristol*, to the House of one Mrs. *Easy*, from whence she had made her Escape: That, thereupon his Master and some others, suspecting she had returned to the Place from whence he had taken her, had pursued after her; but, on that very Morning, having undoubted Intelligence, that she had not been again at Mrs. *Harris’s*, they had set off for *Bristol*, believing she must still be in that City, and determined to use every Means to find her: That however, they had divided themselves, and all taken different Routs, to see, if they could discover her any where in their Way back, and that, in the Execution of his

his Share of the Commission, he had thus fallen into the Colonel's Hands. "It was well," added, the Fellow, "that the young Lady was not at Mrs. Harris's, for had she been there, it was resolved, as soon as Night came on, to set Fire to the House and carry her off, if it cost ever so much Bloodshed." No Satisfaction could equal that of *Breyfield*, when he was certified his Mistress had got out of *Chester's* Hands. His Transports of Joy were almost as insupportable as those of his Grief had been, and were still encreased, when the Servant assured him, that tho' he knew his Master intended to debauch her, yet he had, as far as he was a Witness of what passed, behaved to her to the Time of her Escape, with a great Deal of Complaisance: That Miss was, all the Way to *Bristol*, buried in a profound Melancholy, and the Tears often stood, he could perceive, in her Eyes. The Fellow concluded, "Sir, I must own, I was struck with the Greatness of my Crime, in being assistant to my Lord, in such an Attempt, and often wished it had been in my Power to promote her Escape from him; but I was too narrowly watched, and I knew his Lordship's Temper too well, not to apprehend,

“hend, that he would have stopped at
“nothing to take Revenge upon me.
“However, worthy Sir, you have me
“now under Restraint, and may dispose
“of me as you please. I will conduct
“you to Mrs. *Easy*’s, or wherever else
“you think proper; and, by my Readiness,
“prove that I am not so much a
“Villain, as you may suppose me to
“be.” The Colonel accepted of his
Offer, being resolved to make *Bristol* his
next Stage, and now, that he was assured
his Charmer was not in the Hands of his
infamous Rival, determined to go at a
slower Rate, to give Time for him and his
Companions to be at *Bristol* before him,
where he resolved to have them all secured,
and brought to Justice, or to punish the
Villainy of *Chester* with his own Hand.
“Sure,” he cried, to himself,
“I need be under no further Apprehensions
“for thy Safety, thou lovely Creature!
“No, wherever thou art, thou wilt find
“Protection! Those charming Eyes,
“that penetrate every Heart—that melodious
“Voice, will plead for thee, and secure
“the dearest of her Sex from fresh
“Insult! Surely there are no more *Chesters*
“in the World!—I am willing to persuade
“myself, that thou art still under
“the

“ the hospitable Roof of this good Mrs. *Easy*,
“ or in some Place of Repose that she can
“ direct me to! Ah! my delightful Maid,
“ when will our Sufferings be at an End!”
Thus he endeavoured to comfort himself,
for the little Time the Horses were bait-
ing, tho’ his Impatience made him think
every Minute an Age, and, at length, they
set out, keeping the Prisoner in the midst
of them; and jogging on an easy Trot,
they, in somewhat more than an Hour,
got to their Journey’s End. The Co-
lonel, in Compassion to poor Mrs. *Harris*,
had dispatched one of the Earl’s Servants,
from *Brockley*, with the Substance of the
Intelligence he had received, and inform-
ed her, he hoped soon to bring her love-
ly Visitor once more to her Embraces. It
was just Dusk when they entered *Bristol*,
and the Colonel and his Attendants hav-
ing alighted at the first Inn, he thought
proper to send a Servant of the Earl’s, to
the Street where Mrs. *Easy* dwelt, which
was in the Neighbourhood, to observe if
any of *Chester*’s People were then about,
or to get News if they had been there be-
fore, whilst he kept that noble Russian’s
Servant a Prisoner in the Room with him:
However, there seemed now, little Occa-
sion,

sion to watch him, as he seemed to be pleased with his Detention, and to have, naturally, a great many good Qualities.

THE Servant returned in about an Hour, with Advice that no such Persons had been seen in Mrs. *Easy's* Neighbourhood, and that all seemed very quiet at her House. "In returning back, Sir, however," the Servant continued, "I met the very Persons we are in search of, just at the Entrance of this Street. They seemed very much tired, and were cursing themselves and their bad Fortune, at a strange Rate. Willing to know, that I was not mistaken, I dogg'd them to a Tavern in the next Street, where their Servants took their Horses, and they seemingly intended to stay for some time. Assoon as they were housed, I called for half a Pint of Wine, and, upon Enquiry, was convinced, that two of them were Lord *Chester* and Lord *D'Euvreux*, and that they intended to stay there all Night." *Breyfield*, upon hearing such agreeable Tidings, was like a Man transported, for some Minutes; but, when he began to be calm, he seriously entered upon the Consideration of what he had next to do.

Vile

Vile as *Chester* was, and infamous as his Actions were, *Breyfield* thought it was beneath him to take any direct Advantage that the Law had put into his Hands, and that it much more suited his Honour, his Veneration for his charming *Lucy*, and the Height of his Affection, to punish with his own Hand the Injuries they had mutually received, than to wait such a slow and such a safe Redress, which would, he imagined, appear like endeavouring to screen himself from Danger. Again, as his Fair One was not now in *Chester's* Clutches, if he attacked him in a publick Manner, he might be brought himself into a Dilemma, and become apparently culpable in the Eyes of the Publick. 'Tis true, he had little or no Notion that *Chester* would dare to give him a genteel Satisfaction; but he did not know but his Companions might, and therefore, he resolved to dispatch his Servant with a Billet to them, conceived in proper Terms, and addressed to them all. If either of them accepted his Challenge, his Honour was saved, and his Resentment gratify'd, or if they all declined it, he then could with Reason and without any Impeachment of his Bravery, put the Warrant in Execution, which was granted

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granted by Sir *James Dancer*. Thus resolved, he permitted *Chester's* captive Servant, to depart to his Master, with a Promise not to reveal his Detention or what had happened; but to say he had lost his Way. He also made him promise to give Notice, if they prepared to leave the City, which the Colonel apprehended they would attempt to do, rather than fight. If he proved faithful, that Gentleman engaged to reward him handsomely, and take him into his Service. The Letter he wrote was of the following Tenor.

To the Right Hon. the Lords Chester and D'Evreux, &c.

My Lords,

THOU' your late Behaviour is far from intitling you to the Civilities otherwise due to your Rank, and calls for Punishment from other Hands than mine: Yet considering you may report a Want of Courage in me, for I think you capable of the greatest Baseness, if I should leave you simply to the Censure of the Law, and not also compel you to do Justice to my injured Honour, I take this Opportunity to let you know, that, upon
the

the Return of my Messenger, I will wait upon you, even at the Tavern you are regaling yourselves at. The Villainy of your Proceedings towards a young Lady of Beauty, Rank and Merit, and the Insults I myself have received, for appearing in her Defence, demand the severest Vengeance, and depend upon it, I will exact it in all its Forms. Let it not be said, that you are cowardly as well as wicked; but, for once, surprize me, by proving, that Men may be Strangers to Humanity and every Virtue, and yet be able to face an Enemy with Bravery,—or rather with Desperation. I am,

My Lords,

Your, &c.

G. BREYFIELD.

P. S. If you should be too much dismayed, too much conscious of your own Demerits, or too mean spirited to send me a proper Answer, I shall pursue you with Warrants, which I have in my Pocket, for your late Outrages, and will, moreover, upon my Return to *London*, post your Names in every Coffee House in that Metropolis, as a Set of groveling Poltroons and inimitable Cowards.

HE

HE had no sooner wrote this Epistle, than he gave it to his Valet, and ordering him how to behave, sent him to the Rendezvous of this illustrious Gang. This Servant was tryed and trusty, the Colonel had taken him from the Regiment to wait upon him, and, had resolved, upon this Occasion, to make Use of him as a Second, knowing him to be a Fellow of approved Courage, and thinking, together, they were a Match for a Score of such Wretches, who had shewn so much Pusillanimity upon the late Occasions of trying their Prowess. But he was soon supply'd, unexpectedly, with an Arm, the Weight of which had been often experienced by the Enemies of his Country ; for, as he was sauntering about the Room that looked into the Street, waiting for the Return of his Servant, he discovered a Brother Officer on the other Side of the Way, at which he sprung out of Doors, and throwing his Arms about him, strained him in a close Embrace, crying out, “ My dear Friend,
“ what great good Fortune is it that has
“ thrown you in my Way, when I thought
“ you a Prisoner, at such an awful Di-
“ stance

“ stance from my Embraces? Heavens!
 “ do I hold to my Bosom, the Compa-
 “ nion of all my Dangers, and the Re-
 “ pository of all my Secrets!” The
 Stranger, quite overcome with the Sud-
 denness of such an unexpected Address,
 could not utter a Word; but clasping his
 dear *Breyfield* to his Bosom, seemed si-
 lently to indulge the most supreme Satis-
 faction of Heart. The Novelty of such
 an Appearance in the Streets of *Bristol*,
 the amiable Graces that displayed them-
 selves in the Persons of these accomplished
 Youths, the Warmth and Tenderness of
 their Greeting, drew a Number of Specta-
 tors about them, and, therefore, to avoid
 further Observation, they retired into the
 Room the Colonel had just left, and for a
 considerable Space, their Conversation was
 made up of disjointed Accents of Joy,
 with an amazed Gazing at each other.
 At length, *Breyfield* cried out, “ My dear
 “ Friend, you have a Sister, the loveliest
 “ Creature that ever Heaven formed! That
 “ dear Sister, who triumphs over the Heart
 “ of your *Breyfield*, has received great In-
 “ sults from a Man, whose Quality shames
 “ his Actions: But the Story is too long
 “ for this Opportunity: Gracious Hea-

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“ven! ’tis but just now, that I heard the
“Charmer of my Heart was so nearly re-
“lated to a Man that is her only Rival
“in my Affection! I am waiting to chas-
“tise him and his Companions for their
“Insolence, and Providence has sent you
“to aid me in my Revenge!” The Stran-
ger, who was no other than the excellent
Brother of the charming *Lucy*, amazed
and overjoyed, was still more and more
at a Loss for Words to express himself!
Such an unexpected Meeting with his
Friend, such Tidings of his Sister, all con-
spired to add to the Confusion his Mind
was thrown into. “My worthy and dear
“Friend,” after a long Pause, he replied,
“where, where is this Sister, this lovely
“Sister, who, ever since I have been in
“*England*, and long before, has been ab-
“sent from all her Friends? What An-
“guish, how many Tears has she cost
“me! What Dread and Terror have I
“not been under for her! Oh! tell me,
“what is all this Mystery? How came
“my *Breyfield* interested in her Concerns,
“and where may I yet press her to this
“Bosom? May I believe that she is
“in Safety, and that her Innocence and
“her Virtue have met with no Stain?”
Whilst he spoke these Words, the Tears ran
down.

down his comely Face, and *Breyfield* endeavoured to calm his Soul, by immediately telling him some of the Circumstances of their first Meeting, and of every thing that had happened since, with the Discovery Mrs. *Harris* had made to him, who the sweet Creature was. He expatiated upon the Delight it gave him to hear of her Relation to his Bosom Friend, and, in the most rapturous Strains, enlarged in his Encomiums upon her matchless Beauties, her peerless Wisdom, piercing Wit, and spotless Virtue, and that fervent and unalterable Love that he bore her. At the Conclusion, he folded this much-valued Brother of his *Lucy*, once more in his Arms, and said, “ Sure, thou Inmate of my Bosom, you must, if your Friendship is not impaired by Absence, rejoice that the Tye that holds us together will be strengthened by a tender, a holy Union, with your charming Sister’s Virtues. If alas! I have nothing else to recommend me, I am certain, I have her Affection, her invaluable Love, and if her unkind Brother thinks me not worthy of his Alliance, yet we have bound ourselves so firmly to each other, in the Presence of Heaven, that no Power on Earth can sever us.” He was

was going on in the same Strain, seeing his Friend still look melancholy and confused, when that good Youth taking him by the Hand, which he squeezed between his, and conjecturing his Doubts, made the following Reply. “ If my *Breyfield*’s
“ Happiness and my Sister’s depended
“ upon my Approbation of their Love,
“ he need make no Doubt of its being
“ soon compleated. Yes, my Soul would
“ pant for an Alliance with a Friend, who
“ has all my Heart, and to whom I have
“ such numerous Obligations! But let
“ us, before we talk further on so pleasing a Topick, meet these Bravoes of
“ Quality, and give them their just Chastisement, and then endeavour to find
“ out and relieve the dear Mourner, who,
“ wherever she is, must stand in Need
“ of our Comfort and Assistance. My-
“ terious as her Conduct has been, how
“ can I help being dubious, whether it
“ will merit my Approbation?” *Breyfield* would have returned a proper Answer to this Speech, which he conceived, was too cold and too suspiciously disrespectful to his Mistress; but at the Instant when he was going to do so, the Colonel’s Servant returned with an Account of the Manner in which he had executed his
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“ Commission. “ I found them,” says he,
 “ at the House I was sent to, and telling
 “ the Landlord I had pressing Business
 “ with them, was admitted into a back
 “ Room, where they had got a Repast
 “ just served up: But I fancy my Letter
 “ palled their Appetites, for, with a grum-
 “ bling Curse or two, I was ordered to
 “ wait without for an Answer, which, in
 “ about half an Hour, was brought me
 “ by Lord *Chester* himself, who had be-
 “ fore ordered me some Wine, and now
 “ gave me me half a Crown to drink
 “ his Health. Here is the Letter, Sir,
 “ but I fancy, by the trembling Hand
 “ that delivered it to me, it is not of
 “ the fighting Cast. However, I per-
 “ ceive your Honour has got another
 “ Second (bowing to the new Comer,
 “ whom he seemed as much surprized al-
 “ most as his Master was, to see there) and
 “ such an one as, in Concert with your
 “ Honour, I have seen drive as many
 “ Platoons before him, as there are now
 “ single Persons to deal with.” *Edward*,
 whom we shall now call the Major, and
 his Friend, could not help smiling at
 this laconick Speech of their brave Ve-
 teran, and the former, clapping his Hand
 upon his Shoulder, cry’d, “ Honest *Mat-*
thewson,

“ *thewson*, I’m glad to see thee well, and
“ still more pleased to find thee with thy
“ worthy Master, and employed in pu-
“ nishing Fraud and Perfidy! Come,
“ let us not despair of overcoming them
“ both, in the Persons of these degenerate
“ Noblemen, when we have so often done
“ it in those of the Generals of *France*!
“ Come, Colonel, open this Letter which
“ is to decide the Manner of our Ope-
“ rations?” The Colonel immediately
opened it, and found it to the follow-
ing Effect.

To Lieut. Colonel Breyfield.

SIR,

SOME Business of Importance calling
us to *Bath*, it will be impossible for
either of us to comply with your Desire
till our Return, when you may depend
upon having Time and Place appointed.
But D—n me, if I conceive the Meaning
of all this!—I don’t know what young
Lady you mean, nor, that I can recollect,
did I ever see you in my Life, or know
who you was, till informed by your Ser-
vant.—There must be some Mistake. I am,

Your humble Servant,

CHESTER.

AT reading this Epistle, they could not refrain from laughing, it was so clearly a cowardly Subterfuge to evade a Decision of the Difference between them. "I find," cry'd the Major, "that we shall have more Trouble to bring these Gentlemen to Battle by far, than we shall have to vanquish them. But what's to be done? Let us go immediately to their Rendezvous and attack them before they have Time to decamp." The Colonel consented, and as they thought themselves equal to all their Antagonists, they ordered their Attendants to stay where they were, and directly set out on the Expedition. But when they arrived at the Tavern, lo! all the adverse Party had really decamped, and made a precipitate Retreat, nor could they get Tale or Tidings of the People in the House, which Way they had directed their Flight. As angry and resentful as our two Champions were, they could not preserve the Gravity of their Countenances upon this Occasion; but the Colonel recollecting the Promise *Chester's* Servant had made him, when he restored him to his Liberty, made not the least Doubt of his

his punctually informing him, where his Master and his Associates took up their Quarters. He imparted this to his Friend, and they agreed to leave Word at the House they came from, as well as at this Tavern, that they would be there again in a few Hours, that any Message or Intelligence he should send might reach their Hands. After paying the Reckoning and giving proper Orders to their Servants, they prepared now to pay a Visit at Mrs. *Easy's*, to see if they could get from her, which they made no doubt of doing, an Account of the fair Fugitive; for nothing but an eager Desire to punish *Chester*, could have detained *Breyfield* one Moment from the Search after the Idol of his Heart. The tender Brother, was full of a mournful Uneasiness, till he set Eyes on his beloved *Lucy*, an Uneasiness caused by more Considerations than one. He himself, tho' he told not so much to *Breyfield*, had lodg'd at Mrs. *Easy's*, ever since he came to *Bristol*, and not having seen his Sister, or heard of her, and *Breyfield* in the Confusion of Joy, their meeting so unexpectedly had put him in, not having been very precise as to the particular Time when the late Incidents occurred, he imagined she must

have been there longer than she really had been, which he did not know how to account for, as he himself had been absent from that Gentlewoman's but two Days, and never had the least Hint from her, before his Departure, of any young Lady being in the House. However, he kept all his Suspicions and Doubts to himself, wisely resolved to seek an Explanation from her own Mouth of all these seeming Mysteries and Contradictions.

It was now the Close of Day, and when they came to Mrs. *Easy's* Door and had knocked, that Gentlewoman herself let them in, and, by her Salutations, and the Joy she expressed at seeing the Major, threw *Breyfield* into a very great Surprise: But her Knowledge of his Friend was soon cleared up very pleasingly to him, by her crying out, as soon as the usual Complements had passed, "oh! " Sir, we had like to have had great Oc-
" casion for your Assistance: A fine young
" Lady, and, truly now I look, not very
" unlike yourself, was brought here by a
" Nobleman, one Lord *Chester*" — *Ed-ward's* Patience could hold out no longer, any more than his Friend's; they were too eager to know the Fate of *Lucy*, to
listen

listen to the long Tale, which Mrs. *Easy*, not imagining the Interest they had in it, was preparing for them. “ Ah! Madam,” they both at once exclaimed, “ Can you tell us where this lovely Creature is? We are all Impatience to see her! Where, where is she now? “ Don’t be so amazed, Madam,” seeing she was struck dumb with Astonishment, “ we know that she has been rescued from that Wretch *Chester*, by your kind Means, for which an eternal Gratitude shall reward you!—But, ah! Madam, finish your generous Designs in her Favour, by telling a Brother, and the most ardent Lover, where to find this fair Mourner, thus absent from her Friends, and indebted to the Humanity of Strangers?” Much the same Words were uttered by both these Gentlemen, and much at the same Instant: But Mrs. *Easy* was too much overjoyed and confused to answer their Enquiries so suddenly as they expected. At length, looking on them with a Countenance that seemed to declare the joyful Tidings she had to tell them, she made this Reply. “ Good God, how every thing has happened to my Wish!—That this worthy

“ Gentleman whom I eagerly expected,
 “ in order to make him the Confident of
 “ our Story, and to beg his Assistance,
 “ should be the Brother of a Lady I
 “ have conceived so great an Affection
 “ for! That he should be accompa-
 “ ny’d by that excellent, that accom-
 “ plished Lover, of whose just Praises
 “ I have heard, to day, such lavish En-
 “ comiums!—Well, I am really unable
 “ to speak—I am quite overcome with
 “ Wonder and with Delight. — But,
 “ Gentlemen,” seeing they waited with
 “ the utmost Eagerness till she answered
 their Queries, “ don’t be uneasy, the La-
 “ dy you seek is safe, and is now in
 “ the Apartments of a worthy Gentle-
 “ man that, you also know, Sir,” turn-
 ing to the Major, “ lodges in my House.
 “ She has just wrote and sent Letters to
 “ the Earl of *Rutland* and to a Gentle-
 “ woman some Miles hence.—Well, to
 “ be sure, never was so much Virtue—
 “ such Wisdom—such Innocence—such
 “ Goodness the Portion of one Woman!
 “ —Monseigneur is fonder of her than he
 “ could be of an only Daughter: But is
 “ it not proper I should first inform her
 “ of your being here; for if you sudden-
 “ ly

“ly come upon her, she may be too fa-
“tally surprized?—Alas, tho’ her Forti-
“tude and Courage are beyond all Pa-
“rallel—yet she is soft and tender to a
“Miracle!” Mrs. *Easy*’s Proposal would
have been accepted, if it had been made
to Persons less impatient than the two
Friends; but the fond and yet doubting
Brother, no sooner heard she was under
the Protection of a Gentleman with whom
he had contracted a very great Intimacy,
than, without making any Answer, he ran
directly towards his Apartments, followed
by the amorous *Breyfield*, who felt his
Heart inspired with an insinuating Tran-
sport, which his Absence from his dear
Lucy had so long made him a Stran-
ger to. *Edward*, without any Ceremony,
bolted into the Ante Chamber, and being
told by the Servants, that their Master was
in the next Apartment, would not let
them tell him of his Arrival, but with
the Familiarity that had been cultivated
between them, tho’ their Ages were so
different, immediately turned the Lock
and entered, where he found that Gentle-
man, sitting with his amiable Sister, who
was reading one of *Corneille*’s Pieces to
him, whilst he was attentively listening to
her harmonious Accents, and seemed lost

in Contemplation of her Perfections. And now immediately succeeded a Scene of Amazement, Joy, Tenderness on all sides, that rather requires the Pencil of a *Raphael* to do it Justice, than suits the feeble Pen of a Writer. The old Gentleman, with an Action of the warmest Friendship, would have detained *Edward* in his Embraces, whilst *Lucy*, overcome with the Sight of the well known Face of her Brother, and with the Appearance and Action of her dear *Breyfield*, who flung himself, without regarding any other Object, at her Feet, fell back in her Chair in a Swoon. And indeed, had their eager Longing to see her, given the least Room for Reflection, they would have perceived the Danger and Imprudence of thus surprising her. Mrs. *Easy*, who followed them as fast as she could, just then entered the Room, and perceiving how Matters were situated, flew to the Assistance of the poor Lady ; but there was little Opportunity for her intended good Offices. *Edward* disengaging himself from his worthy Friend, sprang to his Sister ; and flinging his Arms about her, joined *Breyfield* in recalling her to Life, by the tenderest and kindest Epithets ; “ Dearest Sister ! “ Lovely Creature ! Idol of my Soul ! ” alternately

ternately burst from their Lips, and she soon opening her lovely Eyes, and seeing two such adored Objects before her, threw one Arm round her *Edward's* Neck, and silently bedewed his Face with her Tears, whilst she held the other Hand out to her Lover, which he kissed with a Fervency of Devotion, crying, "Ah, my Charmer! " has Heaven, at last, restored you to me, " after such a dismal Night of Gloom " and Horror! Oh! Life of my Soul! " never more will I part from thee, never " more shall thy amiable Innocence be " exposed to such Dangers, such Insults! Mrs. *Easy* shed Tears in Abundance, and the old Gentleman, with a fixed Astonishment, and moved to the last Degree, stood fondly gazing upon this tender Scene, ever and anon crying out, " Gracious " God!—'tis all Miracle!—all Mystery!— " Oh! my excellent Creature! Is she really the Sister of this amiable Youth?" In some Time their scattered Reason and the Moderation of their Minds resumed their Seats; but some Minutes were still spent in gazing fondly at each other, and, in a kind of affectionate Strife between *Breyfield* and his Friend, who should hold the nearest Place to the almost worshipped
Lucy,

Lucy, which, at length, was resigned by
 the Brother to that impassioned Lover.
Edward was the first that recovered the
 Use of Speech, and addressing himself to
Lucy's Protector, he said, " Dear Sir, to
 " whom I must express my sincerest Ac-
 " knowledgments for his Goodness to this
 " valued Sister, excuse the Rudeness our
 " Impatience made us guilty of; but
 " when you consider, that it is now ma-
 " ny Years since I have seen her; that I
 " feared she was exposed to the most
 " dreadful Misfortunes, and was in doubt,
 " if ever she would bless these Eyes
 " again, I am sure your Humanity will
 " excuse these Effects of over Joy and
 " Surprise. Oh! Sir, you may remem-
 " ber how often, since I have had the Ho-
 " nour of your Acquaintance, the invo-
 " luntary Sighs have burst from this Bo-
 " som, and the Melancholy that general-
 " ly dwelt on my Mind: This Lady was
 " the Cause of it all. When I returned
 " from the Tumults of War, from Im-
 " prisonment, I expected in this dear
 " Maid, in her tender Offices, a Reward
 " for all my sufferings; but what was
 " my Distress, when I found she had, in
 " the most surprizing Manner, fled from
 " the

“ the Embraces of all her Friends, and
“ eluded every Search that was made af-
“ ter her. It will be out of my Power to
“ describe to you, how my Spirits sunk,
“ and what a Load of Sorrows I have
“ borne ever since : If my Consolations
“ had not been necessary to prevent the
“ absolute Despair” (here he fixed his Eyes
upon *Lucy*) “ of a truly excellent Parent,
“ I should have abandoned myself to all
“ their dire Effects; ’tis but this very
“ Day, that, in the most providential
“ Manner, I also recovered that Friend,
“ that most excellent and worthy Youth,
“ whose Soul is adorned with every Vir-
“ tue, and I was still more amazed, when
“ almost in the first Transports of our
“ Greeting, he mentioned this long sought
“ Sister. I could hardly think it other
“ than Enchantment and Delusion of my
“ Senses, at first; but Heavens be blessed
“ and praised, I have the real Presence
“ of this Brother of my Love; of this
“ dearly beloved Sister, with all her Beau-
“ ties, Graces and her spotless Virtue still
“ blooming around her, and of you, Sir,
“ who by some instinctive Power or other,
“ I have looked upon so long with the
“ Reverence due from a Son to a Father!”
“ And I Sir,” *Breyfield* then cried, “ what
“ can

“ can I plead to induce you to pardon
 “ me, or rather what can I not plead? I
 “ who am a perfect Stranger, and have
 “ intruded with so much Abruptness upon
 “ your Privacy? But, my dear Sir, only pic-
 “ ture to yourself the most sincere, the most
 “ passionate Lover, for many Days (which
 “ I might call Years) deprived of the Pre-
 “ sence, of the Delight of his Eyes, and
 “ the Charmer of his Heart; distracted-
 “ ly raving, and pursuing her abandoned
 “ Ravishers, and exposed to every dread-
 “ ful Doubt and Fear that could arise in
 “ his Breast, for the Safety of the Object
 “ of his Vows, and of his eternal and pure
 “ Affection! Oh! Sir, think of his Si-
 “ tuation, torn and harrassed by such
 “ contending Passions, and think, how
 “ off his Guard he must be, how little
 “ and trifling all Forms and Ceremo-
 “ nies appeared to him, when he was
 “ told where his lovely Creature was de-
 “ posited. Oh! Sir, had she been in
 “ the Presence of the most august Ma-
 “ jesty, my Impatience, my Eagerness to
 “ fling myself at her Feet, would have
 “ carried me with the same inconfi-
 “ derate Impetuosity before her. I see,
 “ my Lord, by the Tears of Kindness
 “ and Humanity you shed, that you in-
 “ clude

“ clude me, also, in your Pardon. Ac-
“ cept, most generous Man, of my Ac-
“ knowledgments for your kind Pro-
“ tection of this Pattern of all Perfection,
“ Acknowledgments that are beyond eve-
“ ry Epithet to express my Sense of.
“ Oh! Sir, how supremely happy, how
“ blessed beyond all Conception you have
“ made me!—The Labour of a whole Life
“ of Respect, Veneration and Assiduity, will
“ be insufficient to repay you the mighty
“ Debt I owe you!”—Whilst these two
accomplished Youths were thus pleading,
the Delight that sparkled in their *Lucy's*
Eyes, that impressed her Breast, as she
gazed alternately upon two Persons en-
deared to her by every soft Tye; the
grateful Sensations that were felt by their
generous Protector, whose Heart was en-
tirely filled with Love, and Admiration at
the wonderful Discoveries that had been
made, of the Relation the Major and the
Lady bore to each other, and who looked
upon *Breyfield* with an Excess of Esteem,
were almost inconceivable. “ Ah!” he
cried “ has Providence prepared so much
“ Bliss for me in my declining Days, as
“ to be assistant to the Welfare and Hap-
“ piness of three such amiable Persons, for
“ whom I am inspired with so much Af-
“ fection,

“fection, that I can scarce think of them
 “otherwise than as my own Children!
 “Yes, there needs no Apologies for what
 “has, and will continue to give me the
 “most sincere Delight! I partake in the
 “Joy and Pleasure your Sight of each
 “other creates, and must think I see the
 “immediate Hand of Providence in this
 “Meeting. That lovely Creature has,
 “with an Ingenuity peculiar to noble
 “Minds, been informing me of her Sto-
 “ry, from her earliest Knowledge, and
 “as she has no Parents that can claim,
 “or have claimed an Interest in her, I
 “am already determined to treat you as
 “my Heirs, and to settle upon her and
 “you, all my Fortune,” turning to the
 Major, “and therefore, I should, with the
 “greatest Pleasure, see your generous Be-
 “nefactor, the noble *Rutland*, and con-
 “sult with him the Measures for your
 “future Settlement in Life. I am old,
 “worn out with Years, and Disorders in-
 “cident thereto, and I find your Wel-
 “fare will constitute all the Happiness I
 “have now a Capacity to enjoy. You,
 “Sir, let me call you too my Son, no
 “less tender Epithet will satisfy me, de-
 “serve the Place you hold in that fair
 “One’s Heart. The Generosity, the dis-
 “interested

“ interested Humanity you have shewed
“ towards her, and which no Tongue but
“ her’s could so well describe, makes you
“ entirely worthy of her Affection, and
“ the Regard of all her Friends: That
“ you, her Deliverer, should be the Friend,
“ the brave Companion of her Brother’s
“ Fortunes, which I find you have been,
“ from what you have both let fall, must
“ still strengthen your Claim to a Union
“ with the lovely Charmer, and I hope
“ my Lord of *Rutland*, will consent to
“ give her to your Embraces. I am not
“ acquainted with his Lordship: but as
“ I know he is in this City, this Gentle-
“ man” (turning to *Breyfield*) “ and my-
“ self will go and seek him, leaving such
“ an affectionate Pair together, who, no
“ doubt, have a great deal to say, and to
“ impart to each other.” The Major
and his delightful Sister, flung themselves
on their Knees before him, and, in the
most grateful Terms, thank’d him for his
intended Generosity. He raised and press-
ed them, again and again, between his
Arms, and then folded *Breyfield* to his Bo-
som, with an Action that betokened how
dear his Virtues had made him to him.
The Chariot was ordered to be ready,
and

and this worthy Patron and the faithful Lover took their Leave of the amiable *Lucy* and her *Edward*; the latter seeming almost in Despair to part with her, tho' for ever so short a Time. When they were departed (after the Major had given them a Direction where to find the Earl of *Rutland*) he, again and again, embraced his beloved Sister, and she informed him of all her Adventures, from the Time he first went to the Army, with the Motives for her leaving their generous Friend *Rutland*, of whom, however, she spoke in Terms of the highest Duty, Reverence and Gratitude, mingling her Relation with Tears and Sighs, that the Memory of her Dangers and Sufferings drew from her fine Eyes.

H E R Brother looked at her with a pleased Admiration, during the whole Course of her Narration, his Bosom agitated by various contending Passions. He alternately exclaimed against the ignoble *Chester*, and the infamous *Yielding*, and blessed the good *Pickring* and *Hépenny*, the worthy Countess of *Suffolk* and his generous Friend the Colonel. "My Sister," he cry'd, at the Conclusion of
 "her

her Relation, “ how infinitely dearer you
“ are to my Soul, from your firm Adhe-
“ rence to the sublime Principles of Vir-
“ tue and Goodness, from the Sufferings
“ and Hardships you have endured to
“ preserve that Purity that adorns your
“ Mind and Person, I want Words to
“ describe! Your Flight from the Earl of
“ *Rutland*, your disinterested and noble
“ Manner of leaving him, every Part of
“ your Conduct since, raises my Love to
“ a kind of awful Veneration! God
“ knows to whom we owe our Birth, but
“ can it be other than great and ex-
“ alted, when, we both, I hope, bear so
“ strong an Aversion to every Thing base,
“ mean and sordid? But that excellent
“ Peer has suffered sufficiently for the Ills
“ he has caused you: When he pressed
“ me close to his Bosom, at my Return to
“ his Embraces, Tears fell from his Eyes,
“ and his Breast heaved with Anguish.
“ Surprized and amazed, I dared hardly
“ pronounce your Name; for alas! I
“ thought Death had robbed me of my
“ Sister, the Pride and the Glory of my
“ Life!—I imagined my *Lucy* was no
“ more!—When his Grief and the over-
“ bearing Joy he expressed at the Sight
“ of me, would permit him, he unde-
“ ceived

"ceived me. He, in the most generous
 "and open Manner, told me, of his fond
 "Desire to have made you his, and his
 "Despair when he found he could make
 "no such Impressions upon your Heart,
 "as his Delicacy of Sentiment taught
 "him to expect: And oh! he, with
 "Tears and Groans of despairing Frenzy,
 "condemned his rash Behaviour on that
 "fatal Night which has caused us all so
 "many Sufferings. Tenderly as I loved
 "him, gratefully as my Bosom resented
 "his noble Treatment of us, I could
 "scarce hear the unhappy Tale, without
 "Anger and Fury. But, my *Lucy*, I had
 "no Enemy to revenge thee of—It was
 "our best Friend and our Parent, who,
 "pale and worn out with Grief for thy
 "Loss, bared his Bosom, and bid me
 "strike a Blow to avenge my own and
 "my Sister's injured Honour. At that
 "Instant, all his noble, his amiable Cha-
 "racter and Behaviour, all the invaluable
 "and undeserved Favours he had con-
 "ferred upon us, rose to my Mind:
 "Ah! I cry'd, flinging myself upon
 "my Knees before him, Ah! best and
 "dearest of Men, what do I deserve for
 "harbouring a Moment's Resentment
 "against you! Oh! could this ungrate-

"ful

“ful Sister have conformed to your Sentiments, how supremely blessed she would have made us!” — “I cannot bear,” replied that excellent Peer, “I cannot bear my *Edward*, that you should say any thing to condemn that ever dear Maid! No, let us strive to recover her, to bring her back to our Embraces, and to convince her, that her Happiness alone shall be consulted, without any self interested Motives on our side. I own my Passion for her is still too painfully overbearing for me, but it shall never be again mentioned, and my whole future Study shall be to bless her every Moment, and to repair the Injuries she has received. Oh! my Children! my Children, when shall I hold them together in these Arms!” “Had you been Witness to this solemnly tender Scene, my Sister, how would your Breast have heaved at the same Time, with unutterable Joy, unutterable Tenderness and Anguish! — Indeed, my *Lucy* was too precipitate — she should not have left her Guardian and her Friend so rashly, — his Return to Reason, she might have known, would be as sudden as his Departure from it. Oh! my Sister, no Words can describe the exalted Good-

I

“ness

"ness of his Heart, the Sublimity of his
 "Sentiments! I could have wished—but
 "it is now, I find, too late, that you
 "could have persuaded yourself to give
 "your Affections and yourself to this
 "amiable Man—convinced that you must
 "have been supremely happy in such an
 "Union, which would have enabled you
 "to discharge, by your Tendernefs and
 "your Love, part of the mighty Debt
 "we owe him! I cannot help, however,
 "applauding your Regard for the wor-
 "thy *Breyfield*: He has, indeed, every
 "good Quality that can make him be-
 "loved by a Woman of Sense and Dis-
 "cernment. 'Twas under his honoured
 "Father, who is since become a Ge-
 "neral Officer, that I learned the mi-
 "litary Sciences, 'twas to his Care, if
 "you can recollect, that the noble *Rut-*
 "*land* confided me, and he discharged
 "the Trust like a Man of Honour. Your
 "Lover and myself were always toge-
 "ther; the same our Studies, our Plea-
 "sures and our Dangers; we esteemed
 "each other as Brothers, and his Father
 "seemed to make no Manner of Di-
 "stinction between us. He is now at
 "*Bath*, and I made an Excursion there
 "two or three Days ago, to pay my Du-

ty to him, and to meet my Friend,
who, I heard, was with him, at that
Place. Soon after I came first to *Bri-*
stol, the Earl of *Rutland* was obliged to
set out for *London* upon Business of Im-
portance, and this being a more plea-
sant Part of the City, I took an A-
partment at Mrs. *Easy*'s till his Return,
and, overcome with Melancholy as I
was, found great Solace in the Compa-
ny of your worthy Deliverer, Monsieur
St. Hermione, and we at first Sight,
notwithstanding the Disparity of our
Years, entertained a reciprocal Fondness
for each other. By what I can find, he
has no Family, having lost an only
Daughter, many Years since, who died
in *England*, at a Seat of your favourite
Countess, who had an extreme Vene-
ration for her. The Earl of *Rutland*
arrived the Day before my fortunate
meeting with your Lover, whom I had
missed of at *Bath*, to my great Regret.
I was just coming from him to dis-
charge my Lodging here, as he has taken
a very commodious Set of Apartments
near the Wells, and insists I should
live there with him, during his Stay in
Bristol, where he was advised to come
for the Benefit of the Waters. My Ser-
vants

“ wants are all there, and I hope soon to
 “ restore him to his Peace of Mind by
 “ conducting you to his Presence: Alas!
 “ I had not Presence of Mind enough to
 “ prevent the Visit this worthy Gentleman is
 “ gone, with *Breyfield*, to pay him; and I was
 “ in too much Confusion to reflect, that he
 “ may not yet have conquered his Passion
 “ for you, and that the Idea of a Rival
 “ and a favoured Rival, may plant Dag-
 “ gers in his Breast! Oh! my Sister, I
 “ have myself experienced all the Force
 “ of that soft Passion, and as I know
 “ what I should feel myself in such a Si-
 “ tuation, I tremble at the Injury it may
 “ produce to his noble Mind. But Hea-
 “ ven, I hope, will preserve him from the
 “ cruel Effects of a slighted Love, and
 “ spare you the Pain, the Mortification
 “ of destroying your best Friend!”

THE lovely Creature could not hear
 what her Brother had said, without being
 extremely moved at his tender Reproof
 in Relation to the Earl of *Rutland*; she
 was lost, for some Minutes after he had
 concluded, in silent Reflection thereon and
 was seeking for Arguments to justify a
 Conduct which this worthy Brother seemed
 so tenderly to blame. At length, she re-
 “ plied,

plied “ Ah! my Brother, if, as you tell
“ me, you have felt the Force of that soft
“ Passion, which has melted my Soul in
“ Favour of so worthy an Object, you
“ will acknowledge that our Affections
“ are not absolutely in our own Disposal.
“ Need I attempt any Apology for lov-
“ ing a Youth, he himself thinks so de-
“ serving of my Tendernefs, and who
“ has, on such interesting Occasions, dis-
“ played his Veneration and Regard for
“ me? Yet, I wish, with you, that I
“ could have felt for the Earl that Af-
“ fection he expected from me; but
“ alas! I now perceive the great Differ-
“ ence between this Heaven-directed Love,
“ and that Friendship, Esteem, and Gra-
“ titude, which alone found a Place in
“ my Heart, for that truly deserving No-
“ bleman. However, he has, no doubt,
“ done me the Justice to inform you,
“ that I used every Means to fix my
“ Affections upon him, and that I prof-
“ fered him at last, that Sacrifice from
“ my Obligations to him, and Respect
“ for him, which I found, alas! he could
“ not owe to my Love. Perhaps my
“ having, all along, considered him as
“ my Superior, my Benefactor, and my
“ Parent, damped that Passion, which
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“ otherwise the Dignity of his Mind and
“ Sentiments and the Graces of his Per-
“ son could not have failed to create :
“ And taught as I had been, to look up-
“ on my Honour, my spotless Virtue, as
“ the noblest of my Endowments, was it
“ not most natural for me, after what had
“ happened, to fear for them both, in
“ the perpetual Presence of a Person who
“ had so many Advantages on his Side,
“ in his fine Qualities, and in the Vene-
“ ration I could not help having for him?
“ Oh! my dear Brother, I did not light-
“ ly, or without due Consideration of all
“ these Things, leave our kind Benefac-
“ tor’s hospitable Roof. I thought also
“ of all that I owed him upon your Ac-
“ count, as well as my own, and was al-
“ most driven to Despair, in executing a
“ Resolution which I imagined was alone
“ capable of preserving your Sister. I
“ have never mentioned his Name since;
“ but with the utmost Reverence; and
“ even to Mrs. *Pickring*, who so kindly and
“ humanely provided for my Safety, I
“ never told who the Person was, from
“ whom I had so much Reason to absent
“ myself. If my Terror and Apprehen-
“ sion on this Account had not been ex-
“ treme, should I have left the excellent
“ Countess

“ Countess of *Suffolk*, who loved me, and
“ whom I sincerely loved, with all the
“ Distinctions she had shewed me, and the
“ Advantages she was providing for me,
“ to set out once more a Fugitive and
“ a friendless Wanderer, exposed to all
“ the Dangers and Difficulties, that my
“ Sex, my Youth and my Inexperience
“ would not fail to draw upon me? And
“ when I left the Asylum that Lady had
“ afforded me, should I have thrown
“ myself upon the Generosity of Mrs:
“ *Harris*, a Person under so many Obli-
“ gations to the Earl and so connected
“ with him; but in Hope, not only of
“ meeting with Security under her Roof;
“ but also of flinging myself at our
“ *Rutland*’s Feet, when I was assured he
“ had overcome his fatal Passion, and his
“ Reason had resumed its Throne in his
“ Breast? I was no sooner certified by
“ her, that it had, and that my Absence
“ had cost him great Affliction, than I
“ consented to return to him, which would
“ before now, have been put in Execu-
“ tion, but for the fresh Insult I received
“ from the hated *Chester*. Ah! little did
“ know of the true Complexion of the
“ World, of the Villainy of Mankind,
“ of the horrid Dangers I should be ex-

“ posed to, when I flung myself upon
 “ their Compassion: If I had, I should
 “ have tempted all the dreaded Effects
 “ of my Continuance at the Earl’s, ra-
 “ ther than have subjected myself to so
 “ many Evils. I have been treated no-
 “ bly and affectionately, by the worthy
 “ Gentleman in whose Apartments we now
 “ are, he was so moved by my Distress,
 “ that he had taken every Measure to
 “ secure me from any fresh Uneasiness.
 “ I cannot account for it; but, like you,
 “ I conceived the tenderest Esteem and
 “ Reverence for him, when I first set Eyes
 “ upon him, which has increased great-
 “ ly every Moment since. You perceive
 “ the generous Designs he has in my
 “ Favour: But alas! he little knows that
 “ there are other Persons who have a na-
 “ tural Right to his Love. If this is
 “ Monsieur *St. Hermione*, and by all Cir-
 “ cumstances it must be the same, and no
 “ Words can express the Amazement I
 “ was under when I heard the Name, I
 “ am too well acquainted with his Story,
 “ and that of his amiable, his unhappy
 “ Daughter, to flatter my Expectations
 “ with what he has promised in our Fa-
 “ vour. The Countess of *Suffolk* has in-
 “ formed me of all that related to his
 “ Affairs,

“ Affairs, and, if Providence has mercifully deigned to succour Innocence, he will soon be supremely happy, nor will the Earl of *Rutland* be without his Share thereof.”—“ Ah! my lovely Sister,” *Edward* replied, “ you speak Mysteries to me!—Mysteries which my labouring Mind has been, all the Time you have thus alarmed it—eagerly endeavouring to unravel!—How is Lord *Rutland* concerned in any Thing that relates to Monsieur *St. Hermione*?—And yet—he had a Brother—whose Fate he but lately, with many Tears, imparted to me—who, he hinted, fell a Victim to (excuse the Expression of a Lady, who, on your Account, I have so many Reasons else to reverence) the Treachery and Cruelty of the Countess of *Suffolk*? But what Connexion between him and Monsieur *St. Hermione*?” “ Ah! my Brother,” *Lucy* answered, “ that excellent Lady was wrongfully and injuriously accused of causing the Death of that young Nobleman, whose Crimes, alas! were a Disgrace to his Family!—No, she ought rather to receive the grateful Thanks and Praises of my Lord *Rutland*, than to be avoided with that Hatred and Aversion he has displayed to-

“wards her, for so many Years, and
 “which she has often lamented with bit-
 “ter Regrets. Monsieur *St. Hermione's*
 “Daughter was that unhappy Nobleman's
 “Wife, his neglected, scorned and de-
 “serted Wife, and she had Children by
 “him, who, I hope, live to lay Claim
 “to the Place they have so much Right
 “to, both in his Affections and the Earl
 “of *Rutland's*!—If his Lordship would but
 “be persuaded to come to an Explanation
 “with the Countess of *Suffolk*, he would
 “have as much Reason to love and esteem
 “her Virtues, as he apprehends he has to
 “detest her Crimes. Her Mind is the
 “Seat of every truly great and noble
 “Principle, and she is a Pattern of Vir-
 “tue, of Wisdom and Goodness. But
 “my dear Brother, let us leave off dis-
 “cussing of Matters that do not so im-
 “mediately concern us, tho' the reflecting
 “upon them, has thrown you into such
 “a fixed Astonishment. Does my Bro-
 “ther think, that he is of so little Con-
 “sequence to me, that I am not interest-
 “ed to know how he has spent his Time
 “since so many tedious Years have se-
 “vered us from each other? I long to
 “hear his Adventures, and who the La-
 “dy is that reigns in his Bosom, and
 “whom

“ whom I long to fold in my Arms. Our
“ Time is short—*Monfieur St. Hermione*
“ will return, and I am too impatient to
“ defer the Knowledge of what concerns
“ my dear Brother to another Time.”
Edward flinging his Arms round this
lovely Sister, preſſed her to his Boſom,
with an inexpressible Tenderneſs, and
ſaid, “ I will gratify your Curioſity, my
“ deareſt *Lucy*, it is but juſt that your
“ Brother ſhould make you acquainted
“ with what has befallen him ſince he
“ left *England*: Prepare then to hear his
“ Story, which tho’ not diverſified with
“ many uncommon Turns of Fortune,
“ will yet, I doubt not, ſufficiently inte-
“ reſt one that takes ſo intimate a Share
“ in what concerns him.”

“ You remember with how much Sor-
“ row and Anguiſh my parting with our
“ dear Friend and my beloved *Lucy* was
“ accompanied, and tho’ Ambition and
“ a Thirſt of Glory had fired my Boſom,
“ it was many Days before I could re-
“ cover that Serenity of Mind which I
“ had loſt, by my Separation from eve-
“ ry Thing I then held valuable, or had
“ the leaſt Réaſon to love more than

“ the rest of the World. I met with
 “ no sinister Accident in my Passage to
 “ *Holland*, or my Journey to the Army,
 “ where, upon my presenting my Letters
 “ to Colonel *Breyfield*, the Father of your
 “ Lover, I was received with every Mark
 “ of Friendship and Distinction, and pre-
 “ sented to the Duke of *Marlborough*, to
 “ whom the Earl had also wrote so strong-
 “ ly in my Favour, that he ordered me
 “ to attend upon his Person, and I ac-
 “ companied him in the glorious Battle
 “ of *Ramillies*, so fatal to the *French* Pro-
 “ jects. In this Battle I was so fortunate
 “ as to gain his Esteem, by the Firm-
 “ ness and Resolution I displayed, and
 “ he made me an Ensign upon the Field
 “ of Battle, in my Patron, Colonel *Brey-*
 “ *field*’s Regiment, in the Room of a
 “ worthy Youth who lost his Life in the
 “ Conflict. ’Twas in this Station I first
 “ contracted that warm and tender Friend-
 “ ship with your Lover, which made us
 “ inseparable, and there was no Affair of
 “ any Consequence in which we did not
 “ accompany each other, emulous of de-
 “ serving the Consideration that was paid
 “ us by our Superiors. That Gentleman,
 “ who had the Advantage of three Years
 “ earlier

“ earlier Knowledge in the Service, was a
“ Lieutenant at that Time in the same
“ Company with me, and his Father, who
“ made no manner of Distinction between
“ us, rejoiced in our Attachment to each
“ other; the same Tent, the same Bed
“ held us, and we were inseparable: But
“ an Incident that happened soon after the
“ Battle of *Ramillies* made us still dearer
“ to each other. We were ordered out
“ under Colonel *Durand*, upon a recon-
“ noitring Party, and if it was found prac-
“ ticable, to dislodge a few Battalions of
“ the Enemy, that were posted upon the
“ Right of our Camp. Tho’ they were
“ greatly superior, and defended by a
“ Redoubt, mounted with a Number of
“ Cannon, the Ardour of the Troops
“ were not to be restrained, and we fell
“ upon them with the utmost Bravery,
“ they defending their Post with equal
“ Courage. We took their Cannon at
“ the first Onset, and, after three or four
“ Discharges, came to dispute the Ground
“ with Push of Bayonet. My Platoon
“ was engaged in the thickest of the
“ Fight, when I perceived, at some Di-
“ stance, my Friend upon the Earth, and
“ two *French* Grenadiers ready to knock
“ him on the Head with the Butt End of

“ their Muskets, which they had club’d
“ for that Purpose. Immediately, full of
“ Grief and Rage, I ran to the Spot, and
“ pulling a Pistol from my Pocket, shot
“ one of them dead at my Feet, and the
“ other, almost as instantaneously, I ran
“ thro’ the Body. By this Time, both our
“ Platoons were broken, and, indeed, our
“ whole Regiment had suffered extreme-
“ ly, and gave Way before the superior
“ Force that assailed us; so that we were
“ left as it were alone, save about twelve
“ of my own Platoon, and surrounded by
“ too great Odds to think of escaping.
“ *Breyfield* had recovered his Feet, and
“ we fought Side by Side, with an Obsti-
“ nacy that amazed our Antagonists, who
“ called to us, repeatedly, to surrender,
“ and not to hazard our Lives by such
“ ineffectual Bravery. Quite faint and spent
“ with our Fatigue, and Loss of Blood
“ flowing from many Wounds, we were near
“ being slaughtered, which we preferred
“ to becoming Prisoners, when our broken
“ Division being rallied, drove the *French*
“ in their Turn, and rescued us from De-
“ struction. We were borne back to the
“ Camp, quite insensible, amidst the Ap-
“ plauses of our Officers, and conveyed
“ to our Tent, where our Wounds were
“ pronounced

“ pronounced not dangerous ; to the great
“ Satisfaction of every one. The Praises
“ we received from our Superiors, and the
“ increased Respect that every one paid
“ us after this Display of our Intrepidity,
“ was enough to have puffed up our
“ young Minds, and might have had an
“ ill Effect upon our future Behaviour ;
“ but far from it, our Modesty and In-
“ assurance was rather increased, and the
“ Circumstance that gave us most Pleasure,
“ was the Certainty that we were beloved
“ by each other, and our Danger and the
“ Pain we had felt from our Wounds,
“ still more and more strengthened our
“ Friendship. No Wonder if Colonel
“ *Breyfield*, who was soon after made a
“ general Officer, was more fond of me
“ from this Occurrence, and he publick-
“ ly pronounced, if he had any Interest
“ we should always act in the same Corps
“ together. The Action was represented
“ in so favourable a Light for us, to his
“ Grace of *Marlborough*, that the next
“ Opportunity my Friend was promoted
“ to the Command of a Company, and I
“ was made his Lieutenant. I shall dwell
“ the less upon these Matters, however,
“ as my Letters informed our worthy Be-
“ nefactor and yourself, from Time to
“ Time

“ Time, of these Incidents, and those I re-
 “ ceived from you both, in Return, as they
 “ afforded my Mind the utmost Pleasure
 “ and Satisfaction, so they served to quick-
 “ en me in my Steps to Glory, which
 “ now fired all my Soul. So dearly I
 “ loved my *Breyfield*, that I communicated
 “ them always to him, and recollect that
 “ from the bare reading my *Lucy's* Let-
 “ ters, which he did with Rapture, at
 “ their Elegance and Tendernefs, that a
 “ Foundation was laid for the absolute
 “ Conquest you have now made of his
 “ Heart, altho' in his fair Fugitive he
 “ did not, at first, know the accomplished
 “ Sister of his Companion. And I look, with
 “ Reverence, upon the secret Dispensations
 “ of Providence, in the Events that have
 “ since brought you together.” “ Ah!”
 “ he would often cry, “ what a Treasure
 “ must this lovely Creature be! How su-
 “ premely happy should I think myself in
 “ inspiring her with a soft Passion in my
 “ Favour! How blessed in a future U-
 “ nion with such Virtues and Graces!” And
 “ no doubt, the frequent Mention I proud-
 “ ly made of my *Lucy's* Beauties, still
 “ more and more inclined him to be
 “ her Slave, whenever he might throw
 “ himself at her Feet. When the Cam-
 “ paign

“ paign was ended, our Regiment went
“ into Winter Quarters at *Ghent*, which
“ with other strong Towns in *Flanders* had
“ opened its Gates to us, after the Bat-
“ tle of *Ramillies*. 'Twas here, my Sis-
“ ter, that your Brother, so very early
“ in Life, lost his Liberty, and by an
“ Accident that contributed also to give
“ me the Heart of one of the fairest and
“ best of her Sex, who has no Equal in
“ the Beauties of her Mind and Person
“ but yourself. We were one Even-
“ ing returning from Count *Bentheim's*,
“ Governor of the City, where we had
“ been entertained, with the rest of the
“ Gentlemen of the Garrison, with a Sup-
“ per and a Ball, and passing to our Quar-
“ ters when we perceived some Soldiers
“ surrounding a Chariot, in which were a
“ Gentleman and a Lady, who seemed
“ both in a perfect Consternation and
“ Terror at the rugged Usage they re-
“ ceived. It was a maroding Party com-
“ manded by one of the greatest Brutes
“ of an Officer, and there are many such,
“ in the whole Garrison. They had seized
“ this Prize at some Miles Distance from
“ the City, and finding they were of the
“ Enemy's Country, brought them Pri-
“ soners, with two or three Servants, in a
“ kind

“ kind of savage Triumph. Struck at
 “ first Sight with the Charms that dis-
 “ played themselves in the young Lady’s
 “ Person, we made up to them, sur-
 “ prized, that Persons of such seeming
 “ Quality, should have travelled in a
 “ Country possessed by an Enemy, with-
 “ out the necessary and usual Passports.
 “ Our Appearance, and the gentle Saluta-
 “ tions we addressed them with, so far
 “ overcame their Fears, as to enable them
 “ to tell us they were going to *Louvain*,
 “ and had a Passport with them ; but
 “ were attacked with so much Ferocity
 “ and Rudeness, that, in the Hurry of
 “ their Spirits, they forgot to deliver it
 “ to the Officer of the Party, who, on
 “ his Side, was so uncivil, as never to
 “ desire a Sight of it. Seeing their Pass-
 “ port was a good one, and *Breyfield* and
 “ myself being superior in Rank to the
 “ Officer that was their Captor, we mild-
 “ ly rebuked him for his Want of Re-
 “ spect and Civility, which he resenting,
 “ and using some coarse Expressions, that
 “ Gentleman gave him a Reply, which
 “ provoked him so much, that he was
 “ going to draw his Sword ; upon which
 “ we resolved to accompany him to
 “ the Governor’s, who not only released

“ the

“ the Prisoners and their Attendants,
“ but put the Officer under an Arrest,
“ and highly commended us for the
“ Pains we had taken. The Acknow-
“ ledgments, however, we received from
“ the Lady and her Brother, for in that
“ Relation her Fellow Traveller stood to
“ her, were infinitely more pleasing to us,
“ than the Praises of the Governor; al-
“ ready I found, from contemplating her
“ lovely Features, I had interested my-
“ self too much in all that concerned
“ her, and ’twas with an Excess of
“ Joy, that I received a Ring from her
“ fine Hand, as a Token of her Grati-
“ tude, whilst her Brother bestowed the
“ highest Encomiums upon my Friend,
“ and told him, his future Actions should
“ testify the Sense he had of our ge-
“ nerous Behaviour to them. It was
“ with no great Difficulty that we were all
“ persuaded to accept of a Dinner next Day,
“ of the Governor, when we understood
“ this illustrious Pair were the Son and
“ Daughter of the Count *de Rabutin*, a
“ Nobleman of great Distinction at the
“ Court of *France*, and that they were
“ going to *Louvain*, upon a Visit to
“ their Mother, who was at that Place,
“ when

“ when it surrendered to the Allies, and
 “ had since fallen sick. They were both
 “ pretty nearly of the same Age, and in
 “ the Bloom of Youth. The Sister’s
 “ Graces of Face and Person will shame
 “ even the Description of an enamoured
 “ Lover, who but too intimately felt all
 “ their Force. Her Hair, which was dark
 “ brown, flowed, in artless Ringlets, a-
 “ down a Neck which had the White-
 “ ness of Snow itself; her lovely Features
 “ were perfectly regular, and the Lilly
 “ and the Rose seemed to vye there for
 “ Superiority. Her Stature was of the
 “ middling Size; but the Dignity, and
 “ mingled Sweetness of her Deportment
 “ was altogether charming. When she
 “ spoke, the softest Melody dwelt up-
 “ on her Tongue, and the Wit she was
 “ Mistress of, gave a Brilliancy to every
 “ Thing she uttered. You may imagine,
 “ my dear Sister, that it was with a Joy
 “ bordering almost upon Rapture, that,
 “ whenever my Glances met with her’s,
 “ she seemed to express a Kind of fond
 “ Pleasure in gazing upon me, and di-
 “ stinguished me to all appearance above
 “ the rest of the Company. If before
 “ I had any good Properties, the Endea-
 “ yours

“ yours to make myself agreeable to this
“ Lady gave them added Power, and
“ you may believe I received with a grate-
“ ful Sensibility, the Liberty the Gover-
“ nor granted me to escort them to the
“ End of their Journey, with a Detach-
“ ment of our Regiment. That discern-
“ ing Nobleman perceived, at once, how
“ much I was captivated with the Sight
“ of the fair Prisoner, and calling me
“ aside, jocularly clapped me upon the
“ Shoulder, and cry’d, “ Take Care,
“ young Gentleman, that in delivering
“ that young Lady from Bondage, you
“ do not rivet Fetters for yourself, and
“ remember ’tis Death to correspond with
“ the Queen’s Enemies.” “ Ah! my
“ Lord,” I reply’d, “ if all the Queen’s
“ Enemies made use of such potent Ar-
“ tillery, I fear the stoutest of her Troops
“ would give Way before them. Why,
“ my Lord, ’tis the Artillery of Heaven
“ itself.” *Breyfield* too, squeezing my
“ Hand, said with a Smile, “ I fancy up-
“ on the Expedition you are going, you
“ can do without your Friend, farewell,
“ and Conquest crown your Fortune! I
“ was beginning to look my Soul away
“ too, but I will have no Competition in
“ this

“ this Affair with the Brother of my
 “ Love.” I went to prepare my Escorte,
 “ and having drawn them up before the
 “ Governor’s House, received my ange-
 “ lick Charge, and march’d out of the
 “ City with them ; and, whether in Com-
 “ plaisance, or by observing the sudden
 “ Fondness I expressed for his Sister, the
 “ young Count insisted upon my going
 “ into the Chariot with her, after we had
 “ gone some Miles, whilst he got upon
 “ my Horse, saying it was more agreea-
 “ ble to him, than being cooped up in
 “ such a Vehicle. Be that as it may,
 “ I embraced his Offer with Transport,
 “ and perceived, I thought, that it was
 “ far from being disagreeable to his Sister.
 “ But the Awe and Timidity her Pre-
 “ sence inspired me with, for some Mi-
 “ nutes, made me keep a profound Si-
 “ lence, whilst I gazed upon her heavenly
 “ Face with an inexpressible Delight, and
 “ from her Looks, had the Satisfaction
 “ to think that she looked upon me with
 “ equal Fondness.” “ Ah!” I said to my-
 “ self, “ what Miseries am I destined to,
 “ and why do I give Way to a Passion,
 “ which from the Circumstances of the
 “ Object of it, must needs prove a Source
 “ of Evil to me. Is she not of the E-
 “ nemy’s

“ nemy’s Country, and when I have de-
“ livered her to her Friends, is there the
“ least Probability that I should ever see
“ her again? Oh! *Edward*, check this
“ Tenderness of thine in its Infancy—
“ gaze with Rapture upon that delight-
“ ful Face, but let her not gain the Do-
“ minion over thy Heart!” She per-
“ ceived the Embarrassment I was un-
“ der, and kindly to relieve me from it,
“ said, in the softest Tone of Voice.
“ I regret, Sir, that the Enemies of my
“ Country have so much Generosity and
“ good Breeding that it is impossible for
“ us to hate them. Here we have been
“ protected in a Manner that calls for all
“ our Acknowledgments, and without a
“ Possibility of making a proper Return:
“ But it may be some Pleasure to you,
“ if I tell you, that I have always had
“ a great Value for the *English*, which
“ may arise from my natural Connexions
“ with that Country; for my Mother is
“ an *English* Woman, and was Sister to
“ the late Earl of *Suffolk*.” “ Ah! Ma-
“ darn,” I returned, “ a Soul like yours
“ can harbour no sordid Partiality to one
“ Country more than another; like the
“ Sun, you are destined to chear all alike.
“ and

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“ and to charm them with your Influ-
 “ ence. Happy the Country that gave
 “ Birth to such Excellencies, but happier
 “ the Seats that are destined to receive
 “ you as their own. I find, Madam, in
 “ your Presence, all Animosity against
 “ my natural Enemies cease, and were I
 “ the Arbiter of Peace and War, I would
 “ never again draw a Sword, contrary to
 “ your Inclination.” “ Sir,” she replied,
 “ noble Minds are the Product of no
 “ particular Clime or Nation, I believe,
 “ and Virtue and Wisdom are confined
 “ to no single Track, but bloom in all
 “ alike: Therefore it is a very narrow
 “ and partial Way of thinking in some
 “ People, to suppose, that their own
 “ Country is the Repository of every
 “ Thing great or praiseworthy, whilst
 “ other Regions are denied the Blessings
 “ they enjoy; and whatever the common
 “ People of the two Nations are, I have
 “ abundant Experience, that both in *Eng-*
 “ *land* and *France*, the superior and more
 “ enlightened Geniuses are far from dif-
 “ fering in the Essentials of Knowledge,
 “ good Breeding and Humanity.” “ Ah!
 “ Madam,” I resumed, “ they must be
 “ Barbarians indeed, who can fail of being
 “ civilized

“civilized by the Contemplation of Per-
“fections like your’s, calculated to in-
“spire no other but the most exalted
“and the most tender Sentiments! And
“permit me to say, angelick Creature,
“that whatever good Qualities I may have
“borrowed from Education or the Pur-
“suit of Honour, they have gained an
“added Strength, from a Desire to ren-
“der myself acceptable to you! Hard
“will be my Fate alas! too severe, if
“I must quit the Sight of you for ever,
“and without raising one kind Sentiment
“in my Favour in that Bosom where it
“would be the Study of my Life to ac-
“quire an Interest. I felt, the Moment
“I set Eyes on that delightful Face, a
“Pleasure that never actuated me be-
“fore—I adore you, Madam, with a fer-
“vent Passion, and I hope, the little
“Time left me to make such a Declara-
“tion will excuse my Temerity in so sud-
“denly professing myself your Slave:
“Let me boast of being numbered a-
“mongst the most faithful of those Vo-
“taries that your Charms of Mind and
“Person must every where assemble about
“you! Behold, fairest of thy Sex, I offer
“at your Feet a Heart before untouched
“with Love—a Mind never yet tainted
“with

“ with any Thought I should blush to
 “ name! Let me hope you are not quite
 “ insensible, and then, tho’ many cruel
 “ Years of War and Devastation may yet
 “ sever me from you, I shall be able to
 “ support the Burthen of Absence, in the
 “ Reflection that I shall not be forgotten
 “ or despised!” Ah! my *Lucy*, these
 “ Words, and the tender Action that ac-
 “ companied them, were the Effect of a
 “ violent, tho’ so young a Passion, and
 “ the terrifying Idea that I was so soon
 “ to part from the beauteous Object of
 “ it, without a Possibility of seeing her
 “ more : But when I had uttered them,
 “ I was amazed at my Rashness, and
 “ with good Reason, expected I should
 “ meet with an Answer that would make
 “ me smart for my Audacity.—But Hea-
 “ ven—Love, had declared for me, and
 “ already moved this lovely Maid in my
 “ Favour!—’Twas with extatick Rapture,
 “ that I heard her pronounce these Words!
 “ If Sir, the speedy Separation we must
 “ experience, will plead an Excuse for
 “ your Declaration, I hope, it will, also,
 “ serve to acquit me in what I am going
 “ to answer. I must confess, Sir, you
 “ are so far from being disagreeable to
 “ me, that it is with Satisfaction I
 “ hear

“ hear Sentiments so conformable to my
“ own. I am sensible, that in saying this,
“ I transgress the Bounds of Decorum so
“ peculiarly the Attribute of my Sex;
“ but the Worth of my Lover, I hope
“ will secure me from Blame. Yes, Sir,
“ I permit you to expect every Thing
“ from my Regard for your Virtues, that
“ I can consistently with my Duty or my
“ Prudence promise you. I have been
“ never used to conceal my Sentiments,
“ where I could with Honour and with
“ Safety declare them, and I find I should
“ put a great Force upon myself to do it
“ now, when I shall be so soon severed
“ from a Gentleman I have such Obli-
“ gations to, and whom I cannot help e-
“ steeming.—Providence may one Time or
“ other (here she sighed and a pearly Drop
“ trickled from her Eyes) afford us again
“ the Sight of each other, and meantime
“ I should be pleased with a Correspon-
“ dence, when it can be carried on with
“ Safety, by Letter. I cannot help tell-
“ ing you, that not to be remembered
“ by you, would give me a very sensible
“ Uneasiness!” “ Relieved in this gene-
“ rous Manner from Grief and Despon-
“ dence, to Life, to Joy, to Hope, that
“ Cordial of Love, I broke out into all
“ the

“ the rapturous Expressions of that bound-
 “ less Gratitude that then filled my Breast.
 “ I was eased, methought, of a mighty
 “ Load that had oppressed my Soul, and
 “ Vivacity and Chearfulness, on both Sides,
 “ made the Remainder of our Journey
 “ delightful: Tho’, now and than, the
 “ Thought of so speedy a Parting, ob-
 “ scured with Gloom our Enjoyment. I
 “ attended them, on our Arrival at *Lou-*
 “ *vain*, to the Relation’s where the Coun-
 “ tefs of *Rabutin* resided. If she was
 “ overjoyed to behold these dear Child-
 “ ren, she was no less grateful to me,
 “ when she heard of the Services I had
 “ performed to them, and seemed to en-
 “ tertain a Friendship for me, that was
 “ unaccountably tender, considering it was
 “ bestowed at first Sight. I, for my
 “ Part, felt an extreme Regard for that
 “ accomplished Lady insinuate itself, in-
 “ stantaneously, into my Mind, and could
 “ not help looking upon her, already,
 “ with the Reverence of a Son.

“ As I had a discretionary Liberty given
 “ me to stay at *Louvain* for any Time un-
 “ der three Days, I made all the Use of
 “ it, that a passionate Lover may be ima-
 “ gined capable of. The lovely *Maria*
 “ afforded

“ afforded me every Opportunity in her
“ Power, to plead the Cause of my Heart,
“ and to sigh my soft Complaints of
“ dreaded Absence, and Fears of its Con-
“ sequences to my Prejudice. Her An-
“ swers were too sincerely tender, how-
“ ever, to leave me any Doubt of her
“ Constancy, and, again and again, we
“ mutually vowed, that no Consideration
“ should ever have Weight sufficient to
“ alter those Sentiments we had enter-
“ tained in Favour of one another. One
“ Circumstance too, gave me a supreme
“ Satisfaction: The Countess her Mother,
“ who carested me with an uncommon
“ Fondness, and was never tired in be-
“ stowing Praises upon my Manners, my
“ Person and my Behaviour; tho’ she
“ could not avoid perceiving the At-
“ tachment we had to each other’s Com-
“ pany, seemed rather to encourage than
“ to be alarmed at it, and her Son, who
“ had professed the greatest Esteem and
“ Friendship for me, seemed quite re-
“ joiced at my apparent Love for his Sis-
“ ter, which he would sometimes take
“ the Liberty of bantering us about.
“ The Countess had seen and conversed
“ with the Earl of *Rutland*, formerly,
“ and having been in *England* several
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“ Times since her Marriage ; retaining al-
 “ so a great Value for the Customs and
 “ Manners of her native Country, I found
 “ nothing foreign in the Family : Her Son
 “ and Daughter spoke *English* with as much
 “ Elegance and Purity as they did their
 “ native Tongue, and we generally con-
 “ versed in that Language. In my Con-
 “ versation with that excellent Lady, she
 “ expressed a prodigious Regard for our
 “ Benefactor ; but seemed to blame him
 “ for some Part of his Behaviour, which I
 “ never could get her to open herself
 “ upon : She, however, on account of
 “ the Name I bore, was, if possible, more
 “ assiduous to oblige me, and I passed the
 “ delightful Hours I spent at *Louvain* in
 “ all the Transports that Love, all the
 “ Pleasures that Friendship could bestow.
 “ Every Moment that I contemplated my
 “ *Maria*, I found fresh Occasion to ad-
 “ mire her ; her Wit and good Sense
 “ were even surpassed by that sweet Tem-
 “ per, that Humanity, and that Prudence
 “ which adorned her Mind, and distin-
 “ guished her every Action. Judge then,
 “ my *Lucy*, the Pain I must feel, in be-
 “ ing forced to leave her and forced to
 “ leave her with scarce a Probability of
 “ ever seeing her again. Each of us the
 “ Subject

“ Subject of a Rival Monarch, the Na-
“ tives of two Countries which were
“ ever distinguished by a natural Anti-
“ pathy to each other, and engaged in
“ a bloody War of which there appeared
“ little Prospect of a Termination. A
“ Situation this, that called for the great-
“ est Fortitude to support it with Calm-
“ ness and Decency. I must own, I ru-
“ minated upon it, with a Sorrow border-
“ ing even upon Distraction, and it was still
“ increased by the visible Melancholy that
“ oppressed the charming Maid. The
“ Countess herself and her amiable Son
“ were moved: That Youth had a Com-
“ mission in the Army of his Country:
“ Ah!” his worthy Mother would often
“ say, “ how hard is your Fate, Gentle-
“ men, you esteem and value each other,
“ and yet the Allegiance due to your So-
“ vereigns, and which Persons born like
“ you ought never to dispense with,
“ obliges you to be Enemies! Alas!
“ you may meet each other in the hostile,
“ adverse Ranks, but sure, I need not
“ caution you, not to aim the deadly
“ Weapon at each other’s Breast: No,
“ and I charge you, if ever you meet,
“ that for the Sake of me, and of this

“ dear Daughter, you endeavour to avoid
 “ each other’s uplifted Sword. Indeed
 “ Sir,” turning to me, “ I have con-
 “ ceived a great Affection for you, and
 “ I have no Occasion, I can perceive, to
 “ inform you, that your Life is truly va-
 “ luable not only to me, but to another
 “ Person, whose Inclination towards you,
 “ I find in myself no Power to con-
 “ tradict. Love on, my Children, and
 “ leave to that good Providence that the
 “ virtuous put their trust in, the Issue
 “ of your Affection. My *Maria* will
 “ but too much remember her Benefactor,
 “ to stand in need of any Exhortations to
 “ Constancy, and I will use all the Means
 “ possible, to make my Husband propi-
 “ tious to your Love. If you visit *Eng-
 “ land*, before these Troubles are over,
 “ Sir, I give you leave to make my Sis-
 “ ter, the excellent Countess of *Suffolk*,
 “ acquainted with our Regard for you,
 “ and she will, I am sure, contribute eve-
 “ ry good Office to make her Neice hap-
 “ py.” “ My Answers to such an en-
 “ dearing Form of Expression were evi-
 “ dent Proofs of my Gratitude, and that
 “ Tendernefs I felt for this worthy La-
 “ dy, whose Goodnefs still more exalt-
 “ ed her Character. I will not fur-
 “ ther

“ ther attempt to describe to you our
“ parting; Tears, Faintings, and heav-
“ ing Sighs, declared, on all Sides, our
“ bitter Grief and Anguish: And when
“ I returned to *Ghent*, even the soothing
“ Endeavours of my Friend were ineffec-
“ tual to chace away the Melancholy that
“ afflicted my Soul. Happily, the suc-
“ ceeding Campaign afforded some Em-
“ ployment to a love-sick Mind, that
“ could, during our State of Inaction,
“ spare no Room for any other Ideas than
“ those annexed to my *Maria* and her
“ Concerns. We wrote to each other by
“ every Opportunity, and our Epistles
“ breathed all the Warmth of the most
“ inviolable Affection. Nothing memo-
“ rable happened in this Year’s Cam-
“ paign; for tho’ our great General made
“ all the Movements he could to draw
“ the *French* to an Engagement, yet they
“ had not the desired Success; for they
“ would never venture out of their in-
“ accessible Entrenchments, to face him
“ in the Field: So that all I gained this
“ Year, was an Addition to my military
“ Knowledge by the artful *Manœuvres* we
“ from Time to Time made, which qua-
“ lified me for the Charge of a Company,
“ which I was commissioned to, upon the

“ first Vacancy that happened. Such Pre-
 “ ferment, after so short a Time of Service,
 “ could not fail to draw upon me a confi-
 “ derable Portion of Envy. But General
 “ *Breyfield*’s Answer to these Cavils was,
 “ That he was sensible as well as the
 “ Duke, that we (meaning my Friend and
 “ myself) were thoroughly Masters of our
 “ Trade, and that we were brave and
 “ prudent: That Length of Service was
 “ to be sure, a reasonable Plea for Prefer-
 “ ment; but he never could find that
 “ Age, merely or alone, was necessary to
 “ the Execution of Duty in an Army:
 “ Few old Soldiers,” he said, “ by the
 “ Time they arrived at this Character,
 “ but had lost their active Powers in pro-
 “ portion as their Experience had been im-
 “ proved, and in the Posts of Captains and
 “ Subalterns, Activity and Alertness seemed
 “ more essentially necessary than many
 “ other Qualities: However, be that as
 “ it may, it was not always common to
 “ find Years and Wisdom go Step by
 “ Step together, and tho’ they were both
 “ sometimes necessary at Councils of War,
 “ yet Vigour and the Pliableness of Youth
 “ were very necessary Recommendations
 “ to the Officers who had the more imme-
 “ diate Charge of the Conduct of the
 “ Soldiers,

“ Soldiers, who to encourage them must
“ sometimes descend to Kindnesses and
“ Familiarities that would not so well be-
“ come the Station of Field Officers. By
“ such Arguments as these, he endea-
“ voured to justify our Preferment, and
“ as we retained all the Respect we had
“ been taught to pay our Superiors, and
“ the Civility and good Nature due to
“ our Equals and those under our Com-
“ mand was rather increased than abated,
“ all Murmurs at the seeming Preference
“ shewed us, at length subsided, and En-
“ vy itself was dumb, when it was per-
“ ceived, we pushed always for the Posts
“ of Honour and Danger, Occasions of
“ which we fought, with an Eagerness
“ that sometimes gave too great Reason
“ for Rebuke.

“ I SHALL not, my Dear, trouble you
“ with a minute Account of the Actions
“ we were concerned in, during this and
“ the following Campaign, it will be suf-
“ ficient to acquaint you, that the noble
“ Passion that swelled my Breast, received
“ added Force from the soft Attachment
“ I professed for my lovely *Maria*, and
“ the Desire of appearing still more wor-

“ thy in her Eyes, spurr’d me on in the
 “ Pursuit of Glory. At the Battle of *Oudenarde*, my Friend and myself acquired
 “ still more the Esteem of the Army, and
 “ the Notice of our Commanders; we
 “ were in that Body of Infantry that came
 “ up first to the Engagement, and our
 “ People acquitted themselves like *Britons*
 “ and Heroes: The *French* made a very
 “ precipitate Retreat to *Ghent* and *Bruges*,
 “ which had been betrayed to them, by
 “ the treacherous and cowardly Inhabi-
 “ tants before the Battle, tho’ the Citadel
 “ of the former Place was bravely main-
 “ tained by Monsieur *Lahene*, which did
 “ him immortal Honour, and favoured
 “ our Operations. ’Twas after this Battle
 “ that I had a fresh Opportunity of oblig-
 “ ing the Charmer of my Heart: The
 “ Chevalier *Rabutin* was amongst the Pri-
 “ soners, and I was no sooner convinced
 “ of his ill Fortune, than I used all my
 “ Interest to get him immediately re-
 “ leased upon his Parole of Honour. We
 “ were overjoyed at the Sight of each
 “ other, and he resented the Services I
 “ did him with the most lively Grati-
 “ tude. You may imagine, my *Lucy*,
 “ that by his Return to *France*, I had a
 “ desirable

“desirable Opportunity to write to Ma-
“dameoiselle his Sister, to whom I la-
“mented in the most plaintive Language,
“my Distance, and the Terror I was un-
“der, lest I should lose her Affection:
“But the Answer I received was more
“than sufficient to satisfy the Doubts and
“Fears that tortured my Breast, and I
“thought myself but too happy in those
“Expressions of Love and Tendernefs,
“those grateful Returns she made me for
“the Service I had done their Family, in
“procuring the Liberty of so valuable
“a Member of it. The Countess also
“wrote to me, and signified how much
“I had obliged her. At the Siege of
“Lisle, we had Occasion to signalize our-
“selves, and the Capture of that Place,
“owing to the brave Action at *Wynen-*
“*dale*, will not only be ever a national
“Glory, but reflect immortal Honour
“upon all those Heroes concerned in
“them. In the Depth of Winter we re-
“covered *Ghent*, *Bruges*, *Plassendabl* and
“*Leffingen*. In short, this memorable
“Campaign was distinguished by such a
“perpetual and uninterrupted Course of
“Success, and was so glorious to the
“Arms of the Allies, that modern Story
“cannot produce its Parallel. The Ne-
“gotiations

250 *The Happy ORPHANS.*

“gotiations for Peace, in the Year 1709,
 “not proving successful, we laid Siege
 “to *Tournay*, and took that important
 “Place, with its Citadel, after two Months
 “open Trenches. At this Siege, both
 “*Breyfield* and myself were slightly wound-
 “ed; but, however, had the Pleasure to
 “get soon so well recovered, that we were
 “present at the dreadfully hot Attack
 “of the *French* Entrenchments at *Malpla-*
 “*quet*, which did so much Honour to the
 “heroick Prowess of *Argyle*, *Orkney* and
 “*Withers*. The Enemies Loss was, how-
 “ever, inferior to that of the Conquerors,
 “who strewed the Field with their dead
 “Bodies, and hardly any of those or-
 “dered to this desperate Attack, that
 “were not wounded. On the 20th of
 “*October*, we reduced *Mons*. In 1710.
 “we were present at the Sieges of *Dorway*,
 “*Bethune*, *St. Venant* and *Aire*. About
 “this Time the Cabals of that Party in
 “*England*, who had long opposed the
 “Schemes of our immortal General be-
 “gan to perplex Affairs, and they put all
 “their Intrigues in Practice, to traverse
 “his Designs, which put such a Stop
 “to the Vigour of our Operations, that
 “all we could effect the next Campaign,
 “was to force the *French* Lines, and to take
 “*Bouchain*,

“ *Bouchain*, which we did in the Face of an
“ hundred thousand Men, who only divert-
“ ed us, during the Siege, with frequent
“ Skirmishes. I did not suffer the Mor-
“ tification of seeing the Allied Troops
“ under another Commander; for being out
“ upon a foraging Party, I was taken Prison-
“ er and sent to *Luxembourg*, from whence
“ having wrote Word of my Disaster, to
“ the Countess of *Rabutin*, her worthy
“ Son brought me, in two Days, a Liber-
“ ty to go to *Paris*, upon my Parole of
“ Honour. You will believe, my *Lucy*,
“ that I was far from thinking my Capti-
“ vity a Punishment, a Captivity that was
“ to afford me the Sight of my lovely
“ *Maria*, and in her endearing Society, such
“ a mighty Recompence for all my late Dan-
“ gers and Hardships. That whole illustri-
“ ous Family met us some Leagues from *Pa-*
“ *ris*, and Words are not expressive enough
“ to describe the Joy of our Meeting.
“ Count *Rabutin*, in the warmest Terms,
“ expressed his Sense of the Obligations
“ I had bestowed upon his Son and Daugh-
“ ter: His Lady received me with the
“ affectionate Embraces due only to a
“ Son, and ah! what Extacies thrill’d
“ my Bosom, when the sweet, the ange-
“ lick Daughter whispered to me, as I
“ folded

“ folded my Arms around her, “ Now,
 “ Sir, let me acknowledge, that I feel, at
 “ the Sight of you, so providentially af-
 “ fforded me, more Delight than I am
 “ able to exprefs.” “ Oh! Heavens, what
 “ was the Rapture that at that Instant swell-
 “ ed my Bosom; it inspired me with such
 “ serene Satisfaction, that my Behaviour
 “ influenced the Count very much in my
 “ Favour; nay he seemed to rejoice at
 “ the Regard his Daughter and the rest
 “ of the Family paid me. The Nego-
 “ tiations for a general Peace, and the
 “ earnest Desire and Expectation the whole
 “ *French* Nation expressed for the Termi-
 “ nation of a War which they had groan-
 “ ed under the Miseries of for so many
 “ Years, made them extremely obliging
 “ to the *English* in their Dominions, and
 “ I was not considered as a Prisoner; but
 “ appeared at Court and every Place of
 “ polite Resort, with my Friends, who
 “ insisted upon my making Use of their
 “ House, their Equipages and their Ser-
 “ vants with the Freedom of a Master.
 “ My Hours glided smoothly on in the
 “ soft Society of my *Maria*, her Brother,
 “ and an amiable Sister, some Years
 “ younger than that Lady: But my Mind
 “ was not free from certain disagreeable
 “ Thoughts,

“ Thoughts, that now and then intruded
“ upon my Mind: Favoured and a hap-
“ py Lover; I yet dreaded when the
“ Uncertainty I was under about my Pa-
“ rents should be known, that this Fa-
“ mily would condemn a Man who had
“ no such illustrious Ancestry or Con-
“ nexions to plead, as might be expect-
“ ed in one that aspired to the Honour of
“ an Alliance with them. The excellent
“ *Rutland*, indeed, when he heard of my
“ Captivity, wrote to all his Friends at
“ *Paris*, beseeching them to shew me
“ the same Respect they would pay to
“ himself, and his Remittances were equal
“ to that unbounded Generosity he had
“ displayed in our Favour, and to the
“ Extent of his Fortune. But, alas! I
“ looked upon all these Advantages as
“ not due to me, and considered it was
“ only the simple Rank and Pay of a
“ Major, that I had to bestow upon my
“ charming *Maria*. These Thoughts would
“ often sink my Spirits and throw a
“ Gloom over every Enjoyment, and it
“ was with a perfect Terror, mingled with
“ Delight, that I heard the Count, one
“ Day, in the kindest Manner, finding
“ me and his Daughter alone, say, I
“ perceive, with Pleasure, Sir, the At-
“ tachment

“ tachment that Lady and you have to
 “ each other. I have contemplated your
 “ Manners and Behaviour with an un-
 “ common Esteem, and I feel I shall not
 “ be compleatly happy, till I see you
 “ united in those gentle Bonds that have
 “ ever afforded me such true Felicity. I
 “ have seen your worthy Relation the Earl
 “ of *Rutland*, and always respected him
 “ for his Virtues: But some ill-grounded
 “ Prejudices he has entertained of my
 “ Sister, the amiable Countess of *Suffolk*,
 “ have prevented any Intimacy between
 “ us. He will, at length, perhaps, be
 “ undeceived, and do her that Justice
 “ her Goodness merits, particularly from
 “ him, tho’ he knows it not. Another
 “ Time you shall hear the whole melan-
 “ choly Story. I will, however, when you
 “ return to *England*, write to him, in
 “ such a Manner as may incline him
 “ to be favourable to your Love, and
 “ will give my Daughter a Fortune that
 “ may be equal to all the Advanta-
 “ ges he can expect for you.” “ At
 “ this Conclusion, we both fell upon our
 “ Knees before him, and paid him our
 “ dutiful Acknowledgments, but the Tears
 “ standing in my Eyes, my Breast torn
 “ with various tender Passions, the native
 “ Honesty

“Honesty of my Temper would permit
“me no longer to conceal, how little
“Right I had to expect any further Fa-
“vours from the Earl. Whilst I was
“speaking, this Nobleman was moved to
“the last Degree; the Tears ran plenti-
“fully down his Cheeks, and when I ex-
“pected his Anger and Resentment would
“burst upon me, he snatched me hastily
“to his Bosom, and holding me there
“some Moments, without being able to
“speak, he cry’d out, “Gracious Hea-
“ven! Is it possible!”—“and springing
“from the Apartment, left us, quick as
“Lightning, gazing mournfully at each
“other. He was no sooner gone than the
“lovely Fair, folding her Arms about
“me, said, “Oh! thou dear, thou vir-
“tuous Youth, on whom I have bestowed
“my Heart!—Nothing shall ever dis-
“sever us!—It was thy noble Soul, thy amiable
“Person; thy Honour, thy other illustrious
“good Qualities that first won my Affec-
“tions—and no Disparity of Birth or Fortune
“shall work the least Change in my Inclina-
“tions! *Maria* will endeavour to solace thy
“every Moment, and make thee forget all
“thy Grievs!” Oh! what an Effect had
“these dear, these tender Expressions in
“my

“ my Favour upon me! I pressed her
 “ to this faithful Bosom. — I knelt to
 “ this Goddess of my Vows, and Tears of
 “ Gratitude streamed from my Eyes; but
 “ my Voice faltered, and I was silent with
 “ the Overbearing and sudden Whirl of
 “ Transport that prevented Utterance,
 “ and before I was recovered enough
 “ to change to Expression this dumb-
 “ Shew of Acknowledgment, the Count
 “ as suddenly returned with his Lady, as
 “ he had retired, and both raising me from
 “ the Posture which I had not Power my-
 “ self to remove from, he cry’d, “ My Son,
 “ —the Hand of Heaven is in all this
 “ wondrous Occurrence! From compar-
 “ ing Circumstances, we may, perhaps,
 “ be able to inform you of a Secret that
 “ you have a Right to have disclosed to
 “ you. But permit us to be silent yet
 “ upon that Point. The Disputes between
 “ the two Nations will soon be deter-
 “ mined, and a Way opened to clear up
 “ Mysteries, that will make you supreme-
 “ ly happy: Meantime (embracing me)
 “ let our Conjectures be right or wrong,
 “ I confirm to you the Promise we have
 “ made you, and if the Secret of your
 “ Birth should never be unravelled, we
 “ accept

“ accept you for a Son. The noble Qua-
“ lities that adorn your Mind, too plainly
“ declare that you are descended of a
“ Race that will justify all we can do in
“ your Favour. Rise my Children (see-
“ ing us both again upon our Knees) rise
“ to all the Fondness that your admir-
“ ing Parents can lavish upon you! You
“ seem designed by Providence to bless
“ each other's future Moments, and to
“ delight the Hearts of your Parents and
“ Friends!” “ The Countess all this
“ Time was not idle, but bestowed the
“ tenderest Caresses upon us, alternately
“ folding us in her Arms. Oh! my Sis-
“ ter, what Gratitude at this Moment,
“ filled my Soul! When I could resume
“ Calmness sufficient, what did not my
“ Sensibility of all this transcendent Good-
“ ness express! Raised to the highest
“ Bliss, from Anguish and Despair; in
“ the Sight of the precious Recompence
“ for all my Troubles, my Expressions
“ were so lively and animated, that the
“ illustrious Pair, I could perceive, thought
“ themselves blessed in the Felicity they
“ had bestowed. My *Maria's* Returns
“ were of the same Complexion, and that
“ lovely Maid convinced me still more
“ and more, how dear I was to her, by
“ the

“ the Joy that sparkled in her Eyes, and
“ inspired her Tongue.

“ THEY left us to compose ourselves ;
“ the remaining Moments that we were
“ together, were spent in those fond En-
“ dearments that you may suppose we
“ now, freed from all Restraint, thought
“ we had a Right to give a Loose to!
“ A thousand and a thousand Times, I
“ pressed this charming Fair to my Bo-
“ som, and as often she returned the ea-
“ ger Embrace!

“ LOST in the Contemplation of these
“ fortunate Events, I had no Room, for
“ some Days, to ruminate on the strange
“ Things the Count had uttered. I could
“ find no Clue to guide my Conjectures
“ in relation to the Secret he was possessed
“ of, which appeared so nearly to con-
“ cern me. The whole Family if pos-
“ sible, shewed me more Esteem and Re-
“ spect, and Prudence dictated to me to
“ enquire no further after Matters, that I
“ perceived were not yet to be disclosed
“ to me.

“ IN six Weeks after this interesting
“ Occurrence, I had a Licence to return
“ to

“ to my native Country. The Earl had
“ procured an Officer of equal Rank, who
“ was a Prisoner in *England*, the same Li-
“ cence, and my Friend the Count soon
“ procured me Liberty to depart. The
“ Grief this new Separation from my
“ beautiful *Maria* caused me, was alle-
“ viated by a Promise the Count made
“ me, to visit *England* with all his Fa-
“ mily, and that there the wished-for
“ Band should be tied, which was to
“ unite me for ever to all that my Soul
“ held dear. I bore Letters from them
“ to the Earl, to the Countess of *Suf-*
“ *folk*, and to a worthy Baronet, the
“ latter of which I delivered before I left
“ *London*, where I first arrived. That
“ worthy Gentleman, treated me with an
“ extraordinary Tendernefs, and, which
“ appeared extremely strange to me, fold-
“ ed me in his Arms with uncommon
“ Marks of Affection. He enjoined me
“ not to deliver my Letters to the Coun-
“ tess, till his Arrival at *Bristol*, where,
“ old as he is, I expect him every Day,
“ and also to conceal those to the Earl
“ till then. I have done as he desired
“ me, and methought was prompted by
“ some uncommon Impression to yield
“ him Obedience. How tenderly our Be-
“ nefactor

“ nefactor received me, I have already im-
 “ parted to you, and when I ventured to
 “ tell him the many Obligations I had
 “ to the *Rabutin* Family and their Friends,
 “ and the Story of my Love; tho’ some-
 “ what surprized, he answered me in a
 “ Way that shewed he would be propi-
 “ tious to my Desires.” “ *My Edward,*”
 “ he cryed, “ I have some Reasons to de-
 “ test that Family, on Account of its Re-
 “ lation in *England*; but the Merit of the
 “ young Countess, the Kindness her Pa-
 “ rents have shewn to one so dear to me,
 “ shall reconcile me to the Match. Be in
 “ no Pain about your future Provision;
 “ my Fortune is sufficient to answer all
 “ that can distinguish you, and I will be
 “ to you a Parent. Let us but recover
 “ my dear, my excellent *Lucy*; her Hap-
 “ piness and yours will alone employ my
 “ future Thoughts.” “ What could be
 “ more kind, more benevolent, more af-
 “ fectionate than these Expressions! You
 “ may depend upon it, they met with a
 “ proper Return from me. Indeed, had
 “ we a Father and a Mother that I might
 “ own, could I have expected more Con-
 “ cern for my Welfare at their Hands? I
 “ will not attempt, my Dear, to describe
 “ to you over again, the baneful Effect
 “ your

“ your Absence had upon me : Every
“ Step of my Journey was gladden’d with
“ the Prospect of holding you in my
“ Arms, of imparting these interesting
“ Events to you, of making you a Sharer
“ in my Felicity : A Sister, I expected
“ the Comfort of, whose Virtues I so well
“ knew, and who held so intimate a Con-
“ nexion with any good Fortune bestowed
“ upon her Brother. But let us regret
“ no more what cannot be recalled. I
“ every Day expect to hear of the Arrival
“ of Persons so dear to me, and to pre-
“ sent to my *Lucy*, a Companion, in the
“ Charmer of my Soul, worthy her Esteem
“ and her fondest Affection. May Hea-
“ ven restore to our generous Benefactor,
“ his wonted Peace of Mind : May he be
“ able to overcome his ill fated Passion and
“ rejoice in our future Assiduities and the
“ Display of that Gratitude and Duty we
“ owe him ! In vain I endeavour to find
“ out the Meaning of Count *Rabutin’s*
“ Expressions, or of the Restrictions I am
“ laid under by the good old Baronet :
“ And till they come to an Explanation
“ of their Meaning, I wave a Relation of
“ that Part of my Story to the Earl of
“ *Rutland*, and my Visit to the Countess
“ of *Suffolk*, who I know is in *Bristol* ;
“ but

“ but agreeable to the Earl’s Desire, have,
 “ with him, avoided appearing much in
 “ publick Places, as he even seems to fear
 “ commencing any Acquaintance with that
 “ Lady. You seem, my dear Sister, to be
 “ well apprized of the Meaning of this An-
 “ tipathy, which, only from the Hints let
 “ fall by his Lordship, have convinced me,
 “ as I said before, that he thinks she was
 “ guilty of some Cruelty to the favourite
 “ Brother of that Nobleman. I long for
 “ the Return of Monsieur *St. Hermione*
 “ and our Friend, tho’ I dread the Effects
 “ of their Visit, when it is ushered in by
 “ Tidings of your Love to the generous
 “ *Breyfield*. Alas! wonderful Things seem
 “ upon the Eve of Disclosure, and keep
 “ my Mind in a constant State of Sus-
 “ pence, Doubt and Apprehension. Your’s
 “ seems equally agitated, at what I have
 “ said: But let us wait with Patience:
 “ Heaven, that has so remarkably pre-
 “ served us, and showered down so many
 “ Blessings upon us, I trust, will still be
 “ propitious, and order every Thing for
 “ our future Welfare and Advantage.—
 “ Oh! my Sister, supremely happy in your
 “ Presence, both of us beloved by the
 “ Objects on which we have placed our
 “ Affections; Votaries to Virtue, Good-
 “ nels

“ness and Humanity, will not the Supreme Being grant us his powerful Protection?”

HERE the amiable Youth finished his Narration, which had excited the earnest Attention, and moved the tender Heart of his *Lucy* extremely: She flung her Arms round his Neck, and was going to make Answer to all the kind and obliging Things he had said, when Monsieur *St. Hermione* and Colonel *Breyfield* entered the Room; but had not been able to find the Earl of *Rutland*, who had gone abroad in his Chariot an Hour before they got to his Lodging: Tho’ these two Gentlemen expressed their Concern at their ill Success, yet the Major and his Sister were not displeased, as now the former could have an Opportunity to break Matters himself, without surprizing him and afflicting him, as they thought a sudden Disclosure of what had happened from a Stranger would do. *Breyfield* could not restrain the Tenderness of his Soul at again seeing his Fair One, and the charming Maid looked at him with Eyes that expressed the Delight she felt in beholding her Lover. *Edward* proposed, now, to set out himself in Search of the Earl; who, he

he did not doubt was gone to pay a Visit somewhere in his Neighbourhood, and after the usual Complements, left his agreeable Companions for that Purpose. Monsieur *St. Hermione*, in his former Tour to raise up Friends in Behalf of *Lucy*, had not been able to find the Countess of *Sussex*, whom he had seen since *Lucy's* Elopement, and in this second Visit he also paid her, with *Breyfield*, she was not at her Apartments, not having returned, as Mrs. *Hépeny* told them, from *Bath*, which Place she had set out for to meet some Friends she expected from *London*. *Breyfield*, was so particularly obliging in his Expressions to that Gentlewoman, as greatly surprized her, as she could not recollect she had ever seen him before, and he brought *Lucy* the agreeable Tidings that Mrs. *Pickring* was at *Bristol*, and in her Sister's House. "I would not," said the worthy Youth, "anticipate the Pleasure that is preparing for them by mentioning my *Lucy*, or explaining the Reason of that Regard and Esteem I could not help displaying to two Women, to whom I have such numerous Obligations. I thought I perceived a settled Melancholy upon their Countenances, which I placed to my Charmer's Account, and when

" they

“ they informed us, that the Countess
“ herself had been very ill, and was not
“ yet recovered from her Indisposition,
“ my Breast heaved with Tendernefs, as
“ I could not but conceive the Loss of
“ her Companion had been the Occasion
“ of her Indisposition.” *Lucy* could not
refrain from Tears, when she heard of the
Condition of these dear Friends. “ Alas!
“ she cry’d, “ how unhappy I am, that I
“ have caused so much Sorrow to those
“ that love me! Sure, I shall have it
“ in my Power, in the future Part of my
“ Life, to make them some little Amends
“ for the Interest they have taken in Be-
“ half of an unfortunate Maid, who
“ without any Design, by a strange Com-
“ plication of Circumstances, has wound-
“ ed the Bosoms of her dearest and best
“ Friends!” “ And I, my lovely Crea-
“ ture,” *Breyfield* returned, “ will join you
“ in the pleasing, the grateful Office of
“ repaying them; ’tis I am so benefited,
“ so much obliged; and my whole Life
“ shall be employed in displaying my
“ Sense of their Favours to the Charmer
“ of my Soul: But principally to this
“ most excellent Gentleman, whose Ac-
“ tions and whose Intentions are so cha-
“ racteristick of the Goodness of his
VOL. II. N “ Heart.”

“Heart.” “Oh! Sir,” turning to Monsieur *St. Hermione*, “may we long enjoy
 “the Blessing of your valuable Life, and
 “by our constant Studies to oblige you,
 “render the Remainder of your Days serenely happy!” The worthy old Gentleman seemed to have a thorough Sensibility of the grateful Things that were said to him, and, again and again, expressed his Affection, in the warmest Terms, to his accomplished Guests.

THEY waited, for some Hours, the Return of *Edward* with great Impatience; but, to their Surprise, Bed-time approached, and no Tidings of that Gentleman! *Breyfield* resolved, notwithstanding it was so late, to seek him out; but did not impart his Design to his *Lucy*, fearing she would be alarmed also, for his Safety. He left her and her Protector then, after waiting upon them to their several Chambers, and, instead of retiring to that Mrs. *Easy* had provided for him, he bid that Gentlewoman keep his Counsel, and sally'd out, determined to go directly to the Earl of *Rutland's*, where, he did not doubt he should meet his Friend. It was not more than ten o'Clock, and he now first recollected

collected his having left word at the two Places, in Relation to the Intelligence he expected from *Chester's* Servant, agreeable to his Promise, and resolved to call at those Houses in his Way. At the Inn he found what he desired; the following short Billet was delivered to him.

Honoured Sir,

LORD *Chester* is again returned to *Bristol*, with *D'Evreux* and *Hardress*; but keeps himself very close, at Mrs *Pointer's* in the same Street with Mrs. *Easy*, but at the upper End of it, and never stirs out till night. I am,

Honoured Sir,

Your faithful humble Servant,

JAMES EVESHAM.

THIS notice gave the Colonel Abundance of Satisfaction; but how was that Satisfaction increased, when, after traversing a Street or two, he perceived the three Rakehells, who having broke loose from their Confinement, were scouring the City, and doing all the wanton Mis-

chief that could enter into their Heads * .
 They advanced, halloing and hooping, like
 so many Savages, till *Breyfield* met them
 Face to Face, and making a Stand, cry'd
 out, “ Gentlemen, I hail my good For-
 “ tune, that has thus thrown me into
 “ your Way, and I have Reason to re-
 “ proach your Breach of Promise, Lord
 “ *Chester* ; in not letting me know you
 “ was returned from *Bath*, that I might
 “ have paid my Complements to your
 “ Lordship ; but” drawing his Sword,
 “ the present Time will decide our Dif-
 “ ferences ; there are no Spectators, and
 “ these Gentlemen will have Honour
 “ enough to keep at some Distance, till
 “ I have done with your Lordship—one at
 “ a Time, and I’ll engage you all round,
 “ if I should escape the death-doing Sword
 “ of the first Champion.” The Spirits of
 the three Heroes seemed greatly fallen,
 when they discovered who they had hap-
 pened to meet, and this Speech finished
 their Confusion. Never sure did Creatures
 look more paultry and pitiful, and they
 trembled to such a degree, that *D’Euvreux’s*
 Teeth chattered in his Head. In a little
 Time,

* It must be remembered, that the Government of
Bristol was not then upon the respectable Footing it is
 at present.

Time, however, whilst *Chester* still preserved his Silence, that young Nobleman made shift to tell the Colonel, that “for his
“part, he begg’d Pardon of him, and
“the Lady he had offended; but d—n
“it, what he had done, was to oblige his
“Friend, and he never imagined she was
“a Person of any Consideration. He
“would appear to morrow, and beg
“Pardon upon his Knees; but as to
“fighting, he had received such a Contusion
“in his Arm, by a Fall, that he was unable
“to wield his Sword.” “And as to my-
“self,” cries *Hardress*, “I have the same
“to plead that his Lordship has—I knew
“nothing of the Lady, and Lord *Chester*
“had represented her as a Millener’s Girl,
“designed for the Trade he was going
“to break her to. I must be excused
“handling a Sword too; for I’m so
“d—n—bly p—x’d, that if I were to
“take one Longe, I should never be able
“to recover an upright Station again. I
“promise, upon my Word and Honour,
“I will also wait upon you, wherever you
“shall appoint, and, in the same Posture,
“beg Pardon of the Lady, Sir, and you.
“See, Sir, *Chester* is sneaking off,” (which
was really the Case) “D—n him, make

“ him pay for all this Mischief—we’ll join
 “ you in giving him whatever Punishment
 “ you think he deserves.” The Colonel
 seeing his Lordship was endeavouring to e-
 lude the Chastisement he intended for him,
 ran to him, and seizing him by the Collar,
 dragg’d him back to his Fellows, who,
 to manifest the Sincerity of their Inten-
 tions made no Attempts to remove. He
 could scarce forbear laughing, with all his
 Resentment, at the Meanness of *Chester’s*
 two Companions, who had not only de-
 serted him in a Time of such dire Necess-
 sity and Danger; but were ready now to
 fall foul upon his Bones to save their own.
 “ Ha! Ha! Ha! Is it possible!” *Breyfield*
 cried, “ That Nobility should produce such
 “ egregious Poltrons and Scoundrels! False
 “ and treacherous even to the Companions
 “ of their Vices! Stir not, Gentlemen,
 “ but behold the dreadful Example I am
 “ going to make of this abandoned Fop
 “ and Coxcomb.” At these Words, he
 drew his Sword seeming determined to fi-
 nish the worthless Life of Lord *Chester*,
 who fell upon his Knees in the Dirt, and
 roared out Murder! Murder! with an au-
 dible Voice, and in the same instant begg’d
 his Life in the most abject Manner, pro-
 mising

missing to make any Satisfaction for the Crimes he had been guilty of.

HIS Outcries had by this Time brought a great Number of People from their Houses, who, at a Distance, surveyed this comical Scene, but *Breyfield* desiring them to advance, told them, in few Words, the Meaning of it, and bid them see what Damage they had received from these noble Bravoes; for he had heard many of their Windows broke before he came up with them? The Spectators, who, in *Bristol*, are perhaps, at no Time the most humane Set of People*, cried out, one and all, “Kill them!—Knock ’em on the Head!—We’ll stand by you, Sir!—’Tis fit such Rascals should be punished!” *Breyfield*, however, generously resolved not to stain his Blade with the Blood of such Reptiles, and returning it to his Scabbard, exercised his Cane upon them all three, with the utmost Swiftnefs and Address, the Blood running in Streams down their Heads and Faces: And when he had sufficiently tired himself, to the no small Pleasure of the
N 4 Spectators,

* Our *French* Novelist, we presume, had no Idea of the Injustice of this Remark; inferior Persons, the *Cannaille*, are bad enough every where.

Spectators, he cried, “ There Gentlemen,
 “ I have punished you sufficiently, I think,
 “ and now promise me, that you’ll be
 “ very orderly whilst you stay in *Bristol*,
 “ and I’ll give you a Receipt in full for
 “ your Misbehaviour!” Upon which he
 tweaked them by the Nose, and left them
 to find out their Lodgings, pursued by the
 Shouts and Curses of the Rabble. It was
 now past twelve o’Clock, and, as he ima-
 gined Lord *Rutland*’s Family would be in
 Bed, he returned to Mrs. *Easy*’s, and got
 Admittance to his Apartment, highly de-
 lighted with the Revenge he had taken,
 for the Injuries these noble Miscreants had
 done to his adorable Fair One.

W H E N he waited upon Monsieur *St. Hermione* and his *Lucy*, at Breakfast, he di-
 verted them with his Night Adventure ;
 the old Gentleman shook his Sides with
 Laughter, and owned he thought they were
 sufficiently punished and exposed ; but *Lucy*
 mingled her Praises with some Reproofs
 for the Danger her *Breyfield* might have
 been exposed to, by being out so late,
 and said, “ I think, you have punished
 “ my Enemies enough, Sir, and when
 “ I consider, that their insulting me, and
 stopping

“ stopping me upon the Road, first oc-
“ casioned my Acquaintance with the most
“ generous of Men, I must beseech you
“ to exact no further Satisfaction at their
“ Hands. Their Vices, if they do not
“ reform, which I sincerely wish they may,
“ will, in their Consequences, sufficiently
“ torture them.” “ You are too merciful
“ and forgiving, my Charmer,” *Breyfield*
answered, “ but for the sweet Considera-
“ tion you have mentioned, I shall, in
“ obedience to your Commands, wave any
“ further Pursuit of my Resentment.”

As *Edward* was not yet returned, *Breyfield* once more set out for the Earl of *Rutland*'s, in quest of that dear Friend; but his Amazement was very great, when he heard by the Servants, that their Lord had not been at home since he called the Day before with Monsieur *St. Hermione*, and that *Edward*, whom they stiled their young Lord, having seen a Letter the Earl left for him, was set out after him, tho' they could not inform him to what Distance or Place they were gone: He did not, however, fail to make himself very easy on this Head, as he was thus convinced, that the Earl and his Friend were together, and that the latter was labouring his

Cause and *Lucy's* with that Nobleman. He therefore gave up his Mind to the Enjoyment of that sweet Calm and Serenity a Lover feels, whose Hopes are flattering, and whose Fears have ceased to alarm him; and he was so wrapt up in the pleasing Ideas of his Charmer's Perfections, and his approaching Happiness, as to be absent to all that past him, in the Streets thro' which he went in his Return to Mrs. *Easy's*, where he determined to wait patiently the Arrival of his Friend. But how sudden and how joyful was his Surprise, when he was awakened from this Reverie, just as he had turned the Corner of Mrs. *Easy's* Street, by finding himself lock'd fast in the Embraces of a young Gentleman, and, lifting up his Eyes, found his *Edward* standing with extended Hand to salute him, and that he was in the Arms, at the same Time, of the Chevalier *Rabutin*, who he had not seen before, since his being a Prisoner, the second Time, to the *English*, from which Confinement he was released on his Parole, as was observed in *Edward's* Relation of his Adventures. His Satisfaction at meeting his Friend the Major, gave Place, for some Moments; to his Amazement at this unexpected Encounter with the Chevalier; for the Time
had

had been so much engrossed by other Affairs, that the Major had not related to him the latter Part of his Adventures, during the Time of his being a Prisoner in *France*, nor his daily Expectations of seeing the *Rabutin* Family in *England*. When he had recovered himself, he cried, “ My
“ Lord, I must own, I must look upon
“ this Meeting as somewhat mysteriously
“ providential; but, believe me, I take an
“ equal Satisfaction with our Friend there,
“ in thus returning your kind Embrace.
“ In the Name of Wonder what brought
“ you to *England*? However, be it what
“ it will, that affords us this Gratification,
“ we’ll strive to make your Abode agreeable
“ to you, and I will particularly endeavour
“ to repay the good Offices you performed
“ to that Brother of my Love, whilst he
“ was your Prisoner.” The Chevalier, replied in a manner that equally discovered his Friendship and his good Breeding, but was interrupted by their Friend who exclaimed, “ Ah! my *Breyfield*, let us waste
“ no precious Time, let us join my Sister
“ and Monsieur *St. Hermione*, and tell them
“ the glad Tidings, of the Arrival of Persons who will make us supremely happy. To morrow, my dear Friend, we
“ shall be blest with the Presence of the
Earl

“ Earl of *Rutland*, Countess of *Suffolk*,
 “ *Monfieurs Rabutin* and *De Lorges*, with
 “ their Ladies and Families, Sir *James*
 “ *Hope*, Lady *Hope* and some others, whom
 “ I have juſt left at the Countess’s Apart-
 “ ments. I have ſome amazing Things
 “ to diſcover to them, in which no one
 “ can be more intereſted than yourſelf.”

So ſaying, Arm in Arm, they rather flew
 than walked to Mrs. *Easy*’s; *Breyfield* loſt
 in revolving over what he imagined
 might be the Meaning of this Congreſs of
 Perſons, two of whom he particularly
 knew had no Manner of Reſpect for each
 other, till they entered the Apartment,
 where the Sight of his Fair One chaſed
 every other Object of Reflection from his
 Mind. *Monſieur St. Hermione* immediate-
 ly recollected the Representative of the
Rabutin Family, and welcomed him to
England with great Politeness, and *Edward*
 preſented him to his Siſter, ſaying, “ My
 “ *Lucy*, behold the excellent Youth, to
 “ whom, and to whoſe Family, I have
 “ ſuch Obligations; behold the Brother of
 “ my charming *Maria*, who longs to em-
 “ brace you, and to expreſs her Affection
 “ for you, and her Eſteem for your Vir-
 “ tues. Sir! Siſter! I have in the ſmall
 “ Space of my Abſence, met with ſuch
 “ extraordi-

“ extraordinary Adventures, that I must
“ claim your Attention till I relate them;
“ nay, I am commissioned from my Lord
“ *Rutland*, to prepare you, thereby, for re-
“ ceiving Persons, who must needs be dear
“ to us all.” Tho’ *Lucy*’s Curiosity was
excited, and her Wonder raised by the
Close of this Address, yet she returned her
Complements to young *Rabutin*, with that
Grace, that Delicacy of good Breeding,
that never failed to captivate all Beholders,
and that young Nobleman, turning to her
Brother, said, in a Whisper, “ Ah! my
“ Friend, if my Heart was not guarded
“ by the Knowledge I have of this La-
“ dy’s Engagements, I could not help be-
“ coming a Rival to the Colonel! But I
“ need not be surprized; I expected the
“ darling Sister of my Friend must have
“ all those Graces that so captivate the
“ Soul: I long to hail the Day, that will
“ unite to my Family such matchless Vir-
“ tues and Perfections.” *Breyfield*, who
overheard these obliging Expressions, ac-
knowledged his Sense of them, by an Inclina-
tion of his Head and a grateful Smile,
and all being, at length, seated, the lovely
Maid said, “ Now, my dear Brother, in-
“ form us, for I am eager to know, how
“ we are bless’d with the Company of this
“ worthy

“ worthy Gentleman? Why I am permitted
 “ to indulge my Expectations of soon be-
 “ holding his charming Sister, who, by
 “ what you hint, is not far from us; but
 “ more particularly, how our dear Friend
 “ the Earl does, and whether I may hope
 “ to meet upon his Countenance, the
 “ Smile of Forgiveness for my late Indif-
 “ cretions?” “ Indiscretions, my lovely
 Creature,” *Breyfield* replied, in so animated
 a Strain as made them all smile, “ no Per-
 “ son is able to charge thee with any;
 “ thy Behaviour has been too wise and
 “ too prudent to merit Censure from any
 “ of thy Friends, unless it be in the in-
 “ valuable Present, you have made of
 “ your Heart to one so undeserving the
 “ mighty Gift.” *Lucy*, blushing, laid her
 Hand upon his, and cried, “ There, Sir,
 “ is my strongest Resource for their Fa-
 “ vour—all that know you, must own the
 “ Gift you boast of is too well bestowed,
 “ to need any Apology on my Side.”
 “ Very well, very well, my Children,”
 said the good old Gentleman—“ we re-
 “ joice in your mutual Confidence; but,
 “ once for all, let me tell you—that you
 “ were made, were designed, and so it must
 “ appear to all that see and hear you,
 “ for each other: Come, Sir, turning to

“ *Edward*

“ *Edward*, without farther Preface, tell
“ us every Thing, that has occurred to
“ you, since you left us, and which you
“ say so intimately concerns us!” The
amiable Youth needed no other Induce-
ment than the profound Silence that suc-
ceeded, to enter upon his Narration.
“ When I came,” says he, “ to the Earl of
“ *Rutland*’s Apartments, I found he was not
“ returned, and a Letter he had left for me,
“ informed me, that he was at the Countess
“ of *Suffolk*’s having been induced to visit
“ her by the Persuasions of Sir *James Hope*
“ and his Lady, who were arrived the Day
“ before at *Bristol*, with Count *Rabutin*,
“ his Lady, Son and two Daughters; the
“ Marquis *De Lorges* and his Lady, with
“ their Family, and Dr. *Carter*; from *Lon-*
“ *don*, and the Letter concluded thus, “ If
“ what I have heard, my dear Child, is
“ confirmed by the concurrent Evidence of
“ the Countess, I have been very ungrateful
“ to that Lady, but we shall awake to such
“ Happiness, as will sufficiently recompence
“ me and her, for all our Misfortunes, if alas!
“ my *Lucy* was but with us! Haste, my *Ed-*
“ *ward*, to partake of our Felicity; haste
“ to the Presence of your adored *Maria*!”
“ To go about to describe to you my ex-
“ cessive Joy at reading these Lines, were
“ impossible,

“ impossible—My Charmer and her dear
 “ Family in *England*; nay, in *Bristol*! —
 “ Our Benefactor on a Visit to the Coun-
 “ tefs of *Suffolk*! Heavens! What a Field
 “ for Rapture—for Wonder! But I did
 “ not allow myself much Time to reflect:
 “ Actuated by Love, by every delightful
 “ Sensation, I ran, I flew to the Coun-
 “ tefs’s, like a Man that was familiarly
 “ acquainted with her: The good *Hé-*
 “ *peny* conducted me to the Apartment
 “ where that Lady and all her illustrious
 “ Visitors were sitting, and the Moment I
 “ entered the Door, I was arrested, before
 “ I could fling myself at the Feet of my
 “ *Maria*, by the Embraces of the ami-
 “ able Countefs, who flung her Arms
 “ about my Neck; wept and cried out;
 “ Oh! my Child, my Child, do I live to
 “ fold thee in my Embraces! Then fall-
 “ ing back some Paces, she gazed at me,
 “ with uncommon Fondness, and contin-
 “ ued, “ the Picture—the very Image of
 “ his illustrious Father!—mingled with all
 “ the soft Graces of his charming Mother!
 “ Oh! Heavens! I shall be distracted
 “ with the Delight that too, too oppressive-
 “ ly rushes in upon my Soul!—Believe me,
 “ I was struck with such an unaccountable
 “ Reverence for this Lady, that, by an invo-
 “ luntary

“ luntary Motion, as it were, I fell upon my
“ Knees before her, and without knowing
“ it, Tears trickled from my Eyes, whilst
“ my Brain whirled about in search of
“ some Reason for this strange Reception.
“ Again she rais’d me, and clasp’d me to
“ her Bosom, whilst I returned her Em-
“ braces with a Warmth that I had never
“ felt before: ’Twas different from the
“ Motions of my Soul towards *Maria*—
“ my *Lucy*; ’twas Love mingled with an
“ awful Duty and a Respect that was in-
“ conceivably moving. At length, the
“ Earl advanced, and straining me in his
“ Arms, said, “ Come, my *Edward*, let
“ me lead you, where you are, I see, im-
“ patiently expected!” He needed not
“ to say more; my *Maria* advanced, and
“ in that Instant, I experienced more Bliss,
“ than ever any mortal Being sure enjoyed
“ before. The Count her Father, the
“ Countess her Mother, this dear Youth,
“ (turning to the Chevalier *Rabutin*) and his
“ other Sister, alternately press’d me to their
“ Bosoms, whilst only my expressive Looks
“ and my transported Action could de-
“ clare the Felicity I experienced. Yes,
“ my Tongue was lost to Utterance, and on-
“ ly in broken Murmurs, could I attempt to
“ express the Fulness of my Heart. Sir

“ *James*

“ *James* and his Lady, and Dr. *Carter*, now
 “ tenderly embraced me, and Monseigneur
 “ *De Lorges*, his amiable Countess and
 “ their illustrious Offspring, to whom I had
 “ so many Obligations at *Paris*, acknow-
 “ ledged me again with the sincerest Plea-
 “ sure. Oh! my Sister, it was long be-
 “ fore we could resume sufficient Calmness
 “ to converse with each other: — Me-
 “ thought I was in a pleasing Slumber,
 “ and the Delights I enjoyed only the Ef-
 “ fects of one of those illusory Sports of
 “ the Imagination that flatter our sleeping
 “ Moments. At length, my Lord *Rut-*
 “ *land*, taking me by the Hand, and ey-
 “ ing me with more than usual Tender-
 “ ness, said, “ my Dear, ’tis Time we
 “ should clear up to you, what must
 “ appear so very mysterious; but, per-
 “ haps, when I tell you, that in this Pre-
 “ sence, you will behold a Lady to whom
 “ you owe your very Existence, two Gen-
 “ tlemen, and that excellent Woman (bow-
 “ ing to the Countess, to Sir *James* and his
 “ Lady, and Dr. *Carter*) who preserved you
 “ from Destruction in your infant State, I shall
 “ rather raise afresh, than calm the Perturba-
 “ tions that have sufficiently disturbed your
 “ Mind. ’Tis with a pleased Satisfaction,
 “ that I can now claim you as my own—
 “ you

“ you have heard of my Brother, whose
“ Loss, you have been Witness, has caused
“ me the most severe Regrets?—You are
“ the Son of that Brother, and your Sister
“ is his Daughter! Alas! his Fate was un-
“ timely!—May you live and be a Copy
“ of all his good Qualities!—I know you
“ will not imitate his bad ones. I receive
“ thee, my *Edward*, as my Nephew, and
“ will immediately put thee in Possession
“ of a splendid Inheritance, which is just-
“ ly thy due!—Ah! could we but see my
“ lovely *Lucy*, from whom I have had the
“ Happiness to hear, a Day or two ago; that
“ would complete our present Felicity! How
“ good, how kind was Providence in resist-
“ ing my Intention to marry her! That Re-
“ luctance to give me her Heart in the Man-
“ ner I desired, was it not dictated by Hea-
“ ven itself?—But what Misfortunes may not
“ have attacked my darling Beauty! What
“ Ills may she now be exposed to!—I
“ tremble, but to think of them!” “Ah!
“ my Lord,” I reply’d, “ I must believe
“ the flattering Truths you tell me, that
“ I have the Honour to be so nearly ally’d
“ to you! Such Tenderness, such profound
“ Reverence as ever possessed my Soul, was
“ dictated by Nature, it was somewhat be-
“ yond what the most exalted Gratitude
“ else

“ else could inspire! Talk not, my Lord,
 “ of Inheritance (I continued, flinging my-
 “ self upon my Knees, and kissing his Hand
 “ with an Action of the greatest Fervency)
 “ sufficient for me is your Love, and
 “ that Tenderness with which you have
 “ ever treated me: Continue that Affec-
 “ tion and Regard for us, my Lord, and
 “ we shall stand in need of no other Ad-
 “ vantages. Lost as I am, in the Won-
 “ ders I have heard, if I do not express
 “ my grateful Sentiments to these worthy
 “ Ladies and Gentlemen with a Force
 “ equal to the Sense I have of my mighty
 “ Obligations to them, I hope they will
 “ excuse me; my future Behaviour shall
 “ more fully declare the Feelings of my
 “ Mind, which are too delicate for Utter-
 “ ance.—And am I then found worthy an
 “ Alliance with the charming *Maria*? Am
 “ I indeed so nearly related to the most
 “ generous and most humane of Men?
 “ Transporting Thought!—Thank God,
 “ that I am able, Madam! my Lord! (ad-
 “ dressing myself to the Earl and Countess
 “ of *Suffolk*) to restore to your Embraces,
 “ that excellent, that accomplished Sister!
 “ Miraculously recovered, and rescued from
 “ the most horrid Ills, she is now in this
 “ City, as no doubt her Letter has informed
 “ your

“ your Lordship, and waits with Eagerness to
“ fling herself at your Feet. If any thing can
“ more endear you most exalted of your
“ Sex, (turning particularly to the Countess)
“ to this grateful Bosom, 'tis your having
“ received and succoured, with so much
“ Goodness, that dearest Maid, that *Lucy*,
“ who conceived at first Sight of you, the
“ most ardent Affection, and who is so
“ indebted to your Bounty: If she has
“ incurred your Displeasure by quitting
“ you so abruptly; when your Ladyship
“ hears her Story, I am sure you will par-
“ don her and applaud her virtuous Mo-
“ tives.” I had no sooner uttered these
“ Words, than the Countess, as if recover-
“ ed from a Dream, cry'd out—“ Hea-
“ vens! What do I hear!” and ringing the
“ Bell, ordered Mrs. *Hépeny*, and Mrs.
“ *Pickring* to come into the Room. As
“ soon as they were come, she said; “ my
“ dear *Hépeny*, Mrs. *Pickring*! Tell me,
“ if my *Lucy* was really your Relation or
“ no, and if not, how you first came ac-
“ quainted with her? Mrs. *Pickring* an-
“ swered immediately, “ My Lady, as
“ that charming Creature was so happy as
“ to please you, I hope I shall be excused
“ for the little Deception I was guilty
“ of, and of which my Sister is quite
“ innocent!” She then gave an Ac-
“ count

“ count how she came first acquainted
 “ with her, accompanied with such Enco-
 “ miums upon her Virtue, Beauty and
 “ Prudence, as shewed how warmly she
 “ lov’d her, and concluded, by saying, she
 “ should never be easy till she again saw
 “ the lovely Creature, and was assured,
 “ she was in a Situation the Goodness of
 “ her Heart, and the innate Nobleness of
 “ her Disposition merited. Whilst she
 “ spoke, the Earl and the Countess were
 “ excessively moved, and at the Conclu-
 “ sion, embraced that worthy Creature,
 “ protesting thy would recompence her
 “ Humanity and her Generosity, by every
 “ Means in their Power! “ I am con-
 “ vinced now, blind as I was, says the
 “ Countess, that it was indeed, my poor
 “ Child that moved me to so much
 “ Affection in her Favour: Oh! my dear
 “ *Pickring*, ’twas, tho’ unknown to you,
 “ the most valuable Present you could
 “ make us when you came to *Bristol*:—
 “ you will soon see her again, and I know,
 “ from the Gratitude of her Nature, she
 “ will be charmed with the Sight of
 “ her kind Benefactress. *Pickring* and
 “ her Sister seemed perfectly amazed at
 “ what they heard; but being ordered to
 “ stay, the Countess obliged me and those
 “ two worthy Women, with a Detail, in
 “ general

“ general Terms, of the Adventures of
“ our Father, and her own friendly and
“ intimate Concern in our Affairs, whilst
“ my Bosom heaved with alternate Pain
“ and Pleasure at the Relation. When
“ they withdrew, I was given to under-
“ stand, by Sir *James Hope*, that excellent
“ old Baronet, that, upon his Arrival at
“ *Bristol*, with our Friends from *France*,
“ he had made it his Business to seek out
“ the Earl of *Rutland*, and that he had
“ informed him, and brought him such
“ Vouchers, of his being the Person that
“ exposed us in our Infancy in the Place
“ where the Earl found us, producing
“ also a Copy of the Letters left with
“ us, and a List of what Things were
“ about us, that he could not doubt a
“ Fact so well supported : And when he
“ had also informed him of all those Ad-
“ ventures of the Chevalier *L’Anglai*, (as our
“ Father was called in *France*) which never
“ had come to his Knowledge before ; the
“ Earl consented to accompany him to
“ the Countess’s who was just then ar-
“ rived from *Bath*, between whom such
“ mutual *Eclaircissements* passed, as entire-
“ ly reconciled them, and the Earl made
“ a proper Acknowledgment for his past
“ Misbehaviour to so deserving a Lady.

“ I was then desired to give an Account
 “ of my discovering my *Lucy*, which I
 “ did, in as concise a Manner as possible,
 “ not forgetting, my Friend (turning to
 “ *Breyfield*) all your Merit in her Preserv-
 “ ation, and was delighted to observe,
 “ that our Benefactors seemed to rejoice
 “ in your Services to my Sister, and to
 “ approve your mutual Passion. I found
 “ now the Reasons of those Injunctions
 “ the Baronet laid me under, when I
 “ waited upon him, after my Arrival
 “ from *France*: He was fearful my Let-
 “ ters from the Count *Rabutin* to the
 “ Earl and Countess, contained a Disco-
 “ very of those Matters, he chose to de-
 “ clare in a personal Interview (as indeed
 “ they did) fearing nothing short of his
 “ Testimonial, and the Appearance of so
 “ many noble and indisputable Witnesses,
 “ would be able to change the Sentiments
 “ of Lord *Rutland* in respect to the Coun-
 “ tress; and that any thing from a second
 “ Hand, might rather irritate than con-
 “ ciliate Matters, and therefore waited
 “ with Patience for the Arrival of those
 “ noble Personages from *France*. And now
 “ I clearly discovered also the Meaning of
 “ that Apostrophe of Monseigneur *Rabutin*,
 “ which had such an Effect upon me: It
 “ appeared,

“ appeared, that tho’ our Destination
“ had been concealed from the Countess,
“ yet that Nobleman and the Family
“ of *De Lorges* were possessed of the Se-
“ cret from Sir *James*: When I arriv-
“ ed in *France*, and not^{et} before, those il-
“ lustrious Persons had imagined me, by
“ my Name, a Relation of the Earl of
“ *Rutland*; but not the Youth in so un-
“ common a Manner left to his Care;
“ and when, in the Integrity of my Heart,
“ I had declared my Uncertainty with Re-
“ gard to my Parents; the Surprize the
“ Count was thrown into, caused him to
“ behave in a manner, which I was so
“ peculiarly struck with, and which left
“ such an Impression upon my Mind. Tho’
“ our Uncle the Earl perceived it not,
“ when he found us in the Wood, Per-
“ sons were placed by Sir *James* to see the
“ Event, and in Case he rejected the Pre-
“ sent, to bring us away in Safety: That
“ worthy Gentleman, his Lady, and Dr.
“ *Carter* had maintained an Intelligence
“ with Mr. *Jennings*, the old Steward
“ who accompanied me in the Quality of a
“ Governor to the Army, and from him,
“ had every Particular, from Time to
“ Time, that happened to us; but that
“ worthy Creature dying at *Brussels*, they
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“ had been much in the dark, and prodigi-
 “ ously alarmed to hear, which they did at
 “ second Hand, that you, my *Lucy*, were not
 “ at the Earl’s, tho’ they could get no
 “ Advice where you was bestowed. The
 “ throwing us into the Hands of Lord
 “ *Rutland* was accounted for, from the O-
 “ pinion that Nature would work upon
 “ him in our Favour, (as it certainly did)
 “ and thereby, one Time or other, pave the
 “ Way for restoring us to our real State, and
 “ our Fortune ; and as it was a Means of
 “ keeping us from the Sight of the Coun-
 “ tefs, whose Grief they feared, for the Loss
 “ of our Mother, would have received too
 “ much Increase from a constant Sight of
 “ her then unhappy Children. When I
 “ waited upon Sir *James* as I said before,
 “ he resolved (knowing both the Coun-
 “ tefs and the Earl were at *Bristol*) to set
 “ out immediately after me, and make the
 “ necessary Discoveries, since he could
 “ now have little Apprehension of meet-
 “ ing with any Incredulity in the Earl, who
 “ no doubt was sufficiently affectionate to
 “ his Orphans, to receive the Disclosure of
 “ the Secret with all the natural Respect
 “ he had entertained for us, to favour it.
 “ And indeed, his Fondness for us, his
 “ Regard for the Memory of our Father,
 “ all

“ all the concurring Testimonies he re-
“ ceived, from so many noble and ho-
“ nourable Persons, who could be suspected
“ of no interested Views, gained his Con-
“ fidence in what they related, and engag-
“ ed him to wait upon the Countess with
“ them, who was just returned from *Bath*.
“ The *Eclaircissements* between that noble
“ Pair, were extremely tender; the Earl
“ from even hating the Mention of the
“ Countess’s Name, now entertained the
“ highest Opinion of her Virtues, and his
“ Bosom glowed with Gratitude for the
“ Goodness and Humanity she had dis-
“ played, as well to us, as to our unhap-
“ py Father, whose History (turning to
“ *Lucy*) you have already, alas! been ac-
“ quainted with by the Countess of *Suf-*
“ *folk*. I left them, by their Desire, to
“ prepare you for the joyful Meeting to-
“ morrow, which I am sure, my honour-
“ ed Friend, will yield you more Joy (ad-
“ dressing himself to Monsieur *St. Hermione*)
“ than I have Liberty to declare; perhaps
“ you will then be clearly convinced of
“ the great Mercies Heaven has graciously
“ vouchsafed to bestow upon us all.” Here
Edward ended his Narration, which left
them all greatly affected, and, as it was now
late, they retired to their several Apart-
ments;

ments, with Minds full of the surprizing and pleasing Events they had heard. *Lucy* slept little, she revolved over all the strange Turns of Fortune which had brought her to such a state of Felicity, and which inspired her with the most devout Gratitude, to the Goodness of Heaven! Her Heart swelled with affectionate Sentiments of Veneration and Duty for the Earl, the Countess, Sir *James* and his Lady: "Ah!" she cried, "No Wonder I was so moved
 " at my dear Lady's Story! And was the
 " unfortunate Count *L'Anglai* my Father,
 " and Mademoiselle *St. Hermione* my Mother!
 " Who can fathom the Designs of
 " Providence! Well might the Poet say,

*The Ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
 Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with
 Errors;*

*Our Understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;
 Nor sees with how much Art the Windings
 run,*

Nor where the regular Confusion ends!

She long'd, as they all did, for the Appearance of the succeeding Day, and pleas'd herself with reflecting on the Satisfaction Monsieur *St. Hermione* would participate of,

of, when he should know, in serving her, he had served and succoured his Grand-Daughter.

THE Morn at length came, which was to make so many noble Persons happy: And long before Breakfast Time, their illustrious Visitors were heard ascending the Stairs: The charming *Lucy's* Heart fluttered with Expectation; the Colour now redned and now forsook her lovely Cheeks. The Doors opened!—What a Struggle between *Rutland* and the Countess, who should first fold her in their Arms!—The beauteous Maid fell upon her Knees!—They tenderly raised her and embraced her!—Tears of Joy flowed plentifully from every Eye! Nothing was heard but wild, disjointed Accents of Extacy, of Rapture! That Part of the Company that were less intimately concerned were full of Admiration of the Beauties and Graces of the delightful *Lucy*. A thousand and a thousand Times, *Rutland* besought her Pardon for all the Disquiets he had caused her; as often she besought that worthy and dear Relation never to mention them again: They then presented *Maria* to her, and the rest of the noble Train, and an Intercourse of tender Civilities passed on all Sides. *Maria*

ria and her intended Sister in Law looked upon each other with excessive Complacency, and commenced a sincere Affection which never abated the rest of their Lives. *Breyfield* received the Thanks and Praises that were so justly his Due, and *Rutland* consented that his *Lucy* should give him her Hand, which raised him to the Summit of all his Wishes. Monsieur *St. Hermione* partook of the warmest Gratifications that a good Heart could feel, particularly from *Rutland*, and when they were somewhat composed, the Countess retiring with that Gentleman, remained near an Hour in private Conference. When they returned to the Company, *Edward* and *Lucy*, being informed for what Purpose they retired, by the Earl, fell upon their Knees before him: He wept—he even sobb’d—and cried, “ My dearest Children, how shall I support the Joy I feel in thus holding you to my Bosom! Oh Heavens! Oh Ruler of the Universe! By what Method shall I display my Reverence, my Gratitude for your Benignity! Wretch that I have been, do I deserve to have my last Days blest’d with so much Happiness! Rise to all the Affection and all the Tenderness that your dear, your unfortunate
“ Mother

“Mother so much—deserved!”—There was not a dry Eye in the Apartment at this tender Scene—and it was a long Time before the sympathetic Passions of the illustrious Company were sufficiently at rest, to bear the Task of Conversation with wonted Calmness.

IN a Week's Time, all this noble Company departed for *London*, after gladding the Heart of the good Mrs. *Harris* with a Visit, and bestowing generous Presents on Mrs. *Hépeny* and Mrs. *Easy*, and even upon the good Mrs. *Billings* of *Bedminster*, for the Earl and Countess and *Breyfield* made a Point of rewarding every one, that had shewn Favour or Kindness to the charming *Lucy*. In a little Time after their Arrival in the Metropolis, *Breyfield* and his lovely Fair, with the General his Father's Approbation, *Edward* and his *Maria*, were joined in those holy Bonds which afforded them a long Series of supreme Felicity. Mrs. *Pickring* lived many Years cherished by the happy Pair, and as Colonel *Breyfield* had promised he took honest *Epworth*, and *Chester's* two repentant Servants into his Family: The disorderly Lives of that young Nobleman and his Companions, brought them early to their
Graves

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Graves, and Mrs. *Yielding*, after falling into great Distress, the Consequence of many Crimes, ended her Days miserably. The Earl of *Rutland*, Monsieur *St. Hermione*, Sir *James* and his Lady, Dr. *Carter*, and the Countess of *Suffolk*, maintained a constant and tender Friendship for each other, during the Residue of their Lives, and the Families of *Rabutin* and *De Lorges* exist with Honour at this Day, as do the Descendants of *Breyfield* and his Friend, who are Ornaments of their Country and Blessings to Mankind.

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